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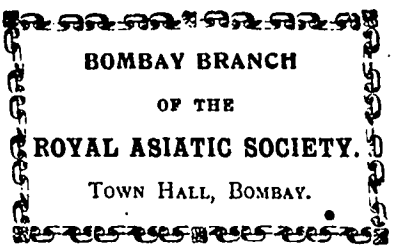

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EXCURSIONS

IN

SOUTHERN AFRICA,

INCLUDING

A HISTORY OF THE CAPE COLONY,

AN ACCOUNT OF THE NATIVE TRIBES, ETC.

BY

LT.-COLONEL E. ELERS NAPIER,

LATELY EMPLOYED ON SPECIAL SERVICE IN KAFFIRLAND

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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EXCURSIONS

IN

SOUTHERN AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST DAY'S "TREK"[1] IN LOWER ALBANY.

Departure from Port Elizabeth—Bullock Waggons—Hottentots and Fingoes—Malays—The 90th Light Infantry—The Staff Officers—A Soldier's Wife—The Zout-Panns—An out-Spann—Hottentots in bivouac—Colonists on their travels—The Trek Boer and his waggon—The Valley of the Zwartkops—Passage of the river—The South African Bush—Prospect from the Zwartkops heights—Massacre of Stockenstrom's party in 1812—Arrival at the Camp.

After nearly a week's delay at Port Elizabeth, a sufficient number of waggons were at last assembled for the transport of our baggage, together with the numerous commissariat stores, ammunition, and treasure, destined for the use of the army, then supposed to be carrying on active operations against the Kaffirs.

[1] A Dutch term, generally pronounced "track," meaning a journey.

The 18th of October was the day fixed on for our departure to Graham's Town; but although so early as daybreak, we were awakened by the deep lowing of oxen, the loud cracking of huge whips, the jabber of Hottentot drivers, and expressive expletives of the waggon owners—the sun had reached the meridian, ere any symptoms of a start were at all discoverable.

At last, by dint of incredible exertion of whips and lungs—of blows and oaths—the cumbersome waggons gradually got under weigh, and then moved off in slow and sleepy succession. As the vehicles were some twenty in number, each dragged by from twelve to sixteen oxen, yoked in couples; and as, moreover, these conveyances progressed in "single file," and did not care to tread too closely on each other's heels, it is not surprising that, when the whole convoy was fairly in motion, it should have extended the entire length of the straggling lane of houses of which Port Elizabeth is composed—in other words, have covered a space of ground nearly a mile long!

But it *is* matter of surprise, that such a slow, inconvenient mode of transit should still continue in use for military operations, more especially in a country—like the present seat of war—broken by hills and dells, watercourses and rivers—covered in many places with dense jungle, through which, as these sluggish convoys drag their long and weary length, they are at every step in danger of being cut off by an active, unseen, and lurking foe; and it is still more to be wondered at, that, during this and former campaigns against the Kaffirs, a single waggon, with its contents, should

have escaped that fate which befel those at Burn's Hill and Trompetter's Drift.

But such is the force of prejudice and habit! Because Van Riebeck's followers travelled, in days of yore, with these unwieldy conveyances, not only do they continue to be used by their descendants, at the present day, but the English Settlers must also needs follow their example. Still more strange to tell, the same mode of carriage is likewise adopted in military operations, for the removal of the stores, baggage, camp equipage, and commissariat of an army — a system entirely subversive of everything like punctuality, certainty, or celerity, in the movements of a force.

We have, during the course of our wanderings, been driven to many strange modes of transport and locomotion, from a donkey to an elephant—from a dooly to an express-train. We have moreover given each a fair trial; but, whether with the caravan of the desert, the muleteer of Spain; or knapsack on back, plodding solitarily on foot, along some wild and dreary waste; never, in all our peregrinations, did it fall to our lot to meet with such "slow coaches" as the aforesaid bullock waggons of Southern Africa.

Though celerity was therefore by no means the characteristic of our convoy, it possessed—at least, in our eyes—the attraction of novelty; and as, slowly emerging from the dirty, straggling, and unpaved precincts of "Little Elizabeth," it crept along the plainly defined track—showing like a white thread cast on a green carpet — which traversed the grassy, though otherwise bare and undulating plain before us, the

lengthened train certainly presented not only a novel but picturesque object to the sight.

The Colonists gazed from their thresholds with a vacant look of desponding apathy at our departure; as much as to say, that on this, as on many similar occasions, little good was likely to accrue therefrom to them, their blasted hopes, and ruined fortunes. But the Hottentot population gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to have a jubilee on the event; and the exhilarating effects of "a parting glass" were obvious not only in the men, but likewise on many of their gentle partners, who, surrounded by swarms of nearly naked young Totties, and in all their drunken and picturesque array of tattered, dirty, and gaudy finery; as they preceded the waggons, shrilly sang and wildly danced, with fantastic attitudes, often—thanks to a good ear and pliant limbs—not wholly devoid of a certain degree of elegance and softness.

Whilst the jovial, reckless Hottentots thus gave way to unbridled mirth, the more sedate Fingoe women, under the heavy burdens they gracefully bore on their woolly heads, halted for a moment, to regard us as we passed; drawing meanwhile the only garment—a leathern kaross—more closely around their finely-formed, statue-like shapes. Grinning from ear to ear, they displayed magnificent sets of teeth white as purest ivory; and which, glistening in the wide opening rents of their black, hideous faces, resembled bright rows of orient pearls, skilfully encased on some dark, grotesque, and barbaric idol.

In addition to the above specimens of the two great distinctive races of Southern Africa, of the Quaiquæ

and Bechuana genus, our troop on this occasion was composed of the most varied and motley set; to contribute to which, the farthest extremities of the old world appeared to have been ransacked in succession.

The escort consisted of a body of Malays, a portion of one of the native levies from Cape Town, and headed by a quondam naval officer. Moreover, for the especial protection of the ammunition and treasure, forming part of our investment, a sergeant's party of the 90th Light Infantry was ordered to accompany us to Graham's Town.

This gallant corps, while on its way home, after a lengthened service in the East, had been unexpectedly stopped at the Cape; and, having undergone years of exile—when on the eve of re-visiting their country, their friends, and all that man holds dearest on earth—these poor fellows' hopes were suddenly dashed to the ground, by being called upon to participate in the toils and hardships of a most harassing war; where no laurels were to be culled, no honour to be gained—and which might only tend to prolong their already protracted banishment, to a most indefinite extent!

Such is the lot of the English soldier. Such is the common fate of men, who are too often repaid for their heroic fortitude and devotion, by coldness and neglect, by calumny and detraction!

I have seen many British regiments, but never beheld a finer corps than the gallant 90th;—the bold, soldier-like bearing—the veteran look—the bronzed and bearded[1] countenances of these noble specimens of

[1] In this harassing warfare, as there was not often time for the pipe-clay observances of the "regulations," the beard and

our troops, arrayed in a plain, war-worn military garb, and boldly grasping their glittering arms—offered the strongest contrast to the slight Asiatic forms, and sharp, tawny features of their Malay companions. The difference was not less marked between the latter and the swarthy, thick-lipped African; or the gigantic, unwieldy Dutch Boer, who passively sate in front of his waggon, enveloped in the mantle of national phlegm, and the dense smoke of his pipe—with him an inseparable companion.

Nor—may be—were the "seven field-officers" before alluded to the less picturesque part of the array; some in waggons, some on foot—others mounted on sorry jades, and in every variety of colonial costume—they would verily have cut a curious military figure at a review in the Phœnix Park or on Hounslow Heath!

As a specimen of the whole party on this occasion, we shall beg to introduce ourselves to the reader, in our aforesaid burgher dress and equipments.

To commence with the charger we had brought round from Cape Town. He was a strong, active, wiry beast, though certainly no beauty; and, moreover, bearing such evident affinity to Pharaoh's lean kine, that this, our Bucephalus, had already been dubbed "Nagpore" (nag-poor) by the acknowledged wit of the party, who—as may thence be inferred—was an old East Indian campaigner.

moustache were—at least, in one division of the army—suffered to grow; and formed useful appendages as a protection to the face, against the blistering effects of a burning sun, and dry, cutting wind—two serious inconveniences often combined in this part of the world.

A pair of holsters in front of the saddle, one of them containing a double-barrelled pistol for offensive—the second, a well-filled brandy-flask for defensive measures —the former, in case of need against the Kaffirs; the latter, for the purpose of guarding against cold, colic, or other disagreeables, incident to the roughing we were likely to encounter during the ensuing campaign. The above, together with a tourniquet, some bandages, and a few medicines, condensed in a small compass, constituted a sort of portable commissariat, arsenal, and dispensary.

Behind the saddle, compactly rolled up, was strapped a good patent waterproof great-coat, of the latest and most approved manufacture; which often, on subsequent occasions, proved a staunch and warm friend; one possessing also an infinite quantity of *dry* humour; and by whom our feelings were never doomed to be damped. The saddle itself was well furnished, after the usual colonial fashion, with those semicircular rings, which are here called "Ds."

This circumstance elicited from our inveterate punster the observation, that by coming out on this expedition we were all fairly D——D; that we must, moreover, not only now be on our Ps and Qs, but look well to our "Ds," as much *depended* on (from) them. From these said "Ds," hung on one side, a huge Indian scimitar, too heavy to be with comfort suspended from the waist, and once the property of a renowned Decoitee, or river-pirate; but, divested of its Asiatic attributes, this roving blade now appeared in the civilized garb of a regulation hilt and brass scabbard; whilst, to counterbalance it on the other side, was hooked a

Spanish "Botta," or leathern flask, which often had carried a supply of water; and perhaps more frequently of good "vino seco," amidst the Sierras of Andalusia, or across the wild heaths of Estremadura.

So much for the means of transport, &c. Now come we to the personal part of our equipment: a broad-brimmed beaver, with a bit of ostrich feather, "à-la-Charles the First;" a shooting-jacket, containing capacious pockets; a pair of (pardon, fair reader, the vulgar term !) brown corduroy breeches; terminated by the lately invented "Antigropelos," or—as our "punnicular" comrade termed them—"Antiscrofulous" boots; (which, by the by, I found on all occasions most invaluable; and, therefore, take this opportunity of making honourable mention of their inventor, Mr. Warne); a long Indian bamboo hog-spear in hand; a grisly unshorn beard and moustache, which, "like stubble field at harvest-home," was certainly no adornment to a weather-beaten phiz; but which time subsequently rather improved in appearance, and lengthened to respectable Mahomedan dimensions. Such were the outward man and horse of one of the "seven;" and—always excepting the hog-spear—we did not (whatever they might aver to the contrary) see much difference as to a similar brigand-like appearance in the rest of our companions; although from them we occasionally heard certain vague and distant allusions to Don Quixote and Robinson Crusoe. However, whatever our resemblance might have been to either of those worthies, we were certainly not better provided with an esquire, or attendant; for *my* Sancho Panza was a drunken, unwieldy, discharged Irish soldier; whilst the man "Friday" was per-

sonified by a young Hottentot, rejoicing in the name of Jacob; who was as fond of "Cape Smoke,[1]" sleep; and idleness, as any of his tribe.

Such was the general appearance of the party, who, on the 18th of October, 1846, left Algoa Bay to "trek" towards the frontier. The hour of departure had, as I observed before, been fixed early in the morning; but, owing to innumerable delays, it was late in the afternoon ere the last waggon cleared the "turnpike-gate," which marks the entrance of that unprepossessing-looking assemblage of colonial habitations, known as Port Elizabeth.

Let not the word "turnpike" deceive the unsophisticated reader, or lead him to imagine a smooth, even progress over level Macadamized roads; for the public thoroughfare, from the only sea-port in the eastern province, to its capital—a distance of one hundred miles—to the disgrace of the colonial government be it said—deserves about as much the name of a road as the mule-tracks and dry water-courses in Spain are entitled to the high-sounding appellations of "Caminos reales."

Over stones, rocks, and deep fissures, formed by rain and sun, did the ponderous vehicles, like dismasted vessels in a storm, painfully toil along; whilst the vehement cries and execrations of the drivers, the twisting of tails, and "knout"-like application of the long whips, could not urge the dull, lean teams into a quicker pace than about two miles and a half per hour!

One of the officers of our party had been accompanied from England by his wife; but all efforts

[1] A sort of coarse, cheap brandy, made in the Colony.

having proved unsuccessful at Algoa Bay in procuring a horse to carry this lady, the waggon became therefore the only alternative left to enable her to reach Graham's Town; and the hardships and privations she endured (without a murmur) might—had they but witnessed them—have proved a wholesome warning to all young misses, however desirous of matrimony; to eschew—with that intent—a red coat, as they would avoid a scarlet-fever, or any other fatal disease.

Beware, therefore, oh! most amiable, fair, and beloved country-women, how you sprinkle with laurels the nuptial-couch; for, instead of your finding it a bed of *rest* and roses, it may, alas! prove but one of thorns, toil, and trouble!

But return we to our caravan. Owing to the lateness of our departure—combined with the above-mentioned delays—scarcely had we progressed three or four miles towards our destination, ere the setting sun warned us of the necessity of a halt for the night. The spot fixed upon was in a classical neighbourhood; for we "out-spanned" near the residence of Mr. Chase, the talented author of the "History of the Cape of Good Hope and the Eastern Province." Nevertheless, preferring a comfortable bed in the very comfortable hotel of Mr. Dryars, at Port Elizabeth, to an uncomfortable one in the waggon—albeit on such historic ground—two or three of us returned for the night to our aforesaid old quarters, with the intention of next day overtaking the convoy.

After emerging from that slip of land—running between the bare and barren ridge of hills and the shores

of Algoa Bay—on which stands Port Elizabeth, the country suddenly expands into a succession of open, undulating downs, here and there dotted with low brushwood; but, generally speaking, covered solely with grass; which, though growing in small detached clumps—like the wool on a Hottentot's head—had, thanks to the recent rain, now assumed a tolerable appearance of verdure. Under the exhilarating influence of the bright sun, cloudless sky, and clear atmosphere of a beautiful spring day of these southern regions, we gave our horses their heads, and galloped gaily onwards, over ground formerly covered with tall forests—once the abode of the elephant, the rhinoceros, and hippopotamus; of the lordly lion, and the stealthy panther—but now affording excellent pasturage for sheep and cattle; that is to say, when the latter are not swept away by those wild beasts, which so often prowl over this fated district, in the shape of savage Kaffirs!

We pulled up, to breathe our horses, on the banks of a small, clear, inland lake, reflecting with pictorial distinctness on its smooth bosom the undulations of the green knolls and hillocks around. Its waters were bright and pellucid, but our thirsty nags refused the inviting draught, which proved to be salt as brine. This sheet of water was, in fact, what the Dutch term a "Zout-pann;" a feature of common occurrence in this part of the world, and by means of which, the inhabitants are abundantly supplied with the finest and whitest of salt. As this phenomenon has been variously accounted for and explained by different learned authors who have written on the Colony of

the Cape of Good Hope, the reader is referred to their works for a full description of the same.[1]

We overtook the waggons on the banks of the Zwartkops River, about twelve or fourteen miles from "the Bay," as Port Elizabeth is always, in colonial phraseology, called "par excellence." The convoy had "outspanned" for the mid-day meal of both man and beast; and this said "out-spanning" and "in-spanning" were so incessantly dinned with sickening frequency into our ears during the ensuing "treck," that I shall endeavour to initiate the reader into the mysteries of their signification.

A "spann" means, I believe, in Dutch, a team of oxen, or other draught animals; hence the terms "in-spanning" and "out-spanning," or yoking and unyoking. Another term of Colonial import is that of "saddling-*up*," and "*off*-saddling." If you pull up at a farmer's house, after inquiring your name, vocation, and destination, he requests you to "off-saddle;" which literally means to partake of his hospitality; and, when you wish to depart, your order is to "saddle-up."

In "treking," the waggon is in fact to the Dutch Boer, neither more nor less than his house placed upon wheels. He and his family sleep there by night; the latter travel in it by day; whilst the Boer himself, mounted on his hardy galloway, with his "roer," or long gun in hand, strikes off from the direct line of march, in quest of sport; and generally his unerring aim brings down a duiker, a springbok, or other game, for the mid-day meal, or evening repast.

[1] Amongst others, see Barrow, vol. i., pp. 124, 126.

As the oxen are provided with no other food, save what they can pick up by grazing, whilst "out-spanned" during a march; in dry weather, and when the grass and "vleys"[1] are scorched up, these poor animals often suffer the most dreadful privations from hunger and thirst; being sometimes kept without food or water for two or three consecutive days. And it is astonishing how they, as well as the Cape horses, can endure such prolonged periods of abstinence from nourishment of any kind.

In the morning, at daybreak, the oxen—which, for security, are during the night kept fastened near the waggons—graze about for a couple of hours, when they are "in-spanned." The driver, with creaking crackers,[2] and cracking whip, then takes his seat; a little ragged Hottentot-boy, called the "Forelouper," leads the way in front of the team; and thus slowly they plod on till about eleven o'clock; then a halt; next "out-spanning" and feeding again till two or three in the afternoon; once more in-spann, and proceed till near sunset; another out-spann, and then night closes on the scene. The bullocks are now driven to the camp, either fastened to the waggons, or confined in a "kraal," or enclosure made of the

[1] Shallow pools of rain-water, which shortly dry up in hot weather.

[2] Two peculiarities of the Colony are the sheepskin trowsers —which, from the sound they make at every movement of the wearer, are called "crackers"—and the waggon whip, consisting of a long lash fastened to the extremity of a pliant bamboo, some eighteen or twenty feet in length; this, in experienced hands, is a dreadful instrument of punishment, for thereby, the bullock's hide can be deeply gashed as with a knife.

branches of thorny trees and shrubs, which, encompassing them like a magic circle, prevents at once their escape, and protects them from the nocturnal attempts of wild beasts, or pilfering natives.

This important duty performed, the Hottentot servants, drivers, &c., crowd round their fires to recount the adventures of the trek: and, if they can only muster amongst them an "amateur" musician and a little grog, these thoughtless merry rogues will often end a day of toil, by a night of mirth, dance, revelry, and song. If sleep at last overtake them—rolled up in a sheepskin on the bare ground, beneath the shelter of a bush, or under the footboard of the waggon—they quietly doze away the hours of darkness, until the dawning morn calls them again to renewed exertions of fatigue and travel.

Meanwhile, the Boer, with his "vrouw and kinder," (wife and family) after a good and substantial supper—generally provided by means of the long gun aforesaid—seasoned with sheep's-tail fat, and washed down with a "soupje," (dram) comfortably "turns in" for the night, securely protected from wind and weather by the canvass roof of the waggon; and, spite of the plaintive wails of the hyæna, the yells of troops of jackalls, or the subdued roar of an occasional prowling lion, he snores away till daybreak, and then awakes, with fresh zest, for the morning cup of coffee; may be, for an early "soupje."

This sort of life, led sometimes for months together by the wandering Colonist (for *Settler* would often be a complete misnomer) amidst the wild wastes of Southern Africa, where time is no object, and where habit renders a little roughing immaterial, has un-

doubtedly its charm, and is not inaptly described in the following lines, extracted from a Colonial publication of the day:[1]—

THE TREKBOER AND HIS WAGGON.

"Let Englishmen boast of the speed of their steam,
And despise the dull life that we drag on;
Give me my long roer, my horse, and my team,
And a well-seasoned tight bullock waggon.

"Through Afric's wild deserts expanding to view,
I'm then ever ready to fag on:
Who's more independent, the Trekboer or you,
As he slowly moves on with his waggon?

"The race to the swift isn't always secure,
Nor the fight to the strong, who may brag on;
The "Tortoise and Hare," though a fable, I'm sure,
Has a moral that points to my waggon.

"Full two miles an hour, do not call this dull life,
'Tis a pace I'm contented to lag on;
For I bear independence, my children, and wife,
In my castle, my home: in my waggon.

"Should the weather be hot, to forms I'm unbound—
I may wander with scarcely a rag on:
In light marching order I'm oft to be found,
'Al fresco,' at ease in my waggon.

"If venison is wanted, no licence I ask:
Quick, presto! you'll find me my nag on;
At eve I return, 'tis no difficult task,
With a springbok, or gnu, to my waggon.

"If butter I lack, I have milk at my beck,
My churn is a goodly-sized flaggon;
'Tis worked without labour whenever I trek,
Being tied to the wheel of my waggon.

[1] The "South African Journal," ably edited by that highly talented individual, W. L. Sammons, Esq.

"From the smouch I obtain coffee, sugar, and tea;
As for raiment I scarce want a rag on:
Then tell me, who's more independent than he—
The Trekboer confined to his waggon?

"From Kaffir, or Bushman, no insult I brook:
If they steal—gad! they find me a dragon;
So long as they're civil they get a kind look,
And share what I've got in my waggon.

"But my vengeance is quick as the Englishman's steam,
And gives them few minutes to brag on;
What matters palaver!—I not only seem,
But prove that I'm king in my waggon.

"Oh! would other drivers but follow my plan,
With common sense measures but drag on;
Shun Ex'ter Hall leaders. Then might they out-spann,
And save both their team and their waggon."

* * * * *

As we crowned an eminence overlooking the green valley of Zwartkops, a pleasing scene—though one frequently met with in Southern Africa—presented itself to our sight. On the banks of the stream which lazily rolled its dark waters to the neighbouring ocean, were irregularly dispersed the now teamless waggons, which, with their white canvass roofs, looked like huge gondolas stranded on a verdant shore. The whole encampment, as seen from a distance, bore in many respects the appearance of an English country fair; some of the parties "pic-nicking" on the green sward; some wandering along the river with their fowling-pieces in quest of game, or luxuriating, "al fresco," in the coolness of its waters. Others might be observed stretched on the grass in every attitude of quiet and repose; whilst the "knee-haltered"

horses,[1] and "out-spanned" oxen, were busily engaged in gathering, from the green, flower-enamelled carpet under foot, their principal meal for the day. It was altogether a pleasing and peaceful sight, that mid-day halt, in the quiet seclusion of an African glen. But muskets, piled in regular and glittering array, involuntarily reminded the spectator of war's alarms; and that this pastoral scene was enacted in the vicinity of a savage and relentless foe, who — even at that moment — might perhaps be lurking unseen, amidst the densely wooded heights which crowned the opposite banks of the stream.

On arriving at the camp, we found the party making preparations for a move. The Hottentot drivers, wielding with both hands their huge bamboo whips, were cracking them with a noise, which, reverberating along the valley like the reports of a musket, was faintly re-echoed from the neighbouring hills. At this well-known signal, the obedient oxen might be seen slowly returning from the green pastures around, meekly to bow again their necks to the galling yoke; the tractable steeds were without difficulty caught and "saddled up;" the convoy gradually moved off the ground; and amidst the discordant sounds of deafening Hottentot cries, the successive teams were next rapidly urged down the steep bank of the ford, and thence into the bed of the river.

We watched waggon after waggon, as they toiled across the stream: now jolting over large rocks—now sinking up to their axles into a cavity, or quicksand—

[1] The horse's head being fastened down with a "reim," or leathern thong, to his fore-leg, he is then suffered to graze at large, and, thus fettered, can be always easily caught.

sometimes the entire convoy was brought to a complete stand-still; and the whole progressing so slowly, that we began to speculate on the chance of their all reaching the opposite shore, ere night should have cast its dark shadows around. Nor could we cease to wonder at the negligence and apathy of a Government, which had suffered the only communication between the coast and the capital of the eastern province to remain for so many years in such a shamefully neglected state; and without a single bridge to span the numerous rivers that so frequently intersect its course—rivers, or rather mountain streams, which—without any warning, and at the most uncertain times—are frequently so suddenly swollen by a single thunder-storm amidst the neighbouring hills, that in ten minutes they sometimes become impassable torrents, and occasionally remain so for days and weeks together.

Having "off-saddled" and "knee-haltered" our panting steeds—which, ere commencing to graze, first rolled luxuriantly on the still young and tender herbage under foot—a preliminary, I may remark, *en passant*, universally practised on a journey by the horses of the Cape—we next produced from our holsters a brandy-flask and a few sandwiches. The leathern "botta," with its supply of water, was also put in requisition (for that of the stream was found to be rather "brack"); and having attached a handkerchief to the long hog-spear, and planted it on the elevated bank of the river, as a signal to the stragglers left behind, we—after a plunge into the Zwartkops—sat down to our simple repast, whilst watching the convoy, which, like some huge reptile, now laboriously dragged its slow length

along the white, shining track, so distinctly chiselled out on the steep side of yon opposite dark and thickly wooded heights; over which many a herd of colonial cattle had, erewhile, been driven by plundering Kaffirs; and had been as often hotly pursued by the plundered and exasperated Colonists.

Time thus imperceptibly glided by; till, casting our eyes on the waters beneath, we were not a little surprised to observe that they had suddenly and most unaccountably increased. In fact the river here, from its vicinity to the sea, was evidently within the influence of the tides. We, therefore, lost not a moment in saddling up, but just saved our distance, and avoided a swim; for the water, as we crossed, reached to the very flaps of our saddles.

On arriving at the further bank, after bestowing a hearty "blessing" on the want of a bridge, we cantered on smartly in pursuit of the waggons; for the slanting rays of the sun warned us that a single hour more would see him close on the verge of the western horizon. We had to traverse the thickly-wooded heights before us. It was known that parties of Kaffirs who had evaded our troops were then in the Colony; and, in our situation, an encounter with these gentry might have been attended with most unpleasant consequences.

As may therefore be imagined, on entering the Zwartkops' bush, we were tolerably on the *qui vive;* but neither this circumstance, nor the celerity of our pace, as we clattered up the rugged pass, could prevent us from noticing and admiring the — to us — new and varied specimens of wild vegetation which now, at every step, met our wondering gaze.

The character of the South African "Bush" has features quite peculiar to itself, and sometimes strangely unites—while strongly contrasting—the grand and the sublime with the grotesque and ridiculous. When seen afar from a commanding elevation—the undulating sea of verdure extending for miles and miles, with a bright sun shining on a green, compact, unbroken surface—it conveys to the mind of the spectator naught save images of repose, peace, and tranquillity. He forgets that, like the hectic bloom of a fatal malady, those smiling seas of verdure, oft in their entangled depths, conceal treacherous, death-dealing reptiles; ferocious beasts of prey; and the still more dangerous, though no less crafty, and more cruel Kaffir.

On a nearer approach, dark glens and gloomy "kloofs"[1] are found to furrow the mountain sides. These often merge downwards into deep ravines, forming, at their base, sometimes the bed of a clear, gurgling brook, or that of a turbid, raging torrent; generally shadowed and overhung by abundant vegetation, in all the luxuriance of tropical growth and profusion.

Noble forest-trees, entwined with creepers, encircled by parasitical plants, and with long gray masses of lichen, loosely and beard-like floating from their spreading limbs, throw the "brown horrors" of a shadowy gloom, o'er these dark, secluded, druidical-looking dells. But jabbering apes, or large, satyr-like baboons, performing grotesque antics and uttering un-

[1] A Colonial term, implying the re-entering elbow or fissure in a range of hills; and, whatever be the character of the adjoining country, the "kloof" is generally clothed in dense bush.

earthly yells, grate strangely on the ear, and sadly mar the solemnity of the scene; whilst lofty, leafless, and fantastic euphorbia—like huge candelabra—shoot up in bare profusion from the gray, rocky cliffs; pointing, as it were in mockery, their skeleton arms at the dark and luxuriant foliage around. Other plants of the cactus and milky tribes—of thorny, rugged, or smooth and fleshy kinds—stretch forth in every way their "bizarre," misshapen forms; waving them to the breeze, from yon high, beetling crags, so thickly clothed to their very base with graceful nojebooms, and drooping, palm-like aloes;[1] whose tall, slender, and naked stems spring up from amidst the dense verdure of gay and flowering mimosas.[2]

Emerging from such darksome glens, to the more sunny side of the mountain's brow, there we still find an impenetrable Bush, but differing in character from what we have just described—a sort of high, thorny underwood, composed chiefly of the mimosa and portulacaria tribes; taller, thicker, more impenetrable, and of more rigid texture than even the tiger's accustomed lair, in the far depths of an Indian jungle; but withal, so mixed and mingled with luxuriant, turgid, succulent plants and parasites, as—even during the driest weather—to be totally impervious to the destroying influence of fire.

The Bush is, therefore, from its impassable cha-

[1] The *aloe arborescens*, strongly contrasting, in form and appearance, with the more common and stunted kinds, called by botanists the *aloe ferox* and *aloe lineata*.

[2] Named, by Barrow, "the mimosa nilotica," and which the author of this work has often seen growing on the banks of the Nile.

racter, the Kaffir's never-failing pl... ... refuge, both in peace and war: in his naked hardihood, he either—snake-like—twines through, and creeps beneath its densest mazes; or, shielded with the kaross, securely defies their most thorny and abrading opposition. Under cover of the Bush, in war, he—panther-like—steals upon his foe; in *peace*, upon the farmers' flock. Secure, in both instances, from pursuit, he can in the Bush set European power, European skill, and European discipline, at naught; and hitherto, vain has been every effort to destroy by fire this, his impregnable—for it is to all, save himself, an impenetrable—stronghold.

Of this last description was the general nature of the country through which now lay our route; but the beauties of its details might baffle all attempts at delineation of a far abler pen; and the gems of plant, shrub, and flower, which everywhere meet the eye, would require a practised botanist not only to describe, but merely to enumerate.

Geraniums of every colour; jessamines, redolent of perfume; and numberless other sweet-scented, flowering shrubs and plants, thickly o'ershadowed the thorny, twisted, or gnarled stems, peculiar to those sterner and more rigid denizens of this verdant waste; which, carpeted at so genial a season of the year with innumerable bulbs and flowers, now looked the very temple of that gay and prolific goddess—the South African Flora.

"For, under foot, the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay,
'Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem."

* * * *

On crowning the pass of the Zwartkops' heights, and emerging from the thick bush which clothed its sides, a novel and splendid view burst suddenly upon our sight. We found ourselves on—what is a common characteristic of South African scenery—an elevated table-land, commanding the whole of Algoa Bay; whose widely-extended shores, now gilded by the evening sun, were spread out beneath us in all the richly-burnished and detailed distinctness of a highly-coloured pictorial plan.

At one extremity of the Bay, near the perilous rocks of Cape Receif, faintly rose to the sight a small "forestry of masts;" whilst, on the adjacent shore, might indistinctly be descried a few white specks, denoting the locality of Port Elizabeth—that lasting memento of British industry in this distant part of the world. In an opposite, easterly direction, along the dim outline of the far watery horizon, we discerned the small cluster of the Chaon Isles; on one of which the adventurous Bartholomew Diaz—the first discoverer of this remote part of Africa—erected, in 1486, the sign of the cross; hence bestowing on the spot the appellation of Santa Cruz.

Since that period, how many various passing events have intervened! How often has Southern Africa changed its different possessors! Churches, edifices, towns, and harbours, have in many parts sprung up of late; civilization is advancing through its wilds, with slow, yet—it is to be hoped—unerring steps. But the locality first consecrated by the symbol of our Holy Creed, that ground first trodden by the great Lusitanian navigator of old still continues—as when first

discovered—a barren, deserted, and nearly unknown rock; frequented only by the seal, the cormorant, or the penguin!

Long did we here gaze and moralize on the wide-spread landscape at our feet. Turning in an opposite direction, as we beheld the sun fast sinking behind the dark mountains in the far west, now clad in a mantle of deepest blue; that sight reminding us of the lateness of the hour, as it hastened our unwilling departure from this fairy spot, recalled to the memory of the old Dutch Colonist who accompanied us the cruel massacre most treacherously perpetrated amidst those very hills, during the war of 1812.—He related how the father of the present Sir Andreas Stockenstrom, (whilst heading a Colonial force) having been invited by the Kaffirs there to hold a friendly conference, was by these savages mercilessly butchered, with nearly all his train.

As our informant entered into all the details of this sanguinary event—describing the wild demon-yell, the quivering assegai, the pale, bleeding victim, and stripped, mutilated corpse—we involuntarily looked around; and pressing our jaded horses' flanks, quickened their pace, instinctively feeling if our weapons were in readiness for defence. Nor did we—it must be confessed—repine, when a sight of the waggons, and of the white, bell-shaped tents—standing out in strong relief against the deep obscurity of the surrounding jungle, together with the bright, flickering radiance of the bivouac fires—announced a near approach to the camp, together with the termination of our toils for the day.

CHAPTER II.

A WAGGON MARCH TO THE FRONTIER.

Arrival at the camp—Discomforts—Want of water—A night in a waggon—Pugnacious companions—Not in India—Beating for game—Its scarcity—Pheasants, pauws, and duikers—An encounter in the bush—A refreshing draught—The Kougah—Mourderaars Hooghte—Death of Lieutenant Chumney—The Addo bush—Quagga flats—Ant-hills—Elephants and ostriches—Description of Albany—Arrival at Graham's Town—A soaking day.

——————"the patient 'Spann,'
Toiling all day along the arid plain,
And thirsty, hungry, to the loaded wain
Tied fast at night; their sides with bleeding gash,
Scored thickly over by the heavy lash;
The lolling tongue, parch'd mouth, and plaintive eye
Of torture, telling the extremity."

Graham's Town Journal.

Darkness had already followed the short twilight of this southern latitude, when—guided by the numerous camp-fires, which, fed with a plentiful supply of dry, thorny underwood collected around, now cheerly sent up their flickering flames—we reached, as I before said, our halting-ground for the night. The spot fixed on for this purpose was situated on that wide extent of high table-land, which goes by the name of "Aloe-way flats;" an appellation derived, probably,

from the number of those grotesque-looking trees, with which this elevated plain is here so thickly studded.

On our arrival at the Camp, we found culinary preparations in forward progress—cooking and eating appearing to be, with all hands, the order of the day, (or rather of the night.) The waggons had been drawn up so as to form a sort of hollow square, though not exactly according to the most approved method of either Torrens, or Dundas. The horses and oxen were already secured; camp-kettles were beginning to bubble; steaks to crackle on the gridirons of those who were so fortunate as to possess such a luxury—in short, every one seemed intent on recruiting from the fatigues of the day, and on laying in his share of provisions to enable him to bear those of the morrow.

Notwithstanding all I had heard in favour of this sort of gipsy life in Southern Africa, I soon felt convinced that its numerous unnecessary discomforts much more than counterbalanced the pleasures of a waggon "trecking" expedition—I say *unnecessary* discomforts, because, in any other civilized or more reasonable part of the world, such discomforts might easily be avoided. Had our present party, with all their appliances and means to boot, been on a march in India, how differently would things have been there conducted!

In that quarter of the globe, if the weary campaigner does not, on reaching the halting-ground, find a tent ready for his reception, it is, at latest, securely pitched a quarter of an hour after his arrival! The neighbouring tank supplies him clear water, wherewith to assuage

his thirst, and perform his required ablutions; whilst well-trained servants attend to his every want. After a comfortable meal, he retires to his camp-cot, and gets up ere dawn of day, rested and refreshed. In the dewy coolness of the young morn, he resumes his march; and, long before the sun attains its meridian height, again finds himself under cover; where he—if wise—remains during the sultry heat of the day, surrounded in his canvass—or rather cotton mansion—with all the comforts of a home.

What a contrast to our present mode of life! Though the whole of our party consisted of old campaigners, still "griffins" in this part of the world, we had trusted to our Hottentot, or Malay servants; and these appeared, according to their wont, to have trusted entirely to chance. The consequence was attended by every possible discomfort, when there was not—under existing circumstances—the least necessity for such *roughing;* which is all very well in its way, and where it cannot be avoided.

It is true, that from the scanty number of attendants and camp-followers, a man can never, whilst travelling in this part of the world, enjoy the luxuries he does in India; yet things might be greatly improved; more particularly if the old beaten track (or rather "trek") so long trodden by the primitive Dutch Settlers, were abandoned for a more modern and more "macadamized" course. But any innovation appears, in this Colony, to be looked upon with as much aversion as it could have been in the land of Egypt during the time of the Pharaohs!

We here first experienced that fearful bane of

Southern Africa—the want of water. To remedy this deficiency, the only thing requisite is—as in India—to form "bunds," or embankments, across the valleys and hollows, where, during the rains, a sufficient quantity of water could be collected to last through the whole year; but such industry and foresight would but ill tally with Cape Colonial apathy and neglect!

The spot of our encampment was fixed by the vicinity of a muddy "Vlei." This, after the oxen had partaken of its waters—coffee-coloured in their purest state—was stirred into such a muddy consistence, that, ere it became fit to drink, an infusion of alum was necessary to precipitate the earthly particles to the bottom of the vessel used for that purpose. By this expedient, we managed to manufacture a cup of coffee, with the help of which, having washed down a certain quantity of singed beef—I for one—without unharnessing, crept into my waggon-shell, in hopes, after the fatigues of the day, of obtaining a good night's rest.

In this flattering expectation, I was, however, doomed to be sadly disappointed; for, having two pugnacious horses attached to the wheels of my dormitory, what with a constant succession of kicking (for heel-ropes are here unknown in camp), squealing, fighting, and pulling, "the honey heavy dew of slumber" rested not for a single hour on my weary lids; and, at dawn of day, as I dragged myself out of my lair, I registered a vow, never again willingly to pass a night in a waggon, more especially with unsociable quadrupeds for companions!

Having passed so uncomfortable a night, I felt rejoiced when the first streak of dawn led to the hope

that we should shortly be on the move, and thereby avoid the heat of a mid-day march; but, as an old stager in the Colony significantly observed, "You are not now in India;" we were, therefore, obliged to conform in every respect to the usual slow, tortoise-like "Africander"[1] movements of treking; and the morning was far advanced ere both bipeds and quadrupeds, having first duly breakfasted, began to move off the ground.

As keeping pace with the slow advance of the convoy was tedious in the extreme, some of us, shouldering our fowling-pieces, extended right and left on its flanks, beating up—in hopes of meeting with game—the patches of brushwood encircling the low, stunted, and grotesque-looking aloe trees, with which the surrounding plain was thickly and fantastically studded over.

But vain was all our toil and trouble; for though this covert was, to all appearance, well adapted for harbouring the objects of our search—what with the long guns of the Colonists, and the "keeries"[2] of the Kaffirs—this part of the country has for many years been nearly denuded of sylvan inhabitants; and where formerly the plains swarmed with quaggas (zebras), elands, gnus, and ostriches; and the Bush abounded with elephants, rhinoceroses, and wild buffaloes; the sportsman now considers himself fortunate if he bag, in the course of the day, a single Duiker, or a couple

[1] A term answering to that of "Creole;" chiefly applied to persons of European lineage, but of South African birth.

[2] A knobbed stick, which the Kaffirs hurl with wonderful dexterity.

of brace of—what are here called—pheasants. But if he manages to knock over a "pauw," he looks upon himself as having attained the very acme of good fortune!

In short, sport is now nowhere to be found on this side of Colesberg. In pursuit of the larger animals of the chase, such as the lion and rhinoceros, it is even necessary to go several hundred miles further into the interior; whilst elephants and giraffes are only at the present day to be seen near or beyond the southern tropic.

Having mentioned the "duiker," the "pheasant," and the "pauw," it may be necessary to tell the sporting reader—uninitiated in South African wood craft—that the former is a small deer, about the size of a hare, whose name—meaning, in Dutch, "diver,"—is derived from the strange manner in which he appears to plunge headlong into those bushes which may oppose or impede his flight.

"As to the pheasant, the bird so called at the Cape is in fact a 'tetrao,' or grouse, with remarkably strong spurs on the legs, and two spurious ones just below the knee-joint. Besides the two species of bustards known in the Colony by the name of Korhaans, at this place was a third, which appeared to be by much the finest bird in Southern Africa, and which, though sufficiently common, has not yet been described in the Systema Naturæ. It is called here the 'wilde pauw,' or wild peacock—a name common with another large and elegant bird, the ardea pavonina, or balearic crane. The bird in question is an otis, and is nearly as large as the Norfolk bustard. The feathers

of the neck are long, very thick, and loose, like those of a domestic fowl; of a bright chestnut colour on the upper part, and an ash-coloured blue under the throat and on the breast. The feathers of the back are beautifully undulated with black and brown lines; the belly is white; and the tail feathers, from sixteen to twenty in number, are marked across with alternate bars of black and white; the spread of the wings is seven feet, and the whole length of the bird three feet and a half. It is generally met with in the neighbourhood of farm-houses; and, to all appearance, might very easily be domesticated. The flesh is exceeding good, with a high flavour of game."[1]

Wandering thus, sometimes near the convoy—at others, extending more widely from its flanks—I at length found myself alone, and completely bewildered in the mazes of the jungle. A burning sun rode high in the bright heavens;—not a breath of air stirred the thorny stems and rigid foliage around; and, oppressed by raging thirst, I sat me down to rest for awhile beneath the shade of a thick bush. Whilst looking eagerly around for some indication to direct my course, I perceived, at the distance of a few hundred yards, a dim line of smoke over the tops of the tall underwood, faintly struggling against the powerful mid-day glare; when proceeding towards the spot, I suddenly stumbled into the midst of the strangest group of beings it had ever—during all my travels—fallen to my lot to encounter.

Under a few branches, disposed so as to form a rude sort of hut, sat—apparently in the act of feeding—

[1] From Barrow, vol. i., p. 139.

two or three nearly naked, miserable-looking creatures. An old hag, in all the wrinkled deformity of African decrepitude and age; a young woman, with a child strapped in a skin to her back, which—in so strange a posture—she was suckling from her extended and flaccid breasts; and a middle-aged man, in the easy undress of Nature; were the party composing this interesting group. Whether they might prove friendly or otherwise, I was at a loss to conjecture; for, disturbed at the suddenness of my approach, the only male of the party sprang nimbly on his feet, grasping firmly, at the same time, a quivering assegai in his hand.

It was too late to retreat; I therefore put the best face on the matter, looking as amiable as possible, making no end of friendly signs, and intimating, by expressive pantomime, my extreme thirst, and particular wish to drink his health. The savage, whatever he were, appeared pacifically inclined; set aside his weapon; and saying something to his dingy partner, she instantly produced a calabash, containing a quantity of thick muddy fluid, anything but inviting either to the sight or taste; but which, thirsty as I then felt, was thankfully received, and swallowed without demur.

Ye gentlemen who sit at home at ease, comfortably sipping your port and claret, if you wish to know the true pleasures of "drink," seek them in an African wilderness, after a hard day's fag under a scorching sun, even at the bottom of a calabash of brackish, turbid, and muddy water!

The delight of *that* draught I shall never forget, and my gratitude to the donor was proportionate, though how to express it I was at a loss, for to money

they did not appear to attach any value. Tobacco I had none, but it was evident that something was wanted as an equivalent; and for the first time, I then heard the since well-known sound of "nāzélah," which I soon found to be of the same import as the "buck-sheesh" of the Oriental, the "pour boire" of the Frenchman, the "buona mano" of the Italian, or the "trink geld" of the German—in short, to mean a gift, present, or gratuity of any kind.

In former Eastern wanderings, I had learned that if a stranger but taste salt with the Arab of the desert, it ensures him safety and hospitality. Barrow says these niggers are of Bedouin origin. Reasoning therefore from analogy, that, as they had given me brackish water to drink; ergo, if I had not eaten their salt, I had drank of the same, I therefore considered I had now an undoubted claim on their friendship; and on the strength of this made myself quite at home, by taking a seat amidst the family group; which was now increased by what I had at first imagined to be a mere heap of skins, sitting up erect, and showing what they had hitherto concealed — the form of a child, some eight or ten years of age. The squalid urchin, however, merely gazed vacantly around; and, ensconcing himself anew in his kaross, grovelled again in the wood-ashes, amidst which, like a dog, he had formed a sort of lair.

To my surprise, the younger woman now dragged out from under the bush an old rusty firelock, and with expressive signs, accompanied by the word "nāzélah," it was evident that she was begging for powder. This request I declined to comply with, but generously

bestowed a couple of charges of small shot, with which they all appeared much pleased.

I now endeavoured to obtain some knowledge as to the direction in which lay the Graham's Town road. This was however rather an abstruse subject, for they apparently either could not, or would not, comprehend my meaning; when fortunately, whilst affairs were at this stage of proceeding, the distant report of one or two guns afforded me the desired information. Hereupon I took leave of my wild acquaintances; and, after struggling for some time amidst the bush, at last regained the high road, and struck across the track of the leading waggons, as they were in the act of crossing the small stream of the Kougah.

Whether my late encounter had been with friend or foe—Fingoe or Kaffir—I was at a loss to determine, as I did not then know how to distinguish between them. The party I had fallen in with most probably belonged to the former, though they might have been outskirting stragglers of the latter, cut off from the rest of their tribe; and whilst prowling about in quest of food and plunder, reduced to the state of destitution in which I found them; for, poor creatures! they looked in the last stage of starvation. In the latter case, I had thus inadvertently subjected myself to the severe penalty awarded by the Articles of War, for holding unauthorized communication with an enemy!

The Kougah was the locality where—at the period when the English first obtained possession of this Colony from the Dutch—the celebrated Kaffir chief, Congo, was located with his Tribe; and who—what with his wars with T' Slambie, his treachery towards

General Vandeleur, and the extent to which he carried his depredations—gave us then so much trouble, that at last measures were taken for his final expulsion from the Zuureveldt, which were at last carried into effect by Colonel Graham, in the year 1812.

Shortly after crossing this stream, we "out-spanned" on some heights called "Grass ridge," said still to be the occasional resort of a few ostriches; but not a single bird of the kind were we so fortunate as to meet with. We next proceeded on, to our halting-place for the night, situated near a solitary house, a sort of wretched inn placed in a valley, and bearing the ominous name of "Mourderaar's Hoogte,"[1] or "Murderer's Corner," from a massacre committed, as it is said, on this very spot by some Kaffirs of Congo's Tribe, about half a century ago.

The story runs thus: General Vandeleur proceeding in 1799 with a British force from Algoa Bay to Graff Reynet, to reduce to subjection the insurgent Dutch Boers, was met on the way by Congo, who, though till then hostile to us, now sought an interview; entered into a friendly compact with the General, promised to evacuate the Zuureveldt, and retire, according to former treaties, beyond the Great Fish River.

General Vandeleur having successfully accomplished his expedition to Graff Reynet, and on the strength of his late treaty with Congo, now considering the Kaffirs in a friendly light, sent forward to Algoa Bay a detachment of the 81st Regiment under Lieutenant

[1] The Dutch word "hoogte," or corner, means a basin formed by surrounding hills.

Chumney; following himself without distrust, accompanied by the remainder of his force.[1]

Kaffir faith was however, then, no more to be relied on than it is at the present day. The General was treacherously attacked in his camp at the Bushman's River, and obliged to make a hasty retreat towards the coast, which he reached without very serious loss.

A more melancholy fate awaited poor Chumney. His small detachment, assailed by overwhelming numbers of savages, fought with all the valour of desperation, until reduced to a mere handful of men. But the fury of the barbarians appeared chiefly directed against its leader; seeing this, Lieutenant Chumney —already transfixed with three assegaïs—resolved to sacrifice his own life for the purpose of saving the few survivors still left under his command. He therefore, with heroic devotion, ordered them to effect their escape by flight; turned his horse in an opposite direction, and galloped off, with the whole troop of Kaffir bloodhounds at his heels. Of all this ill-fated party, four men alone reached Fort Frederick, to recount so lamentable and bloody a deed. The gallant Chumney was never heard of more; fortunate if he died sword in hand, nor suffered those tortures and mutilations ever reserved for a captured foe, by these very fiends in human shape.[2] The tragedy itself is an historic fact:

[1] See Barrow, and Colonel Collins's Report in the "Cape Records."

[2] Even in the late campaign, so fully impressed was every one with the tortures inflicted on their prisoners by the Kaffirs, that many a pocket pistol was carried for the purpose of committing suicide, and thus guarding the possessor against those

this spot where it was enacted is *said* to have been the locality of our present encampment.

* * * *

"Another hot and wearisome march took us across that broad belt of dense jungle, known as the "Addo Bush;" which, being a common resort of roving Kaffir hordes, was not entered without requisite precautions on our part against an attack. We passed through it however unmolested, and that evening pitched our camp on the edge of the "Quagga Flats."

This part of the country, some years back, more particularly abounded with innumerable species of game of every size and description. The sportsman then revelled in all the delights of the most princely chase; it was his very paradise, where—

"———bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambolled before him; the unwieldy elephant,
To make him mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis."

* * * *

Barrow thus mentions the appearance, in his time, of the then more extended "Addo:"—"Here we started a herd of fourteen buffaloes, that had been rolling in the spring. They were very shy, and scampered away at a great rate into the thicket that covered the sides of the hills. For three days' journey from this place the road lay over a surface of country firmly marked with bold hills, plains, gradual swells, and hollows; but the whole was entirely covered with a forest of shrubbery. Sometimes for the distance of

sufferings he was sure to endure, if he fell alive into the hands of these cruel savages.

ten or twelve miles there was not the least opening that made it possible to turn a yard out of the path, either to the right or to the left; and from the heights, where the bushes were less tall, the eye could discern only an uninterrupted forest. Nothing could be more beautiful nor more interesting than this grand and extensive shrubbery appeared to be, for the greatest part of the first day's journey; but the inconvenience it occasioned towards the evening, when we wished to halt, was seriously felt. There was no space sufficient for the tent and waggons, or to make fast the oxen; and, what was the worst of all, not a drop of water. The weather had been very sultry, the thermometer fluctuating generally from 75° to 80° in the shade, during the day; yet the cattle had tasted water once only in three days. The two nights they were unyoked it was necessary to bind them fast to the waggons, that they might not stray into the thicket, where they would infallibly have been lost, or devoured by lions. The prints of the feet of this destructive animal were every where fresh on the road, and every night we heard them roaring around us. Besides these, were heard the cries of a multitude of ferocious beasts, that nightly prowl the woods, in quest of prey. The roaring of lions, the bellowing of buffaloes, the howling of the wolves, the yelping of jackalls, and the timid lowing of our oxen; were parts in the nocturnal concert that could not be said to produce much harmony to us, who were encamped in the midst of a forest of which we could discern no end."[1]

[1] From Barrow's Travels, vol. i. p. 120.

To so late a date as a few years subsequently to the settlement of Albany by the English in 1820, the "Addo Bush" was much frequented by herds of elephants, buffaloes, and other wild animals, in the pursuit of which many of our countrymen became mighty Nimrods; and equalled, if they did not surpass in daring, the exploits of the Boers; who, natives of these wilds, had, it may be said, been almost born and bred to the chase.

In reference to the sporting performances of the latter, Thompson, in his interesting Travels through Southern Africa, mentions that on the 1st of January, 1823, a party of Boers had assembled to celebrate the new year at a farm-house on the Quagga Flats. Having received intimation of the vicinity of a troop of elephants in the neighbouring bush, one of the party, of the name of Maré, went, for a bet, and pulled out three hairs from the tail of one of the elephants; but afterwards returning on horseback to shoot the animal, his bullet not taking effect, he was pursued, and the horse, putting his foot into one of the holes made by the "aardvark," or ant-eater, in the numerous ant-hills with which the Quagga plain is thickly dotted, rolled over on the rider; and, ere Maré could recover himself, the infuriated elephant came up, and trampled the bold hunter into the shape and consistence of a pancake.

These ant-hills are the frequent causes of falls and accidents to the horseman careering across the South African plains; and I have, on more than one occasion, been their victim. The mounds, thrown up by these insects, are frequently of considerable height, of

smooth hardened clay, and sometimes scattered in such profusion over the plains, as at a distance occasionally to be mistaken for browzing sheep. The insect by which they are formed probably mixes the upturned earth with some glutinous matter exuding from its own body; and, for this reason, the ant-hills being first pulverized, and afterwards moistened with water, constitute the most approved material in the construction of the flooring of the Settlers' houses. This, when dry, assuming a smooth, hard surface, fully answers the purpose of the finest planking; whilst the Turkey or Brussels carpet finds here a cool and cheap substitute in a coating of cow-dung and water; which, however repugnant to ideas refined, is daily sprinkled over the farm-house floor by the females of the establishment.

The Quagga Flats, where we were now encamped, derive their name from the herds of that beautiful animal, the Zebra of naturalists; which, though now only found beyond the Orange River, used, some few years past—together with the prancing, grotesque-looking gnu, and stalking-ostrich—to be in great plenty on this extended plain. But those sporting days are now gone by; hundreds of miles must the keen sportsman at present traverse, ere he obtain a glimpse of the "wild horse"[1] of the first Colonists—beautiful as wild

[1] So called, in all the old chronicles, even up to Kolben's time, who wrote at the commencement of the eighteenth century; but that both the zebra and elephant of Southern Africa can be tamed, if sufficient pains are only taken, is proved by the fact that a team of four zebras were driven about Cape Town, under Sir Lowry Cole's government; whilst Kolben mentions that an elephant's strength was tested, by making him drag a small vessel which had been stranded in Table Bay.

—then considered untameable, and still continuing untamed.

As to the ostrich, old Kolben says:—"Ostriches are so numerous in the Cape countries, that a man can hardly walk a quarter of an hour any way in those countries, without seeing one or more of those birds. For the feathers of the Cape ostrich, some are black, and some are white. The head is very small, not coming near, in proportion to the size of the body, which is the largest in the feathered world. The neck is long, and like that of a swan; the bill is short and pointed; the legs are thick and strong; the feet are cloven, resembling the feet of a goat. These birds are easily tamed; and many tame ones are kept in the Cape fortress. The eggs of them are so large, that the shell of one of them will contain the yolks of thirty hen-eggs. They are pretty good eating; and one of them furnishes out a pretty good meal for three or four persons."

Since the time of this quaint, old-fashioned, Prussian author, the avarice of man and vanity of woman have caused sad havoc amongst these poor, harmless birds; which, for the sake of their graceful plumage, have been hunted nearly to extirpation. They are, however, still occasionally, though rarely, seen on the "Quagga Flats." Having brought the reader to the spot, a few words relating to the method of their capture may perhaps not be deemed entirely out of place.

The Boers, when in quest of the ostrich, go out well mounted, in parties of three and four. The birds are generally found grazing on the wide, open plains, and when first started, instead of going straight ahead—

by which means the ostrich could easily distance the fleetest horse—like a hunted hare, he circles round in his course, steadily pursued, at a distance, by one of the sportsmen. The others meanwhile gathering towards the centre of the wide area—around which the bird, with outstretched neck and open wings, keeps on his circling flight—are at hand, to relieve each other in the chase; till at last the poor ostrich, overmatched by a constant succession of fresh pursuers, when completely exhausted, gives up the race in despair, throws himself headlong into a bush, and is then easily captured by the hunter; who however requires some precaution to effect this finale to the chase, as a single kick from the ostrich has often been known to break a man's thigh.

* * * *

Tired with the tediousness of the treck, another officer and myself resolved to push forward on horseback, during the last forty miles of our journey, to Graham's Town. Leaving therefore the waggons, we galloped on across a country, which has perhaps been rather too glowingly portrayed in the following description:—

"The scenery of this Arcadian country has called forth the unqualified praise of every inhabitant and sojourner. Towards the sea, well grassed and gently undulating meadows are interspersed with park-like scenery. Natural shrubberies, variegated by flowers of a thousand hues, everywhere arrest the attention of the delighted beholder. These elegant prairies are covered with numerous flocks of sleek and healthy cattle, and sprinkled with the cottages of farmers,

whose dazzling whiteness pleasingly contrasts with the freshness and brilliancy of the bright verdure. On the north, the character of the landscape undergoes a complete and sudden change, passing at once into sublimity. There the bold ranges of the Winterberg, Kat River, and Kaffrarian Mountains, with their occasional crests of snow and eternal diadems of hoary forest, stand out in sharp relief against an intensely azure sky, and give a grandeur to the scene not surpassed in any part of the world. In short, the appearance of the entire country is splendid beyond description, and continues to increase in majesty and richness as the traveller proceeds eastward into the country of the Kaffirs."

Such was Albany, in peaceful times—and short enough they have been! During our hasty progress, we saw neither numerous flocks nor sleek and healthy cattle; the "dazzling whiteness" of the cottage-home was now converted into blackened gables and roofless walls; and nature—as if sympathizing with the desolation around—mournfully sighed in cold, chilling blasts, and wept in drenching torrents o'er the dismal scene. We rapidly spurred on through bush and brake—flooded ravines—swollen and turbid brooks—over plain and mountain—hill and dale; till, jaded, cold, and wet, we at last gladly pulled up at the threshold of a wretched-looking tavern, in one of the, then, mud-flooded, unpaved, and deserted streets of Graham's Town.

CHAPTER III.

GRAHAM'S TOWN, AND ITS ATTACK BY THE PROPHET MAKANNA.

Arrival at Graham's Town—Uncomfortable quarters—Drunken servants—Some account of Graham's Town—Improvidence of the Settlers—The surrounding country—The "Lynx's Kopf"—The Prophet Makanna—His ambitious projects—Opposed by Gaika—He invades the Colony—Attack on Graham's Town—Boezac—Colonel Willshire's account—Retributive measures—Surrender of Makanna—His seclusion at Robben Island—His attempt to escape, and death—The Valley of the Kowie—A youthful shepherd.

> "Kings yet unborn shall rue Mokanna's name;—
> And, though I die, my spirit still the same
> Shall walk abroad, in all the stormy strife,
> And guilt, and blood, that won its bliss in life."
>
> MOORE.

The day was considerably advanced, when, amidst torrents of rain—wet, hungry, and cold—we arrived at Graham's Town, and pulled up at the miserable "cabaret," dignified by the imposing appellation of an "hotel;" which however appeared to be the fashionable house of entertainment of this capital of the Eastern Province; for it was so crowded with guests, that we had some difficulty in procuring even wretched accommodation, at most extortionate charges.

To add to the delights of our situation, the few things we had brought with us in our saddle-bags were

thoroughly saturated with wet; there was no forage to be procured for the horses; and our servants made such good use of their time—in wetting the inward, whilst drying the outward man—that, in the course of an hour, they were reported to be so drunk as to be completely *hors de combat*.

Amongst the guests assembled at this uncomfortable caravanserai were several officers on leave from the forces then in the field; and their absence—however temporary—argued that hostilities were not at this moment in very active operation. In fact, both parties—apparently weary of the protracted proceedings of the campaign—seemed to be resting awhile on their arms; and negociations were even said to be pending for the final conclusion of peace. Many officers had in the meanwhile availed themselves of this respite, to enjoy—after the privations and hardships of the campaign—a little recreation at Graham's Town; and from them we learned particulars, not at all encouraging to men who had come from the other extremity of the world, for the avowed purpose of doing something more than witnessing the patching up of an unsatisfactory peace; and of hearing something else than the pious exhortations of priests and missionaries towards incorrigible savages—to be good boys for the future—to keep their assegais out of the skins of the Colonists—and their fingers off Colonial cattle!

* * * *

The rain still came down in torrents the day following that of our arrival; and we considered ourselves lucky in having a roof over our heads, as, one by one—shivering with cold and drenched with wet—many of

our companions pulled up at the door, in quest of accommodation; which, from the crowded state of the house, they were, one and all, obliged to seek for elsewhere.

The weather at last cleared up; our baggage-waggons arrived; whilst, weary of the discomfort of "the hotel," and of the drunken incivility of "mine host," I resolved—pending instructions from the General—to seek a change of abode; and accordingly pitched my tent on the outskirts of Graham's Town; relative to which, I shall take the present opportunity of saying a few words, for the information of such as may take an interest in the subject.

The capital of the Eastern Province owes its name and origin to Colonel Graham, who in 1811 and 1812 so greatly distinguished himself, by driving the Kaffirs out of the Zuureveldt; which—in spite of repeated treaties — these barbarians had long unjustly occupied, to the utter ruin of the former Dutch Colonial inhabitants. He chose this locality for the establishment of a military post, which, like the baronial castles of old, soon became the nucleus around which such of the Settlers of 1820—who had been sent forward as scouts to advancing civilization — gradually congregated; until Graham's Town at last attained its present population, size, and importance.

"This place, which had been, a few years before, a Dutch Boer's farm, was considered so poor an estate, as hardly to afford the means of existence to its occupants, and so badly supplied with water, as to render it requisite to remove the stock, at certain periods of the year; the same identical spot is now the metropolis of the Eastern Province, and the seat of the

Lieutenant-Governor. It has above eight hundred houses, many of them elegant and capacious, besides several handsome public edifices—a Government house, commercial hall, public offices; an Episcopal church and six chapels; a gaol, one of the handsomest erections in the Colony; forts and barracks; and is peopled by upwards of five thousand souls."[1]

The above account was published in 1843; it is therefore probable that if—since that period—any alteration have taken place in Graham's Town, it has been in an increase of extent and population. Though, from its proximity to the frontier, and consequent importance—as regards its being the capital of the Eastern Province, and constantly subject to stand the brunt of Kaffir attacks—Graham's Town is singularly deficient in every means of defence; nor does the narrow escape it had in 1819, (when nearly captured by the "Prophet" Makanna) or the subsequent threatening warnings it has received, appear to have impressed on the authorities the necessity of providing for its safety, by the construction of adequate fortifications.

The town is situated in a hollow, forming a complete basin, surrounded on all sides by open downs, or rather high table-land covered with grass; whose sides are frequently indented with wooded kloofs or ravines, from one of which issues a streamlet, constituting the principal branch of the River Kowie. Although here —so near its source, and whilst meandering along the outskirts of the town—it be a mere shallow brook, it appears nevertheless, from all accounts, to be perennial; and therefore, were proper measures adopted of

[1] From Chase's "Cape of Good Hope."

constructing dams and embankments, (for which the nature of its bed is peculiarly adapted) any quantity of water might always be secured, to last through seasons of the greatest drought.

The neglect of all precautionary measures of this kind, in ensuring a supply of water during the dry season, may be added as a further instance of that want of any spirit of enterprise and improvement, which appears so peculiarly to characterize the Settlers of Southern Africa. This neglect is the more remarkable, as in times of drought—so common in this part of the world—the very existence of both man and beast is frequently jeopardized by the scarcity of water; a want which, from the abundance of rain falling at certain periods of the year; and from the, generally speaking, undulating nature of the country; might always be obviated by the construction—as in India—of embankments, or "bunds," across the valleys and watercourses issuing from the hills; thus forming tanks or reservoirs, where any quantity of water might be retained for irrigation, or other purposes, during the prevalence of dry weather.

But no!—the Colonist of Southern Africa—though probably settled there for his own life and the lives of his children—appears to have no thought but for the actual present. His house is unadorned; his lands remain uncultured; his garden displays no care; and this, in so genial a climate, and with so propitious a soil, that trees and plants of every sort grow almost spontaneously, if merely put into the earth.[1]

[1] No greater proof of this can be afforded than by visiting the garden of the veteran commandant of Graham's Town,

This unaccountable apathy, which I have already noticed, as regards Port Elizabeth, displays itself equally at Graham's Town; the streets of which are well laid out, wide, regular—and if properly attended to—would present as respectable an appearance as those of any provincial town in England. Instead of this, they remain unpaved and unmacadamized—full of ruts and inequalities—covered with loose stones and rubbish; in dry weather, forming a deep bed of finely-pulverized dust, and after rain a very quagmire of liquid mud; whence there is no possible escape for the unfortunate pedestrian, who vainly looks for refuge to some raised causeway, or friendly "trottoir."

A slight attempt has however certainly been made at adornment in the principal thoroughfare, by the plantation of rows of English oaks, which, as in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, appear to thrive here most luxuriantly.[1] In this street stood, until late years, the withered trunk of a venerable mimosa tree, on which Colonel Graham is said to have hung his sword, when he dismounted for the purpose of bivouacing on the spot—then a verdant wilderness—at present the centre of a populous town; and close to which has sprung up a handsome church; in which may now be seen a tablet to the memory of the gallant and accom-

Lieutenant-Colonel O'Reilly, which, with its fruit-trees, verdure, and flowers, looks like an oasis in the midst of the surrounding neglected cultivation.

[1] In the northern hemisphere, the oak is one of the latest trees to show the garment of spring; transplanted to Southern Africa, it in this respect quite changes its character, and in September (the month of March of this region) I observed the magnificent oak-trees in the public gardens at Cape Town in full foliage.

plished soldier, who did so much for this remote, and then little-known quarter of the globe.

The country around Graham's Town consists, as I have already observed, of high table-land, formerly covered with thickets of the thorny mimosa—long since cleared away for firewood—and presenting now the aspect of extensive and open grassy downs, above which a single white, conical hill raises its sugar-loaf head in so conspicuous a manner as to be visible from a distance of many miles. This elevation, known as the "Lynx's Kopf," (or head) is celebrated as being the spot from whence the Kaffir chief and *soi-disant* Prophet, Makanna, (surnamed the "Lynx"[1]) directed the desperate attempt made by the Kaffirs on Graham's Town in 1819; and which was so gallantly repulsed by Lieutenant-Colonel, now Sir Thomas Willshire, at the head of a handful of British troops.

Although this event, and the name of its perpetrator, be in the Colony well known and familiar as "household terms;" still some account of so remarkable a personage will perhaps be novel, and therefore not uninteresting to the general reader, who may not be, as yet, fully initiated into the arcana of South African events.

I have already endeavoured to prove that this sudden and formidable invasion of the Kaffirs, in 1819, (though, as usual, defended by certain parties) was in no wise justified by any encroaching measures on

[1] "Links" means, in Dutch, "left-handed;" but I could never ascertain if this were the meaning of the "sobriquet," which was applied to Makanna, in whose name there is likewise a remarkable coincidence with that of Moore's "Veiled Prophet," the exploits of whom are also founded on historical facts.

our part; but that prompted, as on former and subsequent occasions, by a love of plunder, they—led on by their prophet chief—made such a sudden and energetic attack on Graham's Town, as well nigh to capture the place, and destroy the small garrison by which it was defended.

Makanna, with whom this invasion originated, was a Kaffir of low origin, but who, by his abilities, had acquired great influence over that people; and, strange to say, that with these ignorant savages—to whom the very name of religion was unknown—the stepping-stone to his ambitious projects was laid on that spiritual basis which, among civilized nations, has so often proved a starting point to soaring aspirations of worldly grandeur!

He had long previously been in the habit of visiting Graham's Town, where, since 1812, had been established the head-quarters of the British troops on the frontier. During frequent residences there, his time was chiefly taken up in converse and arguments with the garrison chaplain, from whom he appears to have obtained a confused notion of the principles and system of the Christian religion. With this newly-acquired store of knowledge, he returned to his tribe; like his namesake of Khorassan, boldly announced himself as a prophet inspired by Heaven, and sent by Divine Providence to lead the Kaffir people from the error of their ways. He even gave himself out as the "brother of Christ;" and, under this title, industriously propagated the mystical ravings of a doctrine of his own, grafted on that divine system, of which he had lately acquired some indefinite and vague ideas. Naturally endowed

with a wild and persuasive eloquence, the "Prophet" soon obtained considerable influence, not only among the Kaffir people, but even over most of their chiefs; and was thus enabled to attach to himself a considerable body of retainers, by whose means he probably contemplated the possibility of becoming some day head of the "State" as well as that of the "Church."

Though he had apparently thus gained the confidence of most of the leaders of the Amakosæ Tribes, there was one chief as crafty and designing as himself, who watched his movements with the utmost suspicion, and ever endeavoured to thwart him in all his ambitious designs. This was Gaïka, head of the Hahabees, second only in power to Hintza, the paramount chief of Kaffirland; then in the prime of life, and noted equally for his vices, cunning, and—even among Kaffirs—by his unparalleled duplicity.

Gaïka was therefore the peculiar object of Makanna's enmity and hatred; and by his intrigues he at last succeeded in raising a powerful confederation against him. Hintza, T' Slambie, Congo, Habanna, and several other Kaffir chiefs, roused either by real or pretended injuries, but chiefly instigated by "the Prophet," attacked and defeated Gaïka. They followed up their success by entering and plundering the Colony; to avenge which act, and in compliance with the appeals of our allies the Hahabees—with whom had been established a treaty—a commando entered Kaffirland in 1818; the result of which has already been described, and which moreover served to divert the intentions of Makanna into a fresh channel.

Baffled in his designs against Gaïka—by our suc-

cessful interference in supporting our ally, and punishing the inroad of his enemies on the Colonial territory—Makanna, instigated by a desire of revenge, and the hope of expelling for ever those who had so materially interrupted his ambitious schemes, now exerted his utmost influence and energies to raise up a powerful coalition in Kaffirland against the British power.

"By his spirit-rousing eloquence, his pretended revelations from Heaven, and his confident predictions of complete success, provided they implicitly followed his counsels, he persuaded the great majority of the Amakosæ clans (including some of Hintza's warriors) to unite their forces for a simultaneous attack upon Graham's Town, the head-quarters of the British troops. He told them he was sent by Uteka, the Great Spirit, to avenge their wrongs; that he had power to call up from the grave the spirits of their ancestors, to assist them in battle against the white men, whom they should drive, before they stopped, across the Zwartkops River and into the ocean: 'and then,' said the Prophet, 'we will sit down and eat honey!' Ignorant of our vast resources, Makanna probably conceived that, this once effected, the contest was over for ever with the usurping Christians.

"Having called out the chosen warriors from the various clans, Makanna mustered his army in the forests of the Great Fish River, and found himself at the head of between nine and ten thousand men. He then sent (in conformity with a custom held in repute among Kaffir heroes) a message of defiance to Colonel Willshire, the British commandant, announcing 'that he would breakfast with him next morning.'

"At the first break of dawn, the warriors were roused for battle on the mountains near Graham's Town; and, before they were led on to the assault, were addressed by Makanna in an animating speech, in which he is said to have promised the aid of spirits of earth and air to assist this cause, and to countervail the boasted prowess of the 'white man's fire.'

"Thus excited, they were led on by their various chiefs, but all under the general direction of the Prophet himself, and his chief captain, Dushani, the son of T'Slambie. The English were completely astonished when they appeared, soon after sunrise, marching rapidly over the heights which environ Graham's Town; for Colonel Willshire had so utterly disregarded the message sent him, considering it a mere bravado, that he had taken no precautions whatever, and was himself very nearly captured by the enemy, as he was taking a morning ride with some of his officers. Had the Kaffirs advanced by night, they could not have failed to capture the place.

"All was now bustle and confusion in the little garrison, which consisted of about only three hundred and fifty European troops,[1] and a small body of disciplined Hottentots. The place had no regular defences, and the few field-pieces which it possessed were not in perfect readiness. The Kaffirs marched on to the assault with their wild war-cries. They were gallantly encountered by the troops, who poured upon them—as they advanced in dense, disorderly masses—a destructive fire of musketry, every shot of which was deadly, while their assegais fell short, or ineffective.

[1] Other accounts say two hundred and fifty.—AUTHOR.

Still, however, they advanced courageously, the chiefs cheering them on, almost to the muzzles of the British guns; and many of the foremost warriors were now seen breaking short their last assegaï, to render it a stabbing weapon, in order to rush in upon the troops, according to Makanna's directions, and decide the battle in close combat. This was very different from their usual mode of Bush-fighting; but the suggestion of it evinces Makanna's judgment; for, if promptly and boldly acted upon, it could not have failed of success. The great bodily strength and agility of the Kaffirs, as well as their vast superiority in numbers, would have enabled them to overpower the feeble garrison in a few minutes.

"At this critical moment, and while other parties of barbarians were pushing on, to assail the place in flank and rear, the old Hottentot Captain, Boezac, who happened that day to be accidentally at Graham's Town, with a party of his buffalo-hunters, rushed intrepidly forward to meet the enemy. To old Boezac most of the Kaffir chiefs and captains were personally known. He was a man of great coolness, too, and familiar with their fierce appearance and furious shouts. Singling out the boldest of these, who, now in advance, were encouraging their men to the final onset, Boezac and his followers—the first marksmen in the Colony—levelled in a few minutes a number of the most distinguished chiefs and warriors. Their onset was for a moment checked. The British troops cheered, and renewed with alacrity their firing, which exhaustion and dismay had somewhat slackened. At the same instant, the field-pieces, now brought to bear upon the thickest

of the enemy, opened a most destructive fire of grape-shot. Some of the warriors madly rushed forward, and hurled their spears at the artillerymen. But it was in vain. The front ranks were mown down like grass. Those behind recoiled—wild panic and irretrievable rout ensued. Makanna, after vainly attempting to rally them, accompanied their flight. They were pursued but a short way; for the handful of cavalry durst not follow them into the broken ravines, where they speedily precipitated their flight. The slaughter was great, for so brief a conflict. Fourteen hundred Kaffir warriors strewed the field of battle; and many hundreds more perished of their wounds before they reached their own country."[1]

By this account it would seem that the defeat of the Kaffirs was mainly attributable to the opportune assistance afforded by "old Boezac:" however, in a communication which I had with Sir Thomas Willshire, on the subject, the latter did not seem to think he was in any way indebted to this person for the successful issue of the contest. The following is Sir Thomas Willshire's own version of the affair, extracted from the columns of a Colonial publication:—

"About half-past one o'clock, on 22nd April, the Kaffirs, amounting to six thousand strong, made a most determined and well-arranged attack upon the town, which the steadiness and bravery of the officers and men I have the honour to command repulsed, killing about a hundred and fifty Kaffirs, wounding a greater number, and their losing from seven to eight hundred assegaïs. I am quite convinced this force

[1] From the "New Monthly Magazine" of January, 1827.

was collected for a night attack; but they were led to make it by day, from the following circumstance. Having the Colonial troop under arms, for inspection, at half-past ten o'clock, a report reached me that the Kaffirs had attempted to carry away cattle from a spot not half a mile from me. I immediately took twenty-five of the troop, and pursued the Kaffirs towards Botha's Hill; when, within two miles of it, I discovered two bodies of Kaffirs on the side of it, amounting to, I imagine, between two and three hundred. Along the foot of this hill there is a small river: on descending the hill, to cross the river, the Kaffirs appeared to retreat towards the top of Botha's Hill; but, suspecting they might have some of their strength concealed at the back of the top of the hill, I left two dragoons on the hill I quitted, to apprise me, after I crossed and began ascending, if any additional force appeared, and in what direction they moved. I was soon given to understand they were forming a circle round us, and in great numbers. I therefore deemed it prudent to re-cross the river with the cavalry, higher up, and regain the hill I had left.

"When I had done so, I was surprised to find we were followed by about five thousand, who gave a horrid yell, rushed down, and crossed the river after us. From their numbers, I instantly concluded they intended an attack on Graham's Town, and immediately despatched a messenger to direct the garrison to get under arms; while, with the cavalry, I made frequent unsuccessful attempts to check them, their object being clearly to get, if possible, as soon as us to Graham's Town; I therefore brought the cavalry on

as fast as possible towards Graham's Town, there to await their arrival. I had not reached the town more than ten minutes, when they showed on the top of the hills to the eastward, and extending in large bodies to the northward. Those hills are about two thousand four hundred yards from the town, and this was about a quarter to twelve o'clock; from which time till half-past one they continued to increase, till they amounted to about five thousand. Besides this, I was aware of a mass of about a thousand, descending by a kloof towards the Royal African Corps' Barracks, situated on our right, about two thousand yards distant, at which an officer and sixty men were left for its defence. Captain Trappes, previously to my arrival, had pushed on the 38th Light Company towards the point by which he expected they would come. I ordered the Light Company and Colonial troops to extend along and below the point of a gentle slope from a plain about eight hundred yards from the town, to cover two guns I requested Lieutenant Aitchison to take across the river, and place on the plain in rear of and above the cavalry and 38th; sending the Royal African Corps to cross, and remain in support of the guns and extended troops.

"I could now plainly discover they were acting upon a regular system, (planned by, I suppose, a deserter) and that their object was to turn my right, and get into Graham's Town, while I was engaged with their right and centre masses, which were both collected and separated from the body on the hill on which they assembled. Knowing that, when they moved, it would be as fast as they could run, and, from their

immense numbers outflanking me, might perhaps compel me to re-cross the river towards the town, I therefore left five pieces of artillery at the end of the town, so placed by Lieutenant Aitchison, that as soon as we descended from the plain into the ravine, to re-cross, those guns would have the Kaffirs open to them all across the plain, if they followed us. I left the Cape Corps in reserve with those guns, in the event of any attack being made on the town from another point. I then directed the extended troops to advance, and open a fire upon numbers of them who were thrown out in front, in hopes of inducing the masses to move down to their support, and by that means get them in range of the two guns; but they would not move till the mass that went to attack the African Corps Barracks began firing, (they had several firearms among them, and many of them were mounted) on which the whole set up a terrible yell, and rushed down to the troops, a short distance in masses, and then spread into clouds, covering the face of the hill as they ran. I immediately crossed over; and seeing immense numbers pushing on, to pass the right of the 38th, directly moved the African Corps (from reserve) forward, and to their right, thereby bringing them in line with the 38th and cavalry, (who had fallen back to the top of the slope of the plain) with their right rather kept back, from which point they opened a well-directed fire, and completely stopped the Kaffirs from proceeding, though they would not retreat till I ordered the advance to sound, when the soldiers cheered, and, strange to say, the savages began retreating directly, pursued by the troops; but they run so excessively fast, the men

were not long able to keep up with them; and not wishing them to pursue too far, I sounded the retreat, and brought the troops back to the place where the guns were, lest a body of them, that had remained on the hill, might, by the rapidity of their running, take advantage of the troops being so far from their guns and the town, and make a rush to get in their rear.

"The Kaffirs, when checked in their advance, were not more than thirty or thirty-five yards from the troops, and there they remained kneeling, and ducking from the shot, while many rounds were fired, and till the advance sounded, and the men cheered. The determination of those savages to do as much mischief as possible was wonderful. While kneeling and ducking in front of the troops, the right hand was always raised with the assegaï, but their fear of looking at the fire prevented them throwing as often or as correctly as they otherwise would have done. On seeing a flash, they immediately placed the left arm, with the kaross, (bullock's-hide) before their eyes. The firing still continuing at the barracks, I directed the Cape Corps to be sent to the troops defending it, and by half past three o'clock the Kaffirs were beaten in every direction, and retreated. At dusk, I retired into the town, placed the troops and guns at the necessary points for its defence, and who remained lying at their arms all night. Previously to this attack, the Kaffirs had fallen in with five soldiers of the African Corps, on their way from Hermanus' kraal, all of whom they mercilessly butchered."

Roused by this daring attempt of the Kaffirs, the Colonial government lost no time in chastising our

barbarous foes; and, whilst Colonel Willshire, with his characteristic energy and activity, advanced into the enemy's country, at the head of all the disposable troops on the frontier, the present Sir Andreas Stockenstrom, with a large mounted burgher force, swept it in another direction; and so well combined were these operations, that in a short time the Kaffirs, reduced to extremity, were glad to come to terms, by the surrender of Makanna, and the cession of that territory between the Keiskamma and Great Fish Rivers.

The latter judicious measure was meant as a safeguard against sudden future invasion on the part of the Kaffirs, by placing an open belt of country between them and the Great Fish River — until then the eastern boundary of the Colony — the dense and entangled thickets of which afforded them ample cover to assemble and mature—as in the last instance—their predatory incursions into the British territories.

The justice of this measure—more particularly after this late daring act of aggression—can scarcely, by any reasonable person, be called in question. It was at first agreed upon that this "ceded district" should neither be inhabited by Kaffirs nor Colonists, but exclusively reserved for the occupation of our military posts; the principal of which, named "Fort Willshire," occupied a central situation, near the banks of the Keiskamma.

This important post, destroyed—as I have before related—by the Kaffirs in 1835, and afterwards rebuilt, at an immense outlay, by Sir B. d'Urban—was finally given up and demolished, in consequence of those imbecile and fatuous arrangements—emanating from the vilest intrigues—which, under the appellation of the "Stock-

enstrom Treaties," have laid the foundation to many of the subsequent misfortunes of this ill-fated Colony!

"In the mean while"—to use the words of one of the mistaken advocates of the Kaffirs—"the unfortunate Makanna was carried captive to Cape Town, and confined, by order of the Government, on Robben Island, in the mouth of Table Bay—a spot appropriated for securing convicted felons, condemned slaves, and other malefactors, doomed to work in irons in the slate quarries. After being there a few weeks, Makanna attempted to effect his escape, by seizing a fishing-boat, but was upset, and drowned before he could gain the shore."

I may observe, that the author who gives this account is not celebrated for accuracy, when it suits his purpose to distort or misrepresent facts; and in the present instance it does not seem probable that had Makanna been obliged, as here stated, to "work in irons," he could have been able to seize a boat and row her from the shore. * * * * *

A great outcry was raised at this reclusion and subsequent end of the "unfortunate Makanna." It must however be borne in mind, that *before* he gave himself up, he was distinctly informed, although his life would be spared, no guarantee could possibly be given for his liberty. With a full knowledge of these conditions did he surrender; nor could such a person—with any regard for the safety of the Colony—have been suffered to remain at large.

After such a narrow escape from almost inevitable destruction, it will no doubt be imagined, that immediate precautionary steps would have been taken for the future security of the garrison and inhabitants of

Graham's Town. Not so: with that characteristic indifference so peculiar to this Colony—although thirty years have now elapsed since the occurrence of the above event—Graham's Town still continues an open, an unprotected, and a straggling assemblage of houses.

GRAHAM'S TOWN.

The barracks themselves are not even fortified; and the range of buildings miscalled *Fort* England, about a mile from the town, might — during the last war —at any time have been plundered and destroyed by a hundred Kaffirs!

Graham's Town—as I have observed—is situated in a basin surrounded by open table-land; and that through the valley, in which stands the town, runs a branch of the Kowie. This river (still in its infant state of a puny brook) escapes to the eastward through a narrow pass, the sides of which are densely wooded with mimosas, euphorbia, and various sorts of aloes; whilst the verdant banks of the stream, in all the luxuriant vegetation of Southern Africa, (where irrigation is at hand) are dotted with farmhouses and cottages—once smiling in peaceful happiness, under the shade of the orange-tree, the pomegranate, and the lemon—but now presenting the forlorn appearance of roofless walls, blackened gables, and deserted hearth-stones—for the brand of the Kaffir had even here spread destruction within musket-shot of the capital![1]

This Arcadian landscape—beautiful even amidst its abandoned ruins—was often the scene of my solitary rambles. On one occasion, after visiting a deserted cottage, the rustic porch of which had been overshadowed by rose-trees, jessamines, and geraniums—now in neglected luxuriance, trailing on the ground, and wasting their "fragrance on the desert air"—I was surprised, whilst wandering through what had once been the adjoining orchards and gardens, to stumble suddenly on a little boy; who, seated under a shady fig-tree—whilst engaged in tending a few lean oxen—was busily engaged in extracting from its prickly covering the fruit of the cactus, apparently gathered

[1] During the last war, the Kaffirs even plundered "Oatlands," Colonel Somerset's residence, situated in a romantic spot, within sight of Graham's Town.

from a tall hedge of that plant bordering the enclosure in which he was tending his cattle.

The child's appearance, with his round, chubby face, blue eyes, and long, flaxen locks, was so truly English, and offered so strong a contrast to the tropical vegetation of the surrounding African solitude—shrouded as he was by masses of the cactus, the aloe—of gaunt and skeleton euphorbia, and other characteristic attributes of this far Southern clime—that I stood for some time musing in silent contemplation on the scene, before he was even aware of my presence.

At last, raising his eyes, he beheld me, but without evincing emotions either of interest or alarm. "My lad," said I, "what are you doing, all alone in this wilderness?"—"I'm herding them oxen, sir."—"Who do they belong to?"—"To my grandmother."—"Where does she live? for the Kaffirs appear to have destroyed all the cottages around?"—"Up the kloof, yonder. The Kaffirs came and set fire to our house, and killed father; but we had no where else to go, so grandmother and I went back there again."—"And where is your mother?"—"She died, broken-hearted, after they killed father."—"Are you here quite alone with your grandmother?"—"Yes."—"But suppose the Kaffirs come again, some night—what do you think they would do?—"I suppose they would kill us." "Are you not afraid?"—"No; that would be of no use."

Such, as far as I can recollect, was the substance of our conversation. Such is a true specimen of usual Colonial apathy. Government will do nothing for the Colony—the Colonists will do little for themselves!

CHAPTER IV.

A GALLOP TO WATERLOO BAY AND FORT BEAUFORT.

Letter from Graham's Town—A wet ride—The Blauw Krantz—Cawood's Post—Passage of the Fish river—Head-quarters—The General-in-Chief—An invite to dinner—A young church militant—Shakespeare—The Kaffirs—Neglect of "necessary" precautions—Disturbance of the force—Native Levies—A knotty point—The omnibus—A hot ride—Conclusion of the letter—Start for Fort Beaufort—The "Tiral-loos"—The Eccah Pass—Land tortoises, &c.—Scarcity of game—Kaffir mode of hunting—The Koonap—The Queen's road—Dan's Hoek—Origin of the "Hatchet war."

Some days elapsed after our arrival at Graham's Town, ere orders reached us from the head-quarters of the army, then established at Waterloo Bay, near the mouth of the Great Fish River; where the General was awaiting the arrival of supplies, and a considerable reinforcement, consisting of those regiments which had lately arrived at the Cape. The wished-for summons at length, however, arrived, requiring our immediate attendance at Waterloo Bay, there to receive instructions as to the nature of the duties we "staff-officers" would have to perform during the course of the campaign.

An account of this trip will be found in the following letter, written on my return to the capital of the eastern province, and dated

"'Camp,' Graham's Town, October 30th, 1846.

"I shall resume the thread of my narrative from where I left off, announcing the arrival here of my

waggon with the rest of the convoy, and pitching my tent in the 'Drosky' square: an extensive piece of ground adjoining the barracks.

"The marquee I brought out from England is now of great use; for the miserable little bell-tents supplied by the Commissariat are positively no better than our cooking tents in India; and to this purpose the one with which I have been furnished has been applied by my servants, who have the choice of sleeping in it or in the waggon; the latter being drawn up in rear of my little encampment. I have been busy making a few additional preparations for campaigning in light marching order; a small kettle, a frying-pan, a gridiron, a couple of pewter plates, and a lantern, being added to the articles in my saddle-bags, which I mean to take into the field; the whole—including a small patrole tent[1]—to be carried by a strong sumpter horse, which I have been fortunate in procuring.

"My establishment now consists of a drunken Irishman: a discharged soldier—who will also be a discharged servant when I can provide myself with a better—a Hottentot boy, and a private of the 90th, of the name of Weedon, who formed part of the escort from Algoa Bay, and who makes such an invaluable servant, that I have applied for him to be permanently established on my 'personal staff.' I have, as yet, only

[1] These patrole tents—suggested first, I believe, by Sir Harry Darrell—made of light canvass, painted waterproof, weighed about twenty-five pounds; and were frequently found of the greatest service by such as were fortunate enough to possess them.

four horses, but rather think I shall have to get two or three more for the work before me. However, to proceed with my adventures. After concluding the former part of this epistle, I lay down on my 'air' mattress, and was soon asleep; I was, however, roused from my slumbers by a hand being placed on my shoulder, though I had not heard any one enter the tent. The first impulse was to lay hold of my 'toledo;' but I was soon satisfied of the peaceable intentions of the intruder, who was no less a person than Mr. Patrick, my Irish servant, who announced himself as the bearer of a letter. I immediately struck a light, and found it to be an official communication requiring my attendance at the camp near Waterloo Bay—nearly fifty miles off—where the General, with his head-quarters, was then established. (If you get Wyld's map of Southern Africa, you will easily be able to follow me in my wanderings.) I, therefore, gave directions to have everything ready for a start next morning at daybreak, when I found that several of our party had likewise received similar summonses. At an early hour, we all left Graham's Town under the guidance of Sir Harry Darrell, of the 7th Dragoon Guards. The road was considered insecure, as many straggling Kaffirs were known to be still scouring this part of the country; however, as we were a large party, we did not think an escort necessary. After clearing the hills by which Graham's Town is surrounded, we got into a fine, open, undulating, grassy country, over which we cantered at a slapping pace, halting for breakfast at a place called Roby's Farm, twelve miles from Graham's Town.

Shortly after leaving this spot, we struck into a deep wooded kloof, or valley, called the 'Blauw Krantz' (blue crags)—from the colour of its precipitous sides, between which the river Kowie finds an outlet from amidst thick groves of mimosa bushes. This valley is a celebrated haunt of the Kaffirs; and we kept a sharp look-out as we passed it, though the only enemy we met with was a most pitiless rain, with a piercing cold wind, from the effects of both of which *I* was completely protected by a famous waterproof coat I brought out with me; and which, on that day, did right good service, as, thanks to it and to the 'antigropolos boots,' I kept perfectly dry, whilst all the rest of the party were thoroughly drenched.

"Like Ossian's heroes, of the mist and the mountain, we charged on through wind, fog, and rain, at a pace which would have tried the mettle of many an English horse, until we reached a small post of dragoons, commanded by a subaltern, at a place called Cawood, or Kaywood. Here we got a little refreshment, gave our horses some forage, mounted again, still galloping over a fine, open, grassy country. Passing 'Fort Dacres' (a miserable attempt at a field-work), we reached the mouth of the Great Fish River (about forty-three miles from Graham's Town) at three in the afternoon.

"Here we found a sort of punt, in which we crossed over, our horses swimming behind—saddled up again on the opposite bank; and, after cantering along the sands of Waterloo Bay, where the surf was breaking fearfully over the wreck of a stranded ship (the Cathe-

rine, lost there some time before), and passing a few tents erected on the shore by speculators in the sale of stores, &c., we struck inland; and, about three miles further on, reached the camp, then the head-quarters of his Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland.

"The country we had traversed was, generally speaking, fine grass land, without any object to interrupt the view for miles and miles, except where, here and there, a bushy kloof occasionally crossed our path. The entrance of the Fish River at Waterloo Bay offered one of the most picturesque scenes I ever beheld, and reminded me strongly of some of the wooded creeks in Cornwall.

"The head-quarter camp presented a strange medley of filth and confusion, which said little in its favour; the carcasses of bullocks—dead, probably, from starvation—were lying thickly around its precincts, over which flocks of vultures might be seen hovering in the air; whilst others were busily engaged in the act of gorging on their prey.

"I had scarcely entered the camp, when I stumbled on an old fellow in a pea jacket and a 'shocking bad' white hat, whom I took for some storekeeper; and on begging him to direct me to the General's tent, I was not a little surprised on receiving the following reply from the individual in question.

"'Why,' said he, '*I* am the General, though, perhaps, not very like one just now; however, you must come and dine with me.'

"As to the first part of the remark, I could not in conscience differ from him; and, as you may suppose,

at the end of a ride of fifty or sixty miles, the latter hospitable proposal was most gladly acceded to.

"After all the 'pomp and circumstance' I had been accustomed to in Oriental campaigning, I was not a little surprised at the homely appearance of this specimen of a South-African camp; which certainly resembled more the temporary residence of a tribe of Brinjarees, or Bedouin Arabs, than that of a British army.

"The party we met at dinner consisted of the General's personal staff, some of the heads of departments, and a dandy young civilian in a black coat and white neckcloth, who was introduced as Mr. ——, holding some appointment in his Excellency's suite; presuming probably on which, he appeared to be at —least, in his own estimation—a person of infinite importance.

"After dinner, some despatches arrived, were placed on the table, most unceremoniously opened, and freely commented on by the said spruce young gentleman in the black coat and white cravat; who, to the astonishment of the new comers, gave his opinion—in the presence of grey-headed veterans—concerning matters on which he could not possibly be conversant, with as much modest assurance, though rather more flippancy, than would have become him, had he been holding forth in the pulpit!

"I would have given a trifle to have been able to notice his conduct by a certain quotation from Shakespeare:—

'for it made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!)'

and save me likewise from ever seeing presuming priests or meddling missionaries within the precincts of a camp!

* * * *

"The general opinion appears to be, that the business may be considered nearly at an end, as the Kaffirs, now that they have taken all they can get, are humbly sueing for peace; say they won't fight any more, and that they will lie down, even if we bayonet them on the ground. I would just take them at their word, and they would then, no doubt, soon find their way across the Kye; for, until that river becomes the Colonial boundary, no permanent peace can ever be expected; at least, such is the idea of many who are supposed to know a good deal on the subject.

"It is to be hoped that the General will not allow himself to be influenced by the missionaries, and overreached by Sandilla, with whom he is to have an interview in a few days. But Sir Peregrine Maitland is said not to be made up of that stern, inflexible stuff, to enable him to deal successfully—influenced as he is said to be by his spiritual advisers—with these atrocious thieves and murderers—who, as they behave like wild beasts, deserve to be treated as such.

"We appear to want somebody here with much more of the devil in him, such as Sir Charles Napier, of Scinde, or Sir Harry Smith, either of whom would worry them to death in six weeks.[1] The audacity of the

[1] "If 2000 men of all arms, burghers, volunteers, &c., are upon the line of defence, it is ample; and if 2000 men of all arms for the invading force be most rapidly and energetically

Kaffirs is at this very time so great, that they are constantly hovering round the camp within gun-shot, stealing oxen and horses. The other night a party of them who came in with a flag of truce, on taking their departure, walked off with about twenty head of cattle! To give you an amusing instance of the state of things at the camp (which, by the by, is placed, as if intentionally for the convenience of these gentlemen, close to a dense jungle, or bush, whilst half a mile off there is beautiful high and open ground), I *must* mention what happened to me on the night of our arrival; when, with another officer, who acted as my guide, I had occasion to go a short distance from the encampment. On leaving its precincts, we mentioned our intention to the sentries, with the request that they would not fire at us on our return. When we had got about fifty yards off, my friend said we had better not go any further, because the Kaffirs might have a crack at us from the bush—as they had had, on a similar occasion, at Colonel ——, some short time back. I leave you to imagine my pleasant reflections at such a moment! Verily, the most 'necessary' rules of castrametation were sadly neglected in this said head-quarter camp of the army in Kaffirland!

* * * *

"The purport of our being summoned to head-quarters was to have our different employments carved out for us during the projected grand advance; which (if the Kaffirs do not, in the mean time, talk the

moved, the war would be terminated in two or three weeks." *From notes on the Kaffir war, by Sir Harry Smith. See "Parliamentary Papers," (1848,) relating to the Cape, No.* 31.

General into a peace) is to take place on the arrival of the 6th Regiment and of the Rifles, expected every day from the Cape. But I may as well premise by acquainting you with the manner in which the force is now divided.

"The first division, under Colonel Slade, acting to the westward, and intended to clear the Amatola mountains, consists of two guns of the Royal Artillery; one squadron 7th Dragoon Guards; the 45th, 90th, and 91st Regiments; and a Burgher, Hottentot, and Fingoe force, of about 2000 men, to be under my orders. The second division, commanded by Colonel Somerset, is to act to the eastward, and to consist of the 7th Dragoon Guards—the Cape-mounted Rifles (under George Napier), the 73rd Regiment (with the Rifles and the 6th Regiment when they arrive) also three six-pounders; and a Burgher and Native force, under Lieutenant Colonel Mackinnon.

"At the present head-quarter camp, at Waterloo Bay, will be left three guns, one troop 7th Dragoon Guards—and some Burghers, under the command of Major Wetenhall (one of our party), whilst the services of the rest of the 'Field Officers on the Staff'—for whom the General appears very much puzzled to find occupation—are to be made available in a manner which they little expected when ordered off in such fiery haste on this especial service;—for they are to remain in comparative inactivity in the command of forts and garrisons, whilst two of the number have positively no occupation at all.

"Colonel Mackinnon and myself may consider ourselves the most fortunate of the party; he having

charge of all the burgher and native levies attached to the second division, whilst I hold a similar position with the first division; which places between fifteen hundred and two thousand men under my charge; and will, I hope, give me a chance of having something to do, when this long-talked of 'forward move' takes place.

"Though I gladly accepted this charge, I had considerable difficulty in obtaining from Sir Peregrine Maitland a decided answer, on rather a knotty point. As it was probable that, on joining the division to which I had been appointed, I should find myself second in command to a force of some five or six thousand men, I was naturally anxious to know positively what my position was to be, in the event of becoming, by any circumstance, the senior officer of that part of the force; for, although the custom of the service appeared clearly to provide for such a contingency, there seemed to be some doubts on the subject, in consequence of my being on half pay.[1]

"I referred the matter to the Deputy Quarter Master General, who said he had himself mooted the question, but could get no decided answer from his Excellency, and recommended me to try what a per-

[1] To prove that this was not a purely suppositious case, it shortly after actually occurred with the second division, in the case of Lieutenant Colonel Mackinnon; who, during a temporary absence of Colonel Somerset, succeeded by seniority to the command of that part of the forces. His right was, however, disputed by a junior Lieutenant Colonel commanding a regiment. The matter was referred for decision to the General; and, strange to say, left in abeyance until Colonel Somerset's return put an end to the discussion.

sonal interview would effect in the matter. The General being about to start, to hold a conference with some of the Kaffir Chiefs—his tent had been struck, and he had ensconced himself in his usual travelling and campaigning abode—a long hearse-like omnibus. I had to dig the old gentleman out of the furthermost recesses of this snuggery, when a long colloquy took place at the entrance of his den—he being inside and I out; and never had I a more difficult task than to draw from his Excellency on this occasion only a *verbal* decision as to the point in question; which was, that I should assume, with the portion of the force to which I was attached, that position I was entitled to by my standing in the service.

"There appear to be several opinions here as to the particular qualifications possessed by * * * *, for this desultory and harassing warfare. Some say that he is too good and pious a man to deal with such a set of ruthless savages; others, that he has not half enough fire and activity in him for this sort of campaigning; whilst all appear to agree, that he is too old for his work. However, as yet, I am of course not competent to pronounce on the matter—but time will show how far the above opinions are correct.

* * * *

"I gave my horses a day's rest at Waterloo Bay, which I left yesterday morning, in company with an artillery officer who was returning to Graham's Town; but, instead of fog, wet, and rain, we had now, during our journey, a cold wind and burning sun; from the combined effects of which I this morning found both

hands and nose well covered with blisters; and, spite of tallow grease, the skin of my face much of the same consistency as the 'crackling' of a roasted pig!

"The news came in this morning, that yesterday, a few hours after we had passed Roby's farm—where we gave our horses a feed—fifty head of cattle had been stolen by the Kaffirs, who, at the moment we passed the 'Blauw Krantz,' were possibly concealed amongst its rocks and thickets; but the object of the rascals appears to be chiefly stealing; for which reason they probably did not molest us.

"Colonel Nicolls, Colonel Montresor, and myself, start for Beaufort—which lies about forty-five miles to the northward of this—as soon as we can get waggons for our baggage—the former to remain at Fort Beaufort, whilst we join the head-quarters of the first division, which are now established about fifteen miles from thence."

"31*st October, Graham's Town.* The post leaves this afternoon; I shall therefore close this long epistle. I have just sent in a requisition for a waggon to take my heavy baggage to the head-quarters of the first division; for, being allowed this conveyance, I may as well make use of it, as leave my traps to rot here in store, although one led horse will carry all I want for the campaign. If possible, I will get the waggon off next Monday, and follow, myself, the day after; as my 'native levies'—consisting, I am told, of a strange medley of Hottentots, liberated Africans, Fingoes, and 'friendly' Kaffirs, are—I understand, scattered over the whole country, and it will require some time for me

to inspect them all. Our duty will probably be severe, as I suppose, in the ensuing movements, we shall have to hunt out the Kaffirs from the Amatola Mountains. I only trust the scoundrels will prove game; but this is not likely, as Macomo, the principal chief—who is now negociating for his own surrender—says they will lie down, and be bayonetted rather than fight any more, as they wish now to plant their gardens and sow their lands! However, I hope they may yet make some sort of a stand-up fight, as it would be a pity if they did not give us an opportunity of punishing them for all the atrocities they have committed. It is enough to make one's blood boil to see the desolation that is spread around, even within a couple of miles of this. The beautiful valley through which runs the Kowie River, just outside the town—disfigured with the blackened walls of unroofed cottages, neglected gardens, and fallow fields—bears witness to what it must have been in peaceful times, contrasted with its deserted and abandoned state at this moment. In fact, this part of Southern Africa is one of the finest portions of the globe I ever visited, and capable of the greatest improvements. The climate is probably the most salubrious in the world; for, though warm during the day, and often chilly at night, colds are unknown, and you can sleep with impunity almost at any time in the open air. The greatest annoyance one experiences, consists in the sharp winds which almost constantly prevail, and which, together with the sun, gave me such a benefit in my ride from Waterloo Bay. The skin is however now beginning

to peel off my face; and, in a day or two, I shall be like a snake casting his old coat, and coming out in fresh bloom and splendour! These winds, I think, are the cause of people looking more wrinkled here than their age would otherwise warrant, and I fancy I begin already to see a few crows' feet about the corner of my eyes, but never felt in more robust health in my life, and equal to any work."

* * * *

Having at last been provided with waggons to carry our heavy baggage, in company with Colonels Nicolls and Montresor, I took my departure from Graham's Town. The former officer was going to assume his command at Fort Beaufort—the latter and myself to join the first division of the army encamped at Block Drift, on the banks of the Chumie, about fifteen miles further to the eastward.

With an escort of mounted Graham's Town volunteers—who called themselves "Tiralloos"—(meaning probably "Tirailleurs") of most unique costume and appearance, we cantered for eight or ten miles along an open grassy country, when we entered the "Fish River Bush"—that renowned stronghold of the Kaffirs; and from whence, for upwards of half a century, they have ever sallied out to plunder and devastate the colony.

This belt of dense thicket varying much in breadth, but covering an immense tract of impenetrable country, may be said to extend from the mouth of the Great Fish River to the foot of the Great Winterberg Mountains. In appearance it somewhat resembles the Addo Bush, though apparently more plentifully in-

terspersed than the latter with the "speck boom,"[1] the graceful tree aloe, and tall skeleton euphorbium; the two latter of which thickly line the edges of the ravine, along the downward slope of one of whose steep sides is scarped the "Queen's Road," leading from Graham's Town to Fort Beaufort, through the "Eccah;" for so is called this dense portion of the Fish River jungle, which, from the pass above, might for miles and miles be seen extending itself in all directions around and below us.

Our brave "Tiralloos" represented this as a dangerous part of the road; and certainly nothing could have been more favourable for the designs of an ambushed foe, particularly against a force like our own, consisting wholly of cavalry. For whilst on one side the road looked down on the yawning depths of a deep ravine, clothed in all the tangled mazes of grotesque African foliage and dark impenetrable brushwood, on the other, the precipitous and overhanging rocks left us completely at the mercy of any foe who might have chosen to assail us from that quarter. No enemy however appeared. We issued unmolested from the "Eccah" pass; and, leaving Fort Brown on the left, pursued our course for some miles over level ground, thickly covered with low jungle.

Though, from the shelter it affords, this part of the country appears well adapted to harbour game of every

[1] Sometimes called the Elephant Bush, because those animals are said to be very partial to it. It is a shrub, with small fleshy leaves, the taste of which is pleasantly acid; and when boiled forms a very palatable dish. Its botanical name is, I believe, "Portulacaria Afra."

description, not a living creature of any kind did we see, excepting several land tortoises, huge centipedes, scorpions, and tarantulas, which I frequently observed crawling across that portion of the road lying between the Eccah pass and the ford at the Great Fish River.

But game is proverbially scanty wherever the Kaffirs have approached, and the sportsman now in vain looks for those noble objects of his pursuit, described in such glowing terms by Sparmann, Le Vaillant, Barrow, and other travellers of old, as being in their time so plentiful in this part of Southern Africa.

But instead of cantering, as we now did through the Fish River Bush, along the "Queen's Road," the adventurous explorer of these woodland regions had in those good old times to force his way through the narrow thorny paths, frayed by the elephant and the rhinoceros. His passage was moreover often disputed by the wild buffalo; and, whilst resting at night by the fire of his bivouac, he would not unfrequently be aroused from his slumbers, by the heavy footstep of the hippopotamus, or the subdued roar of some prowling lion.

Those palmy days for the hunter are now for ever gone by. Towards the close of the last, and at the beginning of the present century, the Dutch Boers, formerly scattered over these then abandoned tracts of the Hottentots of old, were by the encroaching Kaffirs forced back to the westward, and driven entirely from the Zuureveldt. The latter people—adopting their usual destructive manner of hunting, by "battues"—in the course of a few years effectually cleared this part of the country of nearly every vestige of game, which,

from the subsequent increase of a white population—more particularly since the arrival of the British Settlers of 1820—has never been allowed to recover its former abundance.

The Kaffir mode of hunting consists in surrounding with a great number of beaters a large space of ground, towards the centre of which the game is gradually driven. As the hunters close in upon a given point, and whilst the larger sort—even the lion and the elephant—fall under showers of assegaïs, the "knob keerie," (a sort of small club) hurled with unerring aim, brings the smaller animals to the ground; and, so great is the skill which the Kaffir displays in the use of this missile, that birds are said to be often brought down with it in their most rapid flight.

By such destructive means has this extensive preserve been gradually but effectually cleared of nearly all its former sylvan denizens, which now—like angel's visits—are only to be met with few and far between, and at distant and uncertain intervals.

I may here remark that, until the late introduction of fire-arms, the "umk' honto" (or, as we term it, the assegaï) and the "keerie" were the only weapons used by the Kaffirs. The former is a long iron-headed javelin—the latter, a stick of very hard wood, with a large knob at one end, is either used as a missile for destroying game, or as a club to brain a wounded or captured foe.

On reaching the banks of the Great Fish River, we in vain looked out for the accommodation of a bridge. The "Queen's Road," meant for a military communication between the capital of the eastern province and

the important frontier post of Fort Beaufort, has now been several years completed; it was constructed with infinite labour, and at an enormous outlay; but without means of crossing the rivers which often here are swollen into raging and impassable torrents, its purpose, of course, remains unaccomplished. There does exist, it is true, an *unfinished* bridge, intended to have spanned the course of the Great Fish River; but this, instead of being in the direct line between Graham's Town and Fort Beaufort, is completely off the road, near a military post called Fort Brown—which, for some unaccountable reason, has been erected in such an out-of-the-way spot!

The Great Fish River had—fortunately for our progress—considerably subsided since the late violent rains. But a wide and deep bed of mud on each side of the turbid stream—with the "water line" distinctly marked along the bushes, some twenty or thirty feet above its bed—clearly showed the nature of the obstacle, which would, a few days previously, have brought us to an unavoidable halt.

It was nearly dark by the time we forded a second river, called the "Koonap," and arrived at the small military post bearing that name. Here we found capital accommodation at an inn kept by an old Life-Guardsman named Tomlinson, long settled in this part of the world; and who—in more than one instance—proved that he had not quite forgotten his former habits, by bravely defending his habitation against troops of marauding Kaffirs; many of whom on these occasions are said to have fallen beneath his double-barrelled gun. The inn itself was still, at the time of our

visit, in a perfect state of defence, being loopholed, and barricadoed in the most scientific manner.

Our horses here suffered from a defective commissariat; and, after a gallop of twenty-five miles, were obliged to be satisfied with a roll in the sand, and a couple of handsfull of corn for the night. But, like the old woman's eels, the Cape horses appear to get accustomed to this sort of treatment; and manage, somehow or other, to go through a deal of work, with very little food. The bipeds of the party however, thanks to Mr. Tomlinson's well-stored larder and his celebrated "cutlets," had no reason to complain of *their* fare. We were accommodated with excellent beds; and, after a good night's rest, and a morning cup of coffee, we took our departure soon after daylight.

The "Queen's Road," in leaving Koonap, ascends for a few miles along the side of a picturesquely-wooded ravine—similar, in many respects, to the Eccah pass—shortly after reaching the summit of which, a road branches off to the right, leading through a small military station called Botha's Post, to Post Victoria; whilst keeping to the left, in a more northerly direction, the Beaufort track passes through another station, called "Leuwe Fonteyn," or the Lion's Fountain.

Anxious to reach Fort Beaufort in time to push on to Block Drift the same day, I left the rest of the party at this place; and, accompanied by my Hottentot servant, cantered forward to my destination. We soon arrived at a pass scarped out of the side of a wooded hill, called, by my attendant, "Dan's Hoek,"

overlooking the waters of the Kat River, which meandered in its tortuous course amidst the bright green thickets below.

This spot seemed peculiarly adapted for a Kaffir ambush; and, when Mr. Jacob hinted as much, and informed me we were near the very place where the cruel murder was perpetrated by them, which proved the immediate cause of the present war, I instinctively gathered up the reins, and put my hungry and jaded horse on his best mettle. Whilst alluding to this locality, I shall avail myself of the opportunity of saying a few words concerning the barbarous deed to which I have just adverted.

Although symptoms of discontent had, long before the last outbreak, been manifested by the Gaïkas—although occasional acts of plunder, as usual, took place on the Colony; and a war at some future period was looked upon as inevitable, in consequence of the scarcely disguised inimical sentiments of Sandilla, backed as he was by the whole of "Young Kaffirland"—and further encouraged by most injudicious conduct on our part[1]—still, nothing had occurred to warrant a belief of the immediate commencement of hostilities.

Macomo, the brother of Sandilla, with his wives and concubines, frequented as usual the canteen of Fort Beaufort; and there he was as usual in a constant state of intoxication. However, on the occasion of one of these bacchanalian visits, a follower of his committed a theft, of which no further notice was taken than causing the restitution of the stolen property, and

[1] Alluding to the "Survey" business at Block Drift, which will be further noticed in another portion of the work.

driving the offender out of Fort Beaufort. But the thief shortly returned; and, having been again detected purloining a hatchet from one of the commissariat stores, he was made prisoner, and despatched, under an escort, with other malefactors, to Graham's Town, to be there tried by the civil power for his offence; which having been committed within the bounds of the Colony, was, of course, amenable to its laws.

The prisoners thus sent to take their trial were: the above-mentioned Kaffir, a Hottentot—to whom, for the sake of security he had been manacled—an English soldier, and a Fingoe, (the two latter also ironed together) and the whole guarded by a small escort. They had not proceeded many miles from Fort Beaufort, when, at the pass above described, they were suddenly attacked by a strong body of Kaffirs, who liberated their countryman, dreadfully mutilating, in so doing, the poor Hottentot; whose wrist, bearing the handcuff, was first severed from his body, after which he was deliberately pierced to death with assegaïs. Meanwhile the English soldier and the Fingoe, taking advantage of the confusion, managed to creep into the Bush; and, in their endeavours to conceal themselves under the bank of the Kat River, were, owing to their fettered condition, nearly drowned in the stream.

Such was the event which at last caused the final outbreak of the long-smouldering Kaffir War of 1846-7. On Sandilla's refusal to deliver up the perpetrators of this daring and unprovoked outrage, hostile operations were immediately undertaken on our part; and it was decreed, that this "war of the axe" should be pro-

tracted—we will not inquire how or wherefore—during the space of nearly two years, and at an enormous expense to the British public, until the appearance of Sir Harry Smith instantly put an end to the squabble.

* * * *

Rapidly cantering along the pass which had witnessed this scene of Kaffir aggression, I shortly afterwards crossed the Kat River over a handsome bridge, (the foundation of which was, I believe, laid by Sir George Napier, during his governorship of the Cape) entered the straggling town of Fort Beaufort, and gladly pulled up at the door of Mr. Berry's snug little hotel; where a substantial breakfast, and a good supply of oat-straw forage, soon recruited both man and horse, after a sharp morning's ride of some five-and-twenty miles.

CHAPTER V.

THE CAMP OF THE FIRST DIVISION.

The encampment—Appearance of the troops—Extracts from letters—Macomo—The Chumie River—Excessive heat—Kaffir women—A narrow Escape—Fort Cox—Campaigning establishment—A missionary—Fort Hare—A view of the camp—Picture of a Kaffir—The kaross—Kaffir women and children—The "Wacht-een-Beetje"—Mr. George—Sandilla and the Commander-in-Chief—Head quarters—Variations of temperature—Salubrity of climate—Occupations in camp—Macomo's family—Steeple chases—The "Irregular Horse"—Field days—Captain Hogg's levy.

"On the banks of Chumie water, when summer time did fall,
Was Macomo's lovely daughter—darkest of them all.
For his bride a soldier sought her—a winning tongue had he;
On the banks of Chumie water, none so dark as she."

It was during the still quiet of evening, succeeding a day of intense heat, about the beginning of November, 1846, that, after a wearisome ride of some forty or fifty miles, Colonel M—— and myself at last reached our destination—the Camp of the first division of the army in Kaffirland, which lay about fifteen miles to the eastward of Fort Beaufort, in a picturesque nook, on the wooded banks of a small stream called the Chumie, near the missionary station, and former residence of the political agent at Block Drift.

My appointment as superintendent of the Native Levies attached to the first Division promised to be rather more satisfactory than that of my fellow-traveller, whose position on joining this portion of the force appeared to be most undefined. The fact is, that the General was extremely at a loss to find employment for seven staff officers of our standing in the service, thus suddenly thrust upon him unawares; and, after the unaccountable proceeding of prematurely dismissing the Burgher forces, (whom we had been especially sent out to organize and command) now that our services were no longer required for this purpose, his Excellency would not take upon himself the responsibility of ordering us home—a measure ardently wished for by many of the party, who, generally speaking, found themselves awkwardly placed, and in a most false and embarrassing situation.

The spot selected for this permanent encampment stood on what—in colonial phraseology—is usually termed a "Hoek," or basin, formed by the re-entering gorge in a branch of the Winterberg range of hills, through which gently meandered the clear waters of the Chumie; the opposite banks being crowned by a spur from the Amatola Mountains, whose darkly-wooded heights boldly towered in the far distance above the eastern horizon.

Block Drift had, in the previous month of April, been the field of a hard-fought engagement with the Kaffirs; when, after the loss of our waggons at Burn's Hill, we retreated here with a quantity of captured cattle, but closely followed by our barbarous foe. It had however now for some time been left undisturbed

by the war-cry of the savage; and, as we approached over a neighbouring height, on surveying the well-ordered regularity of the canvass city beneath us, apparently—as viewed from a distance—ensconced amidst the bright verdure of a wilderness of mimosas, backed by the commanding hills in its rear, partly encircled by the gleaming waters of the Chumie, and the whole scene glowing under the last rays of the evening summer sun—it required but little stretch of imagination to identify the Camp with the reposing image of Bellona, overshadowed by emblems of peace, and quietly slumbering in the arms of the African Dryads and Naïads of this sylvan scene!

Nor did a closer approach belie its distant warlike appearance; but only tended more clearly to show the military master-spirit which pervaded throughout, and to evince that regularity, attendant on the strictest order and discipline. But, though the British soldier stood here as erect on his post—though his arms glittered as brightly, and though he trod as proudly as if pacing in front of St. James's Palace—in person, dress, and general appearance, he evinced unequivocal tokens of the many hardships and privations of a protracted and harassing campaign. His grim visage—now shadowed by moustache and beard, weather-beaten by rain and wind, by sun and dew—had assumed the appearance, and apparently the consistence, of old and well-seasoned oak. The once bright scarlet of Britain's blood-red garb was sadly sobered down to a dark and dingy maroon—whilst the nether garments, well patched and strapped with leather, bore evidence to the hard service they had undergone, and

showed but few signs of the materials of which they had been originally fashioned.

Beneath all this disguise, amidst all the privations of this unsatisfactory warfare, their bold bearing and undaunted look stamped these hardy veterans as of that same fearless race which had fought and conquered at Cressy and Agincourt—at Victoria,[1] and Waterloo; who more recently, on the banks of the Sutlej and Indus—whilst led on by a Hardinge, and a Gough—a Napier, and a Harry Smith—had caused the far East to resound with the loud fame of their gallant and immortal deeds.

* * * *

The insertion of the following extracts, from letters written at Block Drift during different periods of my residence there, may not perhaps here be deemed quite out of place:—

"After the toils of a burning day, the Camp, in the calm coolness of the evening, presented a beautiful sight, as it suddenly appeared to our view, on surmounting one of the undulating grassy slopes, thickly dotted with the flowering mimosa, so characteristic of this part of Kaffirland. Notwithstanding the excessive heat, the country, from the effect of the late rains, is now of a bright emerald green, strongly contrasted with the white canvass city spread at our feet.

"Colonel Slade, who commands the first division, has the name of being a first-rate officer; and, on approaching his camp, every thing which met our sight appeared fully to corroborate this statement; for all was in the highest state of military order and regularity. The

[1] *Not* Post Victoria, in Kaffirland.

force at present under his orders consists of a party of Royal Artillery with Sappers and Miners; some of the 7th Dragoon Guards; the 27th, 45th, and 90th Regiments; part of the Cape Mounted Rifles—besides the Native Levies which are under my own superintendence; the latter amounting, when assembled, to between sixteen hundred and two thousand men, of every colour, form, and complexion.

"The first person I recognised, on entering the Camp, was Sir Peregrine Maitland, who had lately arrived from Waterloo Bay: he kindly invited me to dinner, and presented me to my immediate commandant, Colonel Slade, whose frank, soldier-like manner was highly prepossessing. The General had come to Block Drift for the purpose of having a conference with some of the Kaffir chiefs, the result of which is that they have been required to give up twenty thousand head of (plundered) cattle, two thousand five hundred muskets, and to evacuate entirely this side of the Chumie: fourteen days' truce has been granted them, to consider of these terms; and at the end of that period, if they be not complied with, hostilities are to be renewed.

"Macomo, Sandilla's half-brother, says he has had enough fighting; and is so anxious to resume his old habits of daily getting drunk at the canteen of Fort Beaufort, that he is delivering up as many arms and cattle as (so he says) he can possibly collect. Yesterday evening he made his appearance in Camp, having brought in a few dozen rusty firelocks; and I seized the opportunity of being introduced to this renowned warrior, who, during the last war of 1834, committed such depredations on the Colony. To my surprise,

instead of finding him in all the beauty of unadorned nature, or merely enveloped in his leopard-skin kaross, I beheld a mean-looking old man, evidently the worse for liquor, with a bare and closely-shaved head, a most villanous expression of countenance, as black as my boot, and rigged out in a blue diplomatic uniform, plentifully bedizened with gold lace, and said to have been a present from Lord Glenelg!

"I commenced the conversation by telling him, through an interpreter, that his fame having reached the remotest limits of the world, I had come from England purposely to behold so celebrated a hero, and hoped I saw him in the full enjoyment of health. His swarthy majesty, after listening with royal condescension to this eloquent and appropriate address, widely opened an enormous mouth, and displayed a most capital set of teeth, but remained so long in this unaccountable and ludicrous attitude, that at last, losing all patience, I in a most uncourtier-like manner turned on my heel, and proceeded to examine his brother 'Ned,' and a chief counsellor, or Pakati, whose name has escaped my memory. Both these illustrious individuals were in the primitive Kaffir costume, consisting merely of a sort of Etruscan mantle of ox-hide, cast over the shoulder, much in the same fashion as Hercules is depicted with the Næmean spoils. However, the 'Illustrated London News' has so faithfully portrayed these 'gentlemen in black,' that I shall waste no more time on the subject.

"On the arrival of my baggage-waggon, with tent, &c., this will be my head-quarters, from whence I shall be able successively to visit the different posts

occupied by the various Native Levies under my charge, and widely scattered over every part of the country. Nothing in the fighting way however can be done until the expiration of the present truce; and, although Sandilla shows some disposition to be saucy, it is generally imagined that the war is at an end; in which case, we shall have had the trouble of coming here for nothing.

"This morning, at daylight, I had a delightful bathe in the Chumie, enjoying, under a beautiful clear cascade, all the luxury of a shower-bath, canopied with dark foliage, from whence was suspended the oblong matted nests of a pretty little bird, resembling the baya of India, which there builds its aërial habitation, in the same manner, over the tanks and bowries.

"After breakfasting at the mess-tent of the 90th, I paraded one of my Fingoe corps; and a more disreputable-looking set of vagabonds I never set eyes on. Some of these sable warriors were armed with assegaïs, others with clubs; a few with rusty firelocks, of most approved 'Brummagem' pattern—some classically habited in check shirts of uncommonly scanty dimensions, enjoying 'al fresco' the absence of inexpressibles; whilst others, who possessed such superfluous articles of dress, were innocent of shirt, jacket, or any other covering. Their manœuvring fully corresponded with so soldier-like an appearance; and I would give a trifle to have them paraded, for Cockney edification, in Hyde Park, alongside of the Household troops!

"The heat in the small canvass bell-tents, with which Government considerately provides the troops in this Colony, and in one of which I am now writing, passes

all belief. The thermometer, at this early hour of the forenoon, is standing at 113°.[1] Yet, spite of all this grilling—with the exception of my eyes being affected by the glare—I never felt better in my life. But the tents are complete furnaces, enough to fry a salamander; and, after concluding my epistle, I shall stroll down to the banks of the Chumie, in hopes of finding shade, and some degree of coolness beneath the thick foliage of its overhanging trees.

"November 7th, 1846. After concocting the above, I was fairly driven out, by the suffocating heat of the tent; and, taking my old double-barrelled gun, I wandered along the edge of the river, in hopes of getting a few shots at quail, which at this season are very plentiful, or falling in with some of the numerous little black-faced monkeys often seen gambolling here, amidst the branches overhead. But coolness was the chief object of my search; and, wearied with the pursuit of this phantom, I at last lay down under a shady bush; next, what with the excessive sultriness of the atmosphere, and the gentle murmur of the stream, soon found myself in the land of Nod. I was aroused from my slumbers by a rustling in the thick underwood on the opposite side of the brook; when, my attention being drawn to the spot, I saw an animal in the act of drinking—then down crept another, and a third. There was something peculiar in the movements of these unknown creatures, as indistinctly seen through the matted foliage, which caused me to pause before I let fly both barrels amongst them, when—ere

[1] As the summer advanced, the average height of the glass, in these tents, was 120° and upwards.

pulling the trigger—one of them, after drinking, suddenly rose on its hind legs; and, to my astonishment, they proved to be neither more nor less than Kaffir women, who, closely wrapped in their garments of hairy skins, looked so like the beasts of the chase, that I was within an ace of being guilty of womanslaughter! Had such an accident occurred, and Mr. Pringle[1] been still in the world, to record it, what a strong case would he not have made out of so barbarous a transaction!"

* * * *

"Camp, Block Drift, November 9th. I cannot allow this day to pass without sending you a few lines. I rather think the game is quite up—the Kaffirs will not fight at any price. Yesterday, I went to visit one of my posts at Fort Cox, about fifteen miles off; passing through a beautiful grass country, where herds of Kaffir cattle were grazing, as if in times of profound peace. The women were also digging their fields; and I passed on the road several Kaffirs, neither party attempting the least act of molestation. This is a curious state of things to happen close to Burn's Hill, where the Kaffirs captured our waggons and killed Captain Bambrick, of the 7th Dragoons, only a few weeks ago. Colonel Campbell, of the 91st regiment, who was present in all those affairs, pointed out to me the identical spot, from a commanding point near Fort Cox. This said Fort Cox, which derives its name

[1] This poetic adventurer (originally a broken-down schoolmaster) is, in his writings, one of the greatest detractors of his fellow-countrymen; and shooting Kaffir women and children is a charge he frequently brings, not only against the Colonists, but even against British troops.

from an officer engaged in the Kaffir war of 1834, is a wretched station, in the heart of Sandilla's country, amongst the Amatola Mountains; where part of the 91st and of the Native Levies, have been buried alive for some months past, in want of everything; and, until the last few days, (since the truce) not able to venture one hundred yards from the fort; whilst their horses were actually dying of starvation. Colonel Campbell told me, he had himself lost several horses from this cause.

"I assembled my Burgher Forces on the parade-ground, to the number of two hundred, (and a much more respectable body than the Fingoes I last paraded) formed them into square, made them an 'appropriate' speech, and, after listening to their wants and complaints, dismissed them. We afterwards went to look at the Kaffir women, who could scarcely be kept out of the Fort, and who crowded around, in hopes of picking up something to eat. The Kaffirs themselves are (their faces excepted) fine-looking fellows, and step as if they were lords of the creation. But their women are the most wretched creatures I ever beheld. If you only saw them, you would not be surprised at my having, the other day, nearly shot them for monkeys. On my way to Fort Cox and back, I crossed several romantic-looking streams, and amongst others the Keiskamma; returned in time to have a bathe in the Chumie, and to dine at the mess of the 90th, of which I am an honorary member. I had just recovered the blistering of the Waterloo Bay trip, but my face is again nearly as bad as ever, the effects of a dry, sharp wind and hot sun. In

fact, this constant wind appears to be the curse of the Colony.

"My official occupations have now fairly begun; I am to-day up to my eyes in papers, answering complaints, requisitions, &c., from my 'Forces,' and to-morrow I start off again, to visit a post twenty-five miles distant; so that you see I do not live a life of idleness. I have got my baggage and waggon in camp; the tent I brought out with me is pitched, and, I am glad to say, much cooler than the small bell-tents—the thermometer standing at this moment, (eleven, a.m.) *only* 104°.! However, I never was better in my life; and having now fixed head-quarters, I am very comfortable; as, when I go on my expeditions, I start off in light marching order, with an orderly of the mounted Cape Corps Riflês, and one of my servants leading a pony, carrying forage, provisions, &c. My establishment consists of a man of the 90th, a most excellent servant, and my general factotum; of a discharged soldier of the 75th, a drunken, but rough and ready sort of fellow, and useful enough in his way, as he has the exclusive care of my horses, watches over them whilst grazing in the daytime, and sleeps in the open air amongst them during the night; lastly, of Mr. Jacob, a Hottentot lad, and light weight, who acts as 'esquire' on my distant expeditions; performing, at the same time, the various duties of cook, groom, and valet-de-chambre; whilst my stud is composed of six or seven horses and ponies of one sort or another, for which I find constant employment.

"18th November. In Camp all day. Sandilla sends in some old firelocks and a few head of cattle. One

of the present rumours is (for all here is rumour and mystery) that a Mr. ——, a missionary who has been employed to negociate by the General, has come to some arrangement about fixing the boundary, which, it is said, will be the Keiskamma and Chumie Rivers, up to the Chumie Hills; and that all Kaffirs within this space are to be looked upon and treated as British subjects; that moreover the said Mr. —— is to be appointed political agent, with a salary of £500 a year —not a bad exchange for his missionary labours! To my surprise, (not having had any official intimation of the same) I heard to-day that a large body of the irregulars which are under my superintendence are to join Colonel Somerset's division, for the purpose of forming part of an expedition across the Keiskamma. According to the tenour of my instructions, I ought most certainly to have been made acquainted with this move; however, I contented myself with applying to the officer commanding the division for leave to accompany the detachment, which has been granted. I rode out this afternoon across the Chumie, attended by my orderly and Hottentot servant, for the purpose of making a sketch of the Camp, and passed through, on my way, the encampment of the 45th regiment, where they are planning a fortified post, to be called 'Fort Hare.'[1]

"After paying a visit to the officer commanding the 45th, I struck off to the highest hill in the neighbourhood, but was shortly obliged to change my position, as a great number of mounted Kaffirs were at the base of the mountain, on the other side of the eminence;

[1] See Appendix, at the end of the volume.

and, as some of them began to ascend, I thought it as well to decamp, not knowing exactly if these gentlemen would consider the truce as binding, should I happen to fall into their hands. I therefore galloped off in another direction, to a more distant range of hills, from whence I got a very good sketch of the Head-Quarter Camp, also of the 45th, and of that of the Native Levies, with the towering hills of the Chumie in the background, to which a thunderstorm, just then brewing, added greatly to the effect."

"It is difficult to picture the grandeur of this South African scenery; the green undulating slopes—here and there dotted with mimosa trees—following each other in endless succession, only broken by the darkly-wooded valleys, through which some clear silver stream generally meanders; and backed by dark blue hills, forming the framework of a picture, which—particularly at this season of the year—it would puzzle an artist to do justice to. After making a hasty sketch—Mr. Farley, my Hottentot orderly, who belongs to the Cape Corps Rifles, remaining mounted, and keeping all the time a good look-out against surprise—I next proceeded to Captain Hogg's Camp. Here a busy scene presented itself. The setting sun shone brightly on the tents, and brought them out in powerful relief from the dark foliage on the banks of the Chumie, over which peered, at intervals, the skeleton branches of the euphorbium, or cactus milk-tree—whilst the foreground was enlivened by flocks of cattle going to their kraals for the night; by the fires lit to cook the evening meal; and by the careering over the greensward of numerous cavaliers; not like knights of old,

clad in steel, on mailed chargers, but galloping to and fro, in their 'crackers,' on uncommonly lean and hungry-looking Kaffir ponies; with a sheepskin and leather thong doing duty for saddle and bridle, whilst the ostrich feathers in their broad beavers waved gaily in the evening breeze."

"Camp. Block Drift, 19th November. Here we are still;—the truce expired, and nothing definitive done. Sandilla has brought in a few firelocks and a small number of cattle, but nothing like the amount required of him. The 'on dit' is that he has ten days more law. One thing, however, is evident—that we are resting here on our arms, and that the Kaffirs are determined not to fight any more. The missionary I before alluded to as being in the confidence of the General, has been very busy settling the business; and 'on dit' (again) is—as I remarked—to have a berth here of £500 a year for his trouble. In the mean time, we are laying the foundations of a Fort; and I should not be surprised to hear, some twenty years hence, of Block Drift, Fort Hare—or whatever else it may be called—having become, in point of importance, a second Graham's Town or Port Elizabeth; although there are at present only two houses here—one, a building for the missionaries; the other belonging to Mr. Stretch, the former political agent, who now commands one of my Fingoe levies. But our canvass cities have sprung up like mushrooms, and we have already four distinct camps in this locality—which at the present vernal season is certainly very beautiful, with the clear Chumie bursting from the high blue hills in the background, and gurgling

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beneath the dark foliage which overshadows its banks."

"Thursday, 29th. I got up at réveillée; and, after a bathe in the Chumie, under my favourite old tree, mounted my horse, to take a ride, and have a look at a forest, distant some five or six miles, where a large fatigue-party is employed in cutting wood for the construction of Fort Hare; my way led me to the north, along some wooded heights, overlooking the valley of the Chumie. The beauty of the landscape, now lit up by the morning sun, struck me, if possible, as finer than that of the preceding evening. With my telescope, I followed for miles and miles the windings of the Chumie, watching the Kaffirs on the other side, as they drove their herds of cattle from the kraals on the opposite banks, for the purpose of taking them to pasture. On *this* side of the river, not a Kaffir is to be seen, though the women venture across in great numbers, and employ themselves in cutting grass for our horses, selling milk, &c. I met a party of these grass-cutters, during my ride, and their application was immediately for 'Coubah' (tobacco) and 'Nāzélah' (a present). Nāzélah is the first word of the Kaffir language that a man learns. It is equivalent to the 'Bucksheesh' of the Arab or Turk; and, as from their greatest chiefs downward a more complete set of beggars do not exist, it is here constantly dinned into one's ears. On coming back, I entered some deserted Kaffir huts on the side of a hill; they had apparently been left in a great hurry, as I picked up in them a few bead ornaments, which will, I hope, be added some day to our store of curiosities."

"I found to-day the hot wind and dust so unpleasant in camp, that I strolled out with my gun, and, after taking a bathe, ventured across the river, as there appeared now to be a mutual understanding that hostilities had 'de facto' ceased, at least with Macomo's and Sandilla's Tribes. Wandering on at random, I suddenly came on a Kaffir, as naked as he was born, seated on his kaross, with a bundle of assegaïs by his side, and in the act of lighting a fire. I advanced without hesitation, and addressed him with the Dutch salutation of 'morrow,' (good morning) which they all understand, and seating myself on a stone opposite to him, began to watch his proceedings. After receiving no encouragement to his demand of 'Nāzélah,' he continued his operations, without taking any further notice of me. Having made a good blazing fire, he next took from a bag made of the skin of the wild cat (in which they generally carry all their kit) a large lump of raw meat, and, cutting it into strips, put it on the embers. At this stage of his proceedings, he was joined by two other savages. 'Nāzélah' was again the word. I shook my head, and they then commenced operations on the meat, whilst still nearly raw, or at most scarcely warmed through. Like the Bedouin tribes of the Syrian desert, they despise the use of both knife and fork. A long strip of meat was first cleared of ashes with the blade of an assegaï, and, after being laid hold of with the teeth, the assegaï was again employed, to sever a morsel of a convenient size, which, being duly masticated, was swallowed without further preliminary, until the whole had disappeared. This, I understand, is their usual

mode of feeding; and one peculiarity they observe is always to cut *from* them; the blade of the assegaï being, in this instance, placed under the meat, and cut upwards and outwards in a slanting direction.

"This, my first appearance at a Kaffir entertainment, gave me a tolerable idea of a cannibal feast. In short, from all I see and all I can hear, the Kaffir is a most complete 'savage,' in every acceptation of the term. My Naplouse mountaineers, in Syria, I used to consider as such; but they were comparatively speaking civilized, and had their redeeming qualities. The Kaffir has none. He is rapacious, cowardly, and cruel—besides being the greatest beggar—the greatest thief—and the greatest liar—in the world."

* * * * *

"But I have been sadly digressing. After witnessing the termination of this raw-meat feast, my refined acquaintances threw their sheepskin karosses over their shoulders, and quietly departed.

"Since I have mentioned the 'kaross,' I may as well give you some description of this sole garment of the Kaffir, which, however, when actually engaged in war, he entirely throws off, and then appears in *puro naturalibus*, or, at least, with a portion of clothing so very small as quite to baffle description. The kaross of the men is generally made of ox or sheep-skins sewed together, the wool or hair being worn next the body, and in a style which strongly reminded me of some of the old Etruscan statues representing Hercules in the lion's spoils; and as they are, in person, fine, tall, athletic-looking fellows, the simile—except in colour, which is dark bistre, unless when they smear

themselves with fat and red clay—might hold good. The kaross of the women is invariably of ox-hide; sometimes worn with the hair inside, sometimes the reverse; it is their office (as, in fact, is the performance of all laborious work) to prepare and soften these skins, which is done by a very lengthened process of wetting and rubbing them with stones, until they become as supple as a glove—when they are tanned with a decoction of mimosa bark, generally used here for dyeing leather or even linen, which it turns to a brownish colour. The kaross of the women is much more ample than that of the men, as they can shroud themselves completely in it; and, when marriageable, are entitled to wear a long, broad strip of leather, thickly studded with brass knobs, reaching from their shoulders to the ground. This, together with a tanned hide, wrapped round the loins, and a sort of cap, completes *their* toilette. The men are well made, tall, and muscular, particularly about the legs, but with a most villanous expression of countenance. The women have nothing in their appearance to recommend them, except their teeth, which, in both sexes, are of the most brilliant whiteness, and perfect regularity. The children, until they can walk, are slung in a sort of leathern bag at their mother's back; the boys are generally naked, and the little girls wear a sort of apron made of strips of leather. They are fond of having brass rings on their arms and legs, and necklaces of large glass beads; whilst monkey's or jackall's teeth, with pieces of a certain root, are strung together, and worn round their necks; this they consider as a sort of charm.

"At the termination of the 'feast' above alluded

to, I strolled on towards the camp, keeping still on the Kaffir side of the Chumie; and the signs of approaching peace now became very evident. A day or two before, not a Kaffir was to be seen, and only a few of their women ventured thus close to the camp; but now not only were the men thickly scattered in groups under the bushes, but some had actually commenced hutting themselves, as if with the intention of taking up a permanent abode.

"I approached one group squatted round a fire, roasting oxen's feet under a 'Wacht-een-Beetje'[1] tree; which means, in Dutch, 'wait a little:' the tree—or generally speaking, bush—being so denominated, as if you attempt to get through it, you are invariably stopped by the sharp, crooked thorns which lay hold of your garments. But if you do not interfere with, or touch him, the Wacht-en-Beetje is a decent fellow, in a gay-coloured green jacket, and affording ample shade and freshness. Well, I went up to the group under one of these bushes; and, after being saluted with 'Nāzĕlah,' tried to string together the few Kaffir phrases I had learned, in order to buy a pipe, which one of them was smoking; when to my surprise he addressed me in very good English, having been formerly employed in Graham's Town as a servant, under the appellation of George. Mr. George and I had now a long discussion on the merits of the war, which he sincerely hoped was at an end. On my reproaching him with taking up arms against us, after being well treated by the white people, he said it was not his fault, as his Chief had obliged him to do so—that the

[1] The Acacia Detinens—so called by the botanist Burchell.

Chief was a big man, and he a 'little man,' and what could he do? To this there was no replying; but he could not deny the accusations I made of his countrymen having been guilty, during the war, of great cruelties towards the few of our people whom they had taken prisoners. By the by, talking of prisoners: the man who stole the hatchet, the ostensible cause of the war—and the one who shortly afterwards murdered the Hottentot—have been given up by Sandilla. I questioned my new friend, Mr. George, if they were the *real* offenders. He assured me they were, and asked what would be done to them? I replied, that I thought it very likely the thief would be flogged, and the murderer hanged. This fellow, who appeared to be a most intelligent 'barbarian,' offered me his services as a servant, which I declined; but he managed to 'inveigle' me out of sixpence and a roll of tobacco, before we parted. Do not hence imagine I have taken to 'chewing,' or even smoking, but carry it about as a useful Kaffir currency. I find, however, that sixpences now go much further than the weed, and that they begin fully to appreciate the current coin of the realm. But I in vain tendered sixpences and shillings to a Kaffir woman who was of the party, for her ox-hide kaross; she would not part with it at any price, and very naturally so—as this, being her only garment, she would thereby have been left much in the condition of Eve before the fall."

* * * * *

At the period of our arrival at Block Drift, the state of affairs *seemed* to prognosticate a speedy termination of the war. Macomo, weary of fighting, and longing

for his accustomed carousals at Fort Beaufort, was bringing in arms and cattle by driblets, and negociating for the surrender of himself and family; whilst Sandilla, with his followers, bivouacked on the other side of the Chumie, had obtained a further cessation of hostilities, under pretence of *considering* the terms of peace proposed to him.

When these terms were first named to Sandilla, it was intimated that Sir Peregrine Maitland would be glad to have a personal conference with him at his (the General's) tent. Sandilla demurred. "In my country," said the officer who held the parley, "it is customary for the young to come to the old;" "and in my country," replied the son of Gaïka, "we conclude peace on the field of battle, not in camp; let your General come here."

There was a cutting sarcasm in this allusion to the "field of battle," whither the exulting Kaffirs had so lately followed our troops, after their reverses in the Amatola. But the insolence of the barbarian was at the time passed over, apparently unheeded, or deemed unworthy of notice. However, as regards the said interview: the mountain being unwilling to go to Mahomet, Mahomet was fain to go to the mountain.

The apparent result of this conference was further delays and prolonged truces, in order—as Sandilla now said—to give him time to collect the arms and cattle required. During all these negociations, a force of nearly ten thousand effective men was lying idle—though in perfect readiness—and straining in the slips to be at their barbarous foe! But the object of the wily Kaffir was evidently to procrastinate and gain time, until the grass should wither under the summer

heats; and with it, he foresaw must also cease our means of transport, and, consequently, all hostile operations for the ensuing year.

Block Drift being now likely, for a most indefinite period, to form my head-quarters, I resolved—whenever duty allowed me to be there—to make myself as comfortable as 120 degrees of Fahrenheit would admit of. Accordingly, on the arrival of my baggage-waggon, it was duly inserted into the line of defence, composed of those vehicles, which ran—"Africander" fashion—round the precincts of the camp. The horses were securely fastened to its wheels; and, whilst it served as a snug habitation for my attendants, I pitched a large marquee for my own residence, and was admitted, through the kindness of Colonel Slade and the officers of the 90th, as a member of their excellent mess, where I soon found myself quite at home. Nor can I omit this opportunity of testifying the obligations I was ever under to that splendid corps, whilst serving under their gallant chief, who always afforded me every assistance and support in the execution of my several duties.

Time, meanwhile, wore on apace;—day followed day—and week was added to week;—all passed in a succession of interviews and palavers with Kaffir chiefs; consultations with missionaries; truces constantly renewed; the occasional delivery of a few rusty firelocks, starved oxen, and lame ponies;—in short, in most able negociations on the part of Sandilla and his coadjutors, for the evident purpose—as I before said—of obtaining further delays!

The excessive heat to which we were exposed during this idle period, is not to be conceived. Whether it

were owing to the situation of the camp—surrounded by hills, and placed in a sort of basin, which concentrated as in a common focus the fiery particles of heat—or to the inadequate means of shelter afforded by the small, single-walled bell-tents; it is certain, that in the course of a long experience of life passed under canvass in India, I never felt such inconvenience, in this respect, as during my occasional and temporary residence at Block Drift.

The delights of so enviable a state of existence were enhanced by clouds of dust, sometimes raised by a sharp south-easterly wind; at others, by the burning breath of the north; which, sweeping over the great desart karroo, here came—like a blast from the infernal regions—to fry our eyes out of their sockets, to shrivel up our parched frames, and—with the assistance of the now vertical sun—to blister the delicate hands, cheeks, and noses of some; whilst on others, it produced the equally unpleasant effect of causing deep, bloody fissures on the lips; a source of cruel martyrdom, whenever the mouth was brought into play, either for the purpose of eating, speaking, or having a hearty laugh—for such we oft times indulged in—spite of our manifold discomforts.

The inconveniences above alluded to, were particularly felt by the possessors of lily-white skins and flaxen locks. These poor fellows' hands and faces were frequently—spite of grease and pomatum—an entire mass of blister and sores; and one unfortunate wight I remember, whose disfigured countenance ever recalled to mind a well basted, rich plum-pudding!

Nor were the swarthiest and most weather-hardened amongst us entirely proof against these united attacks

of the scorching Phœbus, and fiery Eolus of the South; and never did I more strongly advocate against "repeal" than after the first regular peeling my face experienced at their hands; for, instead of the common blistering process, the skin used in large flakes to slough completely off; leaving my phiz much in the condition of a newly barked tree!

Every thing in Southern Africa is in extremes, and:

> "Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
> And fiercely shoot intolerable day,
> While oft in whirls the fierce tornado flies,
> Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies,"

were often accompanied—the first—by excessive heat—the latter—by heavy rain and piercing cold.

Occasionally, after experiencing whirlwinds of simoon-like blasts, dense masses of clouds gradually congregated along the summits of the surrounding hills. Then would follow a perfect calm—a death-like stillness—as if exhausted Nature were at her last dying gasp. The most unaccountable feeling of heaviness, lassitude, and languor appeared at once to pervade both man and beast. The horses despondingly hung their heads; the lowing of the oxen had in it a subdued, melancholy sound—all Nature, animate and inanimate, seemed as in a trance; when suddenly—amidst this dreamy unearth-like quietude—red, forked, and vivid lightning would dart from the electric-charged vapours around; the thunder crashed overhead in deafening peals,

> "not from one lone cloud,
> But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
> *Winterberg* answers through her misty shroud
> Back to the *Amatola*, who call on her aloud!"

Next came down—not torrents of rain—but very sheets of water; deluging in an instant the camp, over which then often swept a furious, chilling blast; uprooting many a frail canvass tenement, and obliging their now drenched and shivering inmates to seek refuge wherever they could—creeping for warmth and shelter, under blankets, sheepskins, horse-cloths, or other covering which might be at hand.

Ye grumblers at the mutability of our English climate! be reconciled to your fate, when reflecting on these weathercock propensities of a South African summer; for, in the course of a few short hours, I have often there seen the thermometer sink from 120° in the shade, to within a very few degrees of the freezing point!

Such, however, is the very remarkable salubrity of this distant part of the world, that—in spite of these great and sudden variations of temperature, together with exposure to its utmost influence, added to a life of inactivity (with the soldier a frequent cause of sickness)—there was little or no serious illness among the troops. But the intolerable glare—perhaps added to the above causes—occasioned many cases of ophthalmia; and most feelingly could I, as a fellow-sufferer, sympathize with the martyrs to that painful and distressing disease.

The particular nature of my duties obliged me always to be much more frequently in the saddle than within the precincts of the camp; and I generally managed to keep six horses in constant work: one set, consisting of three (for myself and attendant, with a sumpter animal), relieving the other; which, during my absence,

enjoyed a short period of rest, and recruited their strength with such food as the neighbourhood of the camp afforded, together with a scanty supply of barley or Indian corn; for, owing to the insufficiency and inefficiency of the means of transport, and the distance of land-carriage,[1] there was always some screw loose in the commissariat department, which caused the army to be often but indifferently supplied with provisions and dry forage.

This sort of Bedouin life, passed in the open air, was preferable—even during the hottest weather—to the sweltering closeness under canvass in those furnace-like tents at Block Drift; to escape from whose smothering influence I frequently mounted my horse and galloped forth in quest of the refreshing breeze. Yet the inmates of that camp, confined as they were for so many weeks to its limits, or their immediate vicinity, still managed, somehow or other, to dissipate ennui, and kill time to the best advantage.

At the early hour of "réveillée," whilst the young morn was still in 'russet clad,' officers might be seen strolling down, with camp-stool and towels in hand, to the wooded banks of the Chumie, for the purpose of performing their matutinal ablutions. The stream—at the distance of a stone's throw from the camp—leapt in a mimic cascade over opposing rocks, into a deep, clear, and transparent pool, overshadowed by a magnificent tree, the character of whose dark foliage bore a close resemblance to that of the northern yew; whilst its gigantic arms, extending like those of the

[1] Which might have been easily obviated by disembarking the stores at the mouth of the Buffalo river, instead of at Algoa Bay.

Italian pine,[1] overcanopied bright walls of blossoming verdure; from whose waving boughs gracefully depended numerous hanging nests, thickly peopled by the yellow gross-beak, or Indian Baya bird; and which, reflected in the waters below, often seemed to rest on the hard, smooth, sandy flooring beneath their transparent surface.

> "In a more shady spot,
> More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,
> Pan or Sylvanus never *bathed*, nor Nymph
> Nor Faunus haunted."

At the gray dawn of day, this embowered spot was as silent and secluded as could have been desired, even by the Naïads and Dryads of the surrounding scene. Untenanted, then, by aught save the chirping tenants of the aërial nests—some stray, rakish monkey, returning, maybe, from a nocturnal revel—or the dusky attenuated forms of a few Kaffir women, bearing on their heads, towards the camp, heavy burdens of grass and firewood; and who—picking their way across the stream, over the slippery fragments of rock—would, for a second, pause to scan the white forms of the Amaglezi (English) bathers; and then, with noiseless steps, silently pursue their onward course.

Far different, as day advanced, became the scene at this then frequented spot, to which the soldiers and camp followers all eagerly crowded, as well for the purpose of the bath, as for that most unromantic one —of cleansing their soiled clothes. The "human form divine," in shades of every hue—white, black, brown,

[1] Probably the "geel hout," or yellow wood tree of the Colonists.

and yellow—might now be viewed in Nature's most unadorned simplicity of garb, as Englishmen, Fingoes, Mulattoes, and Hottentots, rushed promiscuously into the stream, whose heretofore pure, crystal waters—now troubled and defiled—seemed angrily to scowl on such unprecedented intrusion. Gentle Chumie! beneficent Naïad! thy kindness was—spite of such casual frowns—universally bestowed alike on all; and without thy cooling, shadowy, and reviving influence, sad indeed would have been the fate of yon sun-stricken, heat-blasted camp!

The early morning bath was therefore, generally speaking, the first move of the idlers of the camp. Then followed, maybe, a lounge to the cattle-kraal, to examine and descant on the merits of the horses either freshly captured from, or given up by the Kaffirs; and in the selection of which I was then busily engaged, for the formation of an irregular body of cavalry, which subsequently did good service during the war. After breakfast, some would stroll down to the former residence of the political agent for this part of Kaffirland, where Macomo (who had now surrendered) was, with his numerous wives and children, comfortably located in a sort of shed, or outhouse—to him a princely palace!

The Kaffir Chief here, to his heart's content, revelled in beef and brandy—the former in Government rations—the latter the gift of many visitors from the camp, who, to the importunities of his queens, for "Nāzélah," were equally profuse in donations of tobacco. In short, never was there a more complete set of beggars than the whole of this said royal family,

and even the eldest princess, the fascinating "Miss Macomo"—during the deepest flirtations with her many admirers, amongst our young officers—would ever solicit, in the most engaging and irresistible manner, "Coubah" and "sixpences," as a token of their affection.

Many other worshippers of "dolce far niente" might be seen lounging listlessly about the camp, throwing the assegaï, or bartering with Kaffir women for brass armlets, beaded ornaments, or bundles of grass; till, at last, the excessive heat would drive all hands for shelter, either under the waggons—to some arbours rudely fashioned of boughs and reeds—or else to the banks of the Chumie, with its cool, clear waters and refreshing shades.

Then the sporting characters of the force got up races and steeple-chases. But the education of the Kaffir ponies in the important point of "fencing" had been sadly neglected, and consequently many were the "purls" over hurdles, and "spills" into ditches, wherewith they indulged their venturous riders; two or three broken heads and dislocated shoulders being the sad consequence of this want of civilization amongst the Amakosa equine species. Still—spite of broken heads—these sporting undertakings proved a welcome occupation and amusement, both to officers and men. They used all to flock down to the race-course; and, at the conclusion of the equestrian performances, purses would be made for foot-races amongst the soldiers, which were frequently contested with the greatest spirit. In fact, every thing was done by our considerate and able commander, Colonel Slade, to make all as happy and comfortable as the circum-

stances of the case would admit of. Although a strict disciplinarian and an acknowledged good "drill," neither men nor officers under his command were harassed with useless parades or wearying field-days. And why should they? Fighting appeared to have been laid on the shelf, and to have given way to talking. Sandilla had beaten us at both games; and as long as the duties of the Camp were properly performed, and that it was guarded from any possibility of surprise, no more appeared to be requisite to ensure the successful result of this "unique" campaign.

Whilst the "Regulars" were thus allowed to rest on their arms, some of the Native Levies occasionally afforded us a little amusement as well as instruction, by "playing at soldiers" after their own fashion.

I had been authorized to form a body of "irregular cavalry," and accordingly mounted a portion of the Fingoe Levy, on the horses, or rather half-starved ponies, above alluded to, which had been captured from, or surrendered by the enemy. In order to identify them if stolen from the Camp kraal, or being otherwise not forthcoming, they were all neatly "hogged" and "docked." The General however would take upon himself to grant neither saddles nor bridles for the use of my embryo corps; and as the gallant horsemen were likewise mostly unprovided with trowsers—that very requisite part of equestrian equipment—and in some cases equally guiltless of shirts and jackets, it must be acknowledged—though with pain I make the admission—that they scarcely equalled in appearance the 7th Dragoons; and that my "Blacks," if brigaded with the Household troops, *might* possibly have been

thrown somewhat in the shade by the better appointed "Blues."

Still, though I say it who should not, the "Irregular Horse" was certainly a most striking and imposing looking corps; and those African "sans culotte" "Black Guards," thus served up *au naturel*, always reminded me—such is the force of early associations—of what I had in schoolboy days read of the Numidian cavalry of Hannibal, or Jugurtha!

These ebony "death and glory boys" were headed by an ensign of the 90th Light Infantry, who became thereby suddenly exalted (though without the pay) into a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, whose staff consisted of—for adjutant—of a late serjeant-major of dragoons, a drunken old fellow, long since discharged from the service; whilst the post of quarter-master was filled by an ancient pensioner of infantry. With such tools, and such materials to work on, it will not be matter of surprise if the Fingoe Irregulars—spite of bare backs (both in men and horses)—soon by their brilliant performances elicited universal admiration, and "witched the wondering Camp with noble horsemanship."

So proud did I feel of this noble corps, that, on being refused a supply of saddles and bridles, I magnanimously resolved to equip them at my own expense, and accordingly went to Graham's Town for that purpose. But whilst negociating a saddle contract, I learned that, although my application for equipments was disregarded, that of Colonel Somerset, relative to a company of the Rifles which he had likewise mounted on captured horses, had been readily

acceded to—saddles and bridles for which purpose being in course of preparation at Graham's Town. This so completely disgusted and cured me of my "esprit de corps"—when it appeared to be so little appreciated—that I returned instantly to camp; and "Napier's Irregular Horse" remained henceforth "saddleless," as well as breechless and shirtless, after my "bootless" expedition in their behalf!

Although, as I have remarked, the first division was little troubled with unnecessary drills, brigade field days and other—in this case—useless exhibitions of pipe-clay and martinetism; the gallant Native Levies were occasionally called upon to display their own peculiar mode of bush-fighting; and used to initiate their European companions in the elaborate mysteries of African warfare, and the levying of "black mail."

For this purpose, the services of the cattle kraal were greatly in requisition, the oxen being taken to some neighbouring pasture under the guardianship of one portion of the Native Troops, whilst another body enacted the part of assailants, and endeavoured forcibly to carry off the herd. This attack and defence of what is held most precious in life, by the natives of Southern Africa, soon brought into play all their characteristic attributes of savage warfare; the plunder of cattle being ever the chief object of hostilities in this part of the world; and both parties, forgetting the mimic nature of the contest, and carried away by the impulse of the moment, frequently engaged in this guerilla fight with such earnestness and good will, as to render the whole scene one of considerable interest and excitement.

The wily ambush, the sudden rush on their prey, the savage war-cry, the shrill whistle with which, as if by a charmed power, the Kaffir urges forward and controls the most numerous and refractory herd—all was enacted to the very life, amidst a well-sustained fire of musketry; and, if no lives were lost during this animated rehearsal, it was certainly not owing to any spirit of forbearance displayed by the respective combatants, but rather thanks to the blank cartridges with which their pouches were filled.

The chief sufferers in the fray were the unfortunate oxen, which, in the course of these sham fights, underwent all the painful vicissitudes of actual and real warfare. They were captured and re-captured—seized, and liberated—a dozen times during the day; and what with firing, shouting, whistling, and blows, the poor animals were, on the conclusion of the fight, well nigh scared out of their seven senses, driven nearly to madness, and completely so off their legs.

That part of my "brave army," consisting of Captain Hogg's Native Levy, was particularly well trained in such cattle-lifting warfare. It consisted of about six hundred Hottentots, whom this active and able officer had brought into an admirable state of efficiency; and they had, during the course of the campaign, rendered the most valuable services; a great portion of the roughest work (where there was so much roughing) having devolved on them and the Cape Mounted Rifles.

Whenever a hard day's fag was required, either to escort convoys, to take charge of captured cattle, or to dislodge a formidable body of Kaffirs from the fastnesses

of the Bush, Captain Hogg's Corps was sure to be called upon; and both commander and men were admirably adapted for enduring the hardships of this sort of rough guerilla warfare. Active, enduring, and wiry—unimpeded by aught save their musket and cartouch belt; without the encumbrance of tents or commissariat; equipped in the easy and serviceable dress of a broad-brimmed "Jem Crow" hat, a fustian jacket, leather "crackers," and shod with light "veldtschoonen"—these hardy, willing fellows would, at a moment's notice, at any time of the day or night, at any season or in any weather, start off wherever required; and with their indefatigable leader somewhat similarly attired, and "footing" it along at their head, (for he made a point of sharing all their fatigues and privations) frequently accomplished the most astonishing marches, both as to time and distance—marches which would have utterly crippled any European troops of the army.

Such had been, since nearly the commencement of the campaign, the life led by this active partisan leader and his tawny guerillas. From that period they had been constantly engaged with the enemy; had captured and conveyed back to the Colony great numbers of cattle; ever acted as skirmishers and pioneers to the army; in short, in every way rendering the most efficient services, which were however seldom noticed or in any way acknowledged; for praise and encouragement—those great stimulants to military exertion—were ever most charily dealt forth throughout this harassing campaign. It was certainly far from cheering either to men, or officers, in such a warfare,

to work hard without ever receiving thanks or commendation; and with no other prospect before them—save hard knocks, hard fare, and hard fagging of every description—to reward them for all their trouble; for not even the usual stimulant of expected prize-money was here in view. The zeal of the most zealous, will, and must, under these circumstances, finally sink under such cold chilling neglect; and, during the course of the memorable Kaffir campaign of 1846, a leaf should most assuredly have been taken out of the military field-book of Sir Charles Napier of Scinde, in which the services of the smallest drummer—if found deserving of record—were as surely mentioned and brought prominently forward to public notice[1] as those of a general on the staff.

Scinde, defended by the warlike Beloochees, was—under such a leader—conquered in six weeks. Kaffirland, and its hordes of naked savages, remained still unsubdued, until the appearance of a soldier "stamped patent" like the conqueror at Meanee. But no sooner did the hero of Aliwal cross the frontier, than Kaffirland quailed beneath his glance. He ordered its chiefs, in token of submission, to kiss his foot, and they with fear and trembling instantly obeyed![2]

[1] "For the first time in English despatches, the name of private soldiers who had distinguished themselves were made known to their countrymen."—See Major-General W. Napier's "Conquest of Scinde," p. 323.

[2] See Mrs. Ward's "Five Years in Kaffirland," vol. ii., p. 334.

CHAPTER VI.

THE AMAKOSÆ.

Extent of the Bechuana race—Common language—The Amatombæ—The Amapondæ—The Amakosæ—The T'Slambie and Gaïkás—Amapakati, or Councillors—Religious belief—Circumcision—Propensity to "cattle lifting"—Encroachments of the Kaffirs—Kaffir women—Cruel treatment of them—Appearance and dress—Superstitions—Rain-makers and Witch Doctors—A Witch dance—Cruelty and torture—Cannibalism—Mistaken humanity—Sir Harry Smith.

"The tribe that occupies the country on the Eastern Frontier of the Colony is called Amakosæ, and their country is called by them Amakosina. These words are formed from 'kosæ,' which is used to designate a single individual, and the plural, by prefixing the article 'ama.'—*From Rose's "Four Years in Southern Africa," p.* 78.

From what has been said in the preceding chapter, relative to the Kaffirs, the reader may perhaps wish to be made acquainted with further details respecting this remarkable people; I shall therefore proceed to recapitulate all I have learned on the subject, partly from personal observation, but chiefly on the authority of those authors whose accounts are most to be relied upon; on the present occasion, however, confining these particulars to that portion of the Kaffir race, known as the Amakosæ, who were principally our opponents during the last war.

Of all the various ramifications into which the human species is divided, probably few exceed in number, and the wide extent of territory they occupy, those of the Bechuana race, of which the Kaffir nation is a widely-spreading branch. And if similarity of language, customs, and appearance, be proofs of a common origin, the course of this people may be traced as flowing south of the equator, from the furthest discovered limits of the interior of Africa, along its eastern shores —thence skirting the vast sandy deserts which divide this little-known continent—across the peninsula, to the western coast, through the country of the Damaras, and extending to the Portuguese settlements of Benguela and Angola.

"The Bechuana, or, as some term it, the Sichuana dialect, prevails universally among the interior tribes, so far as they have yet been visited, and varies but slightly from that of the Damaras and Delagoans, on the opposite coasts."[1]

Captain Owen, whose labours in surveying the eastern shores of Africa are so well known, states that the language at Delagoa Bay is the same as that spoken to the eastward, as far as the Bazaneto Islands, and that both Kaffirs and Zoolahs can communicate readily with the Delagoans. Major Denham, who succeeded in penetrating from the western coast, further into the interior of Central Africa than probably any other European, describes the Fellatahs — inhabiting the portion of this immense and nearly unknown continent, which is situated about 10° north

[1] From Thompson's "Travels in Southern Africa," vol. i., p. 332.

and 5° east—as clothed in the "spoils of the chase," and possessing characteristics which are recognised as common to the Kaffirs and other hordes of the Bechuana race.

The many theories advanced as to the origin of the Kaffirs have already been adverted to; but although Barrow and other writers boldly affirm them to be the descendants of Ishmael, there appears—on many accounts—more reason to consider them analogous with the negroes of Central-Africa, or that their derivation may be traced from Abyssinia; an hypothesis which might perhaps be greatly elucidated by Sir Cornwallis Harris, who, from his mission to that part of the world, and former travels in Southern Africa, would no doubt be well qualified for such a task.

Of the three Bechuana nations, viz., the Amatombæ, (or Tamboukies) the Amapondæ, and the Amakosæ, (indiscriminately known to us, under the extraneous appellation of Kaffirs) with the latter—from their geographical position, and constant depredations during the last half century, on the eastern province of the Cape of Good Hope—we have had more intimate relations, and are better acquainted, than with any other tribe of the whole race; and, as part of this knowledge has been acquired at a cost of several millions sterling to the British nation, it may not at this moment—when hostilities with them have so lately been brought to a close—be deemed out of place, to give a short description of these restless barbarians.

The nominal territory of the Amakosæ now extends

from the Umtata to the Keiskamma; and though Kreili, whose residence is beyond the Kye, be acknowledged as their paramount sovereign, the Nation is divided into several Tribes, independent of each other, and governed by hereditary chiefs, who possess the power of life and death over their subjects. The principal Amakosæ Tribes, besides those of Kréili, are the T' Slambies and the Gaïkas. But these are subdivided into several minor chieftainships, whose aggregate amount of population is supposed to exceed 170,000 souls, amongst whom may be reckoned, at the very least, between forty and fifty thousand warriors; though some aver that they can bring even a larger number into the field. It says little in favour of the prudence or precautionary measures adopted by the British government for the protection of its Colonial subjects, that, in the face of such a host of treacherous and warlike barbarians, united by the strongest and most tempting motives to plunder, the eastern frontier has so often been left nearly denuded of troops. The whole amount of force for its defence, in 1834, and for several years previously, was — "400 British infantry and 200 Hottentot cavalry, to protect one hundred miles of a fertile and tempting frontier, in the face of 80,000 savages on the opposite border, of habits innately predatory; a frontier, too, without fortified works, or cannon—a weakness which invited the spoiler, who was a close observer, and knew it well."[1]

I have, in a former chapter, described the principle

[1] From Sir B. d'Urban's Despatch to Lord Glenelg, dated 9th June, 1836.

of succession amongst the Kaffirs as hereditary. But though the powers of the chiefs are great—being both legislators as well as judges of their respective tribes —the "Amapakati," or councillors, composed of the most experienced of their subjects, are always consulted in affairs of importance. Their laws are few; and, having no written documents of any kind, are transmitted by tradition. The decisions of their courts of justice are founded on precedents handed down from father to son, and which the elders of the tribe take care to inculcate in the minds of the younger warriors.

The crimes chiefly prevalent amongst the Kaffirs are murder, theft, adultery, and witchcraft; the latter is considered by far the most heinous offence of all, and often made, by the chief, a pretext for extortion, committed under circumstances of the most revolting barbarity. As to the former delinquencies, they are rarely punished with death, a proportionate fine of cattle being generally deemed an equivalent, even for the shedding of blood.

Their belief in a Supreme Being, or knowledge of a future state, is extremely doubtful; and the celebrated missionary, Van der Kemp—who probably possessed more information relative to the Kaffirs than has ever been since attained by any other European—states that he could never perceive they had any religion at all, or any idea of the existence of God. Like most of the savage nations of Africa, they appear however to entertain some indefinite sort of veneration for the moon, the full of which is generally with them a season of gladness and rejoicing; and they will then

often pass whole nights in song and dance, under the mild influence of her silvery light.

This custom, or, possibly, vague species of worship, was likewise prevalent, if we may believe Kolben, with the Hottentots of old. It is still observed by the modern Bushmen. The Fingoes and other Bechuana Tribes, as already adverted to, practise it to the present day, and it also prevails—according to Mungo Park and Lander—even amongst the Negro nations on the banks of the Niger and the Gambia.

The Kaffirs still adhere to certain customs, which lead to the supposition of having reference to previous religious institutions, now sunk in oblivion, and to a former much higher state of civilization than that which they at present enjoy. Amongst these may be reckoned the rigid manner in which they abstain from anything approaching to incestuous intercourse—an observance carried to such an extent, that if a Kaffir happens to meet the wife of his brother, she instantly steps aside, and endeavours to screen herself from his view. Nor are persons coming within this, and certain other degrees of relationship, allowed to sit together in the same hut, mix in the same company, or hold any sort of communication, though for years inhabiting a common neighbourhood.

The universal practice of circumcision amongst the Kaffirs, has, by some authors, been adduced as a certain proof of a Jewish or Arabic extraction. But a like custom prevails amongst some of the Negro Tribes to the north of the equator,[1] and affords no more grounds for such an hypothesis, than the habit

[1] See "Mungo Parke's Travels," p. 226.

of exposing their dead to be devoured by wild animals, would lead to the conclusion of a common origin with the ancient Guebres, or fire-worshippers of Persia; who adopted — and whose descendants in India to this day adopt—a similar mode of disposing of the remains of humanity.

The Kaffirs have other striking peculiarities, to which an imaginary importance has been attached by writers wishing to establish some favourite theory—such as an aversion to the flesh of swine, and to certain kinds of fish. Nothing, either in their appearance or language, (the latter the strongest of all evidence in such cases) seems however to justify the supposition of the Kaffirs, or, in short, any of the Bechuana race, being of Caucasian origin.

Though tall, well made, and in body and limbs a model of symmetry, the Kaffir head—whatever some authors may aver to the contrary—bears too evidently the African stamp, ever to be mistaken. The crisp, woolly hair, thick lips, and depressed nose, are certainly no proof of Asiatic derivation. Nor could I, even in the most extensive vocabulary of their language—spite of Barrow's surmises founded on the Oriental *sound* of "Eliang"[1] (the sun)—discover more than a single word having any affinity to the Arabic, and that is the affirmative "Eywah," (yes) which is common to both languages.

Notwithstanding the Kaffirs possess a knowledge of cultivating the ground, even make bread, and also

[1] Which certainly bears little resemblance to "El Shums," the Arabic appellation for the sun. See Barrow, vol. i., p. 219.

brew a sort of beer, they may be considered as almost exclusively a nomadic race, living chiefly by the produce of their herds; and cattle being by them regarded as specie—the current coin of the country—a proportionate value is therefore set on what this people look upon with real veneration, nearly approaching the symbolical worship evinced by the ancient Egyptian for his god Apis, or that homage paid by the modern Hindoo to the sacred cow.

Cattle may therefore be said to constitute the whole "capital" of the Kaffirs. Every commercial or bartering transaction is, generally speaking, carried on amongst themselves through this medium, and—as with other savages—woman is likewise considered by them merely as an article of trade, adapted to purposes of labour and servitude. The Kaffir who wishes to enjoy the domestic felicity of a wife, or rather the useful commodity of a female slave, has to consult—not the taste or inclination of the latter—but the cupidity of her relations. The price of the bride is fixed at a certain number of oxen; which amount he calculates on realizing (as if purchasing a cow or a mare) by the service she may be supposed capable of rendering, and in the amount of "stock" she is likely to produce, in the shape of female children; to be, at some future period, with interest, converted into cattle currency!

Now, although the candidate for matrimony may not possess the requisite "funds" to conclude the purchase, and make such an investment, he knows they can be readily procured in the Colony; and therefore associating with other youths in the same predicament

as himself, the party unhesitatingly cross the frontier; rob the Colonists of the required amount of cattle; with the fruits of their plunder take unto themselves wives, and beget children, the male part of whom, in due course of time, do not fail, in their matrimonial speculations, to follow the example of their sires; whilst the girls, when marriageable, fetch their due price at the same market. Hence—with other concomitant causes—the real origin of our never-ceasing "Kaffir wars," or rather of those unavoidable retributive measures on the part of the Colonists, which in the end always lead to such a result.

From the earliest period of European occupation in Southern Africa, aggression has ever, in this manner, originated on the part of the Kaffirs. In fact, neither the Colony nor the British Government can have any possible interest in waging war with these savages; for, whatever may be the result of such hostilities, their effect has always been loss of life and property to the former, together with a severe drain on the exchequer of the latter.

In the face of these incontrovertible truths; the Government at home and the opinion of the British public—from our first intercourse with this part of the world—have ever been, as before remarked, constantly misled regarding the nature of our relations with the Native Tribes of Southern Africa, by theorists, who, blinded to facts, and carried away in support of fancied conclusions of their own, were themselves the victims of artful misrepresentation; or by others, shamefully lending themselves as tools of imposition, and employed by certain designing and meddling societies,

which—under the cloak of religion—have been long suffered to hold the most unaccountable and undisputed sway in this part of the world, and been the cause of incalculable mischief to the Colonists and to the Colony in general.[1]

I have already shown that the Kaffirs, so far from having been driven back from the boundary they occupied at the period of their first relations with the Dutch, have ever invariably encroached and crowded on the eastern province. In proof that they are now—spite of ever renewed assertions to the contrary—infinitely more opulent and powerful than they were half a century ago, instead of being impoverished, or having in any manner suffered from their vicinity to the "white man," it need only be stated, that when Mr. Barrow was sent in 1797 on a mission by Lord Macartney to Gaïka, not a single horse, or firelock, appeared then to be in possession of the Tribe; and the chief himself approached the place of rendezvous mounted "on an ox in full gallop, attended by five or six of his people."[2]

This offers a strong contrast to that interview which took place immediately before the commencement of the late war, between Sandilla (the son of Gaïka), and the Lieutenant-Governor of the eastern province; when the former was accompanied by a host of warriors—several thousands of whom were mounted on horses

[1] See "Case of the Colonists," by the Editor of the "Graham's Town Journal," p. 29, *et seq.* This compilation, published at Graham's Town in 1847, throws much light on the subject in question.

[2] "Barrow's Travels in Southern Africa," vol. ii, p. 191.

stolen from the Colony—and a still greater number were provided with fire-arms and ammunition.[1]

To revert to the comparative state of the Kaffirs fifty years ago, with that of their condition at the present day. At the first-mentioned period, they possessed neither sheep nor goats. Their flocks of the latter are now innumerable. They have robbed the Colony of immense quantities of the former (the more valuable, from being chiefly of English breed.) By the same nefarious means, their herds have, in like manner, greatly increased both in quality and number; and, as a proof of this augmentation of their riches, no better evidence could be adduced, than the depreciation which has consequently taken place amongst the Kaffirs, in the value of cattle.

Barrow states that the amount generally paid in his time for a wife, was "one ox, or a couple of cows." Of late years, the price of a bride has increased to ten oxen. This refers to women of "plebeian" origin. But the chiefs, when they take unto themselves partners of high lineage, are now expected to open their "cattle kraals" to the tune of five or six times that number. As no alteration has probably within the last half century taken place in the intrinsic qualifications of either "women or oxen," we must come to the conclusion that the former are ten times more scarce, or the latter

[1] A detailed account of this interview will be found at p. 217 of a late publication called "Case of the Colonists (1847)," by the Editor of the "Graham's Town Journal." (See Appendix.) It still remains a mystery how and by whom the Kaffirs are supplied with muskets and gunpowder, a mystery which however Sir Harry Smith will probably succeed in unravelling.

ten times more numerous than at the time mentioned by Barrow.

The Kaffirs, like all other barbarous nations, treat the female sex (for it would be a misnomer to call it either "fair" or "gentle") with the greatest harshness and neglect. Women with them are like bullocks, considered a sort of currency, and mere articles of barter. But the Kaffir shows to his oxen far more kindness, consideration, and respect, than he deigns to bestow on his unfortunate wives; for, whilst the greatest care is lavished on the former, who lead a life of indolence and repose, the latter are condemned to every sort of drudgery; the occupations of their lordly masters being confined to the pleasures of the chase, to the care of milking their cows, or idly basking about the precincts of the kraal, whilst smoking and reciting to each other the news and gossip of the day, which, with the Kaffirs, is a most favourite recreation.

The temperate habits of this people, combined with the exercise of hunting; living as they do mostly in the open air of a fine salubrious climate, and eschewing all sedentary and laborious employment, tend to produce in them the most perfect development of which the human frame appears susceptible; and, could a less satyr-like and repulsive expression of countenance be placed on such a "torso," a Kaffir warrior might be considered the living image of those bronze statues of antiquity, which still serve as models for the sculptor. Similar to many of such classical imitations of the human "form divine," his shape is concealed by no superfluous drapery; "the "kaross" and "noutchee" constituting his only garments. The former, during war,

in the exertions of the chase, or in the heat of summer, is usually cast aside; and the scanty dimensions of the latter are not to be described.[1] Whilst the Kaffir thus—

> God-like erect, with native "bronze" well clad,
> In naked majesty seems lord of all—

far different is the aspect of his poor Helot wife, who visibly bears on her features and person the degrading stamp of that cruel slavery to which she is irrevocably doomed.

The Kaffir women are, generally speaking, spare in shape, small in stature; and, in my humble opinion, (notwithstanding the eulogies so lavishly bestowed on their attractions by some poetic writers) fully deserving the epithet of: "hideous females of Caffraria," given them by Goldsmith. They, nevertheless, are said to possess the full amount of vanity for which the sex—whether with foundation or not—has universally the credit; and, according to the relations of some travellers, their spirit of coquetry is often carried far beyond what we consider the usual bounds of innocent flirtation.[2] However that may be—or whether such conduct towards strangers is merely considered by them in the light of hospitality—there is most assuredly nothing immodest in either the costume or appearance of the Kaffir ladies; for their sable charms are as securely shrouded in the thick folds of an ample kaross,

[1] For an account of this part of the Kaffir dress, the inquisitive reader is referred to Le Vaillant's "Travels in Southern Africa."

[2] See "Rose's Four Years in Southern Africa," p. 185: also Appendix.

as the persons of their lords and masters are always shamelessly exposed to the view of every spectator.

From the remotest era of which history makes mention, the dress of all nations in an uncivilized state has generally been composed either of the skins of domestic animals, or of the spoils of the chase. Thus, Hercules is represented with a mantle flayed from the Næmean lion; which probably, likewise, occasionally served as a shield—and the garment of a Kaffir chief similarly consists of the leopard skin kaross. If, when divested of this, the classical spectator be—in the naked African warrior—reminded of the bronze Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, a sight of the Kaffir, while enveloped in his coriaceous covering, will no less call to recollection those old Etruscan sculptures, similarly draped, and executed during the earliest and most barbaric infancy of the art.

* * * *

Though without any apparent religious belief, the Kaffirs, like most other barbarous nations, are superstitious to a degree. They suppose the very elements to be under the control of certain Amaquira, ("rain-makers," or "witch-doctors,") who are consulted on every occasion, particularly when a prolonged drought endangers the produce of their fields and gardens. The "doctor" is then bribed with a present of cattle to obtain the desired showers. If the latter come not, he says the cattle offered through him to the spirit of the clouds were either too poor, or else insufficient in number, to propitiate his favour. A further donation is then exacted; but should—at the end of a given period—the flood-gates of Heaven still continue to

be closed, he fixes the blame on some unfortunate wretch, whom he accuses of magic, and who is mercilessly sacrificed for the imputed offence; which is supposed to consist either in the power of driving away rain; in causing sickness; holding nocturnal intercourse with wolves, and sending them amongst cattle; exerting an influence over monkeys and baboons, by directing them to plunder the fields and gardens; with other things equally puerile and absurd. This accusation of magic, or witchcraft, however frivolous it may appear, is, amongst the Kaffirs, made the excuse for robbery and extortion, committed under circumstances of the greatest atrocity and most refined cruelty.

If a Kaffir chief take a fancy to the wives or herds of one of his dependants, he consults a witch-doctor on the subject. This worthy soon finds out a real or imaginary case of sickness in the Tribe. He next conceals, in the cleft of a rock, or under a stone in some remote spot, small pieces of hide—a handful of hair—a few bones, or other similar objects. Having taken these preliminary measures, he goes to his employer, the aforesaid chief, and officially reports that such or such a case of sickness, attributable to witchcraft, has come to his knowledge, whereupon the "Father of the Tribe," with a laudable anxiety to repress so abominable a crime, congregates all his children at a given place. The doctor (in some cases an old woman) attends the gathering, gravely inspects the assembled multitude, and invariably points out, as the culprit, the unfortunate individual whose fat oxen or beauteous wives have excited the cupidity or lust of the great man.

The accused is instantly seized, and desired to declare how he has caused the sickness alluded to? He in vain protests his innocence of the charge, and ignorance of every thing relating to it. The doctor is inexorable, and persists in the accusation. The victim is thrown on the ground, his arms and legs are extended, and securely fastened to pickets driven into the earth. The poor wretch's miseries now commence, and are usually borne with the most unflinching endurance. Long needles, used in sewing their karosses, are thrust by dozens into his flesh—yet he still perseveres in averring his innocence. Honey is next brought, with which his face and body are smeared over, and a nest of the large black ant is broken up and thrown upon him. The venomous sting of one of these insects is of itself excruciating; but when myriads are at the same time inflicted, their effect can be more easily imagined than described.

The only virtue of the Kaffir is a stern, stoical fortitude, and that pride in being capable of unshrinkingly bearing pain, which sustains the Cheroquee Indian at the stake. The sufferer still stoutly resists every exhortation to admit his guilt; and, *mild expedients* having thus failed, recourse is had to more rigorous measures. A fire is next kindled at his feet, and, lest—by the time they are reduced to seared, smoking, and shapeless stumps—he should continue obdurate, large stones are heated in readiness for the perpetration of further horrors. The poor maimed and tortured wretch, though still disallowing the charge, so far quails beneath his protracted sufferings, which have already lasted for hours, that he entreats for the *coup de grace*—but,

no! the ends of justice must be fulfilled. By means of forked sticks, the stones, now calcined by heat, are taken from the fire, and studiously applied to the most sensitive parts of his body; but the very stones, as it were in pity, glide off the writhing flesh, slipping under the unctuous animal matter drawn by their burning influence from the quivering mass. They are, however, instantly replaced, and kept, by these infernal fiends, against the now crackling, shrivelled, and smoking carcase. Exhausted nature is at her last grasp—life holds by a single thread; but that thread is not allowed to snap, until the "witch doctor" obtains the required avowal from the expiring sufferer. This being at last effected, he is then asked if the proofs of his guilt are not buried in a certain spot? "They are," is the reply. The desired object is thus accomplished; the convicted culprit either dies from the effects of the torture he has undergone; is put out of pain by strangulation; or brained as he lies, by a blow of the "knob kerrie."[1]

The assembled multitude follow the "sage" to a place already previously decided upon by him;—the pretended magic spells, here concealed, are now exposed to view; the doctor is extolled for wisdom, the chief for his justice—and they both share the spoils of the murdered man!

Such scenes as these are not mere matters of tradition—events of by-gone times. They are every day occurrences with this "pastoral" people, in this most enlightened and civilized age; occurrences

[1] A kind of club used by the Kaffirs in the destruction of game; or in war, to put an end to a wounded or vanquished foe.

which, moreover, constantly happen close to the Colonial border. As an instance in point, a disgraceful transaction, such as the one above described, took place on occasion of the illness of Kona, the son of Macomo; and that "good and intelligent chief" tried hard to award a like fate to the "great wife" or rather widow of Gaika (his stepmother, Sutu), who had a most narrow escape of being burnt to death as a witch! The mother of the only Kaffir convert to Christianity —the petty chief Kama—bore through life the marks of such an ordeal; and all classes, without regard to age or sex, appear liable to similar tortures, sometimes inflicted through interested motives, or a spirit of revenge, but which are often the results of mere whim and caprice. Cruel to such a degree towards each other, it is not matter of surprise, if the Kaffirs should carry vengeance and barbarity against their enemies, to the greatest lengths. "Death and destruction" are ever, during their bloody wars, the watchwords among all the Bechuana race, comprising Kaffirs, Fetcani, Mantatees, Zoolahs, and other tribes of this savage people.

These assertions have been fully verified, and that very recently, by the desolating irruptions of Dingan, of Chakah, of Moselekatse, Matiwana, and many other swarthy Attilas, whose footsteps were ever marked by universal slaughter and the most sweeping devastation; sparing neither man, woman, nor child, in their annihilating course, and converting populous and fertile tracts into vast deserts, now solely covered with ashes and bleaching bones.[1]

"The misery already inflicted by the wars of Chakah

[1] See "Harris's Travels in Southern Africa," pp. 236, 309.

(the Zoolah chief) upon the Kaffir and Bechuana Tribes, is incalculable; and far from being confined to the massacre and destruction directly occasioned by his arms. By plundering and driving off the adjoining nations, he has forced them to become plunderers in their turn, and to carry terror and devastation through the remotest quarters of Southern Africa. In short, the people dispossessed by Chakah became the marauding and cannibal Mantatees."[1]

Though starvation may have, perhaps, in this instance, driven the Mantatees to devour their enemies, the Kaffir Tribes with whom we have lately been at war never had a similar excuse. And yet, prompted by a natural ferocity, combined with certain superstitious notions—which leads them to suppose, that by eating the vital parts of a fallen foe, his strength and power are thereby inherited—they not only, during the late hostilities, made a practice of torturing such of our people as fell into their hands,[2] but it is positively averred that, when any officer had the misfortune to be captured—after enduring a cruel and lingering death, and subsequent horrible mutilations being committed on his body—the heart and liver were in some instances next torn out, and made the materials of a diabolical feast by these fiends in human shape!

Similar to the Hottentots of old, this spirit of innate cruelty extends even to the mode in which they slaughter their cattle for a feast; the amount of suffering inflicted on the unfortunate victim appearing proportionately to enhance the enjoyment it affords.

[1] "Thompson's Travels in Southern Africa," vol. i., p. 360.
[2] See Mrs. Ward's "Five Years in Kaffirland," vol. i., c. 7.

The following account of a scene descriptive of the subject in point, is given by Sir James Alexander in his interesting narrative of the Kaffir war of 1834-35.

"Hintza and his people now returned to tents which had been pitched for them, strongly guarded at a respectful distance by a circle of Highlanders.

"According to the South African custom, a fat ox was driven to the Kaffirs to slaughter; and we then witnessed a most strange and revolting spectacle, illustrative of savage customs.

"Half a dozen Kaffirs started up, laid aside their karosses, and approached the ox; one, with a noose of *riem*, or hide, on the end of an assegai, after a few attempts, slipped it over the horns; another held the tail, a third put a riem round the left fore leg, and another round a hind leg; the head and legs were then drawn together; and the ox fell bellowing to the ground. The animal was now secured firmly, and prevented from rising. The chief butcher then, with an assegai, cut open about a foot of the skin of the belly; and lying on the ground, amidst the groans of agony and helpless struggles of the unfortunate brute, he thrust his right arm up to the shoulder into the ox; gave a twist and a pull at the heart; ruptured one of the large arteries; and drew away the omentum, which was thrown on a fire, cooked and eaten, before the last convulsions of the victim had ceased!

"We were all exceedingly disgusted; and some felt very sick on witnessing this barbarous sacrifice. Not so the Kaffirs; they were all alive, and immediately proceeded to flay the animal with their assegais grasped short; with an axe, they broke in the ribs

across the middle; the ox was in a pool of blood; and one fellow, taking out the gall-bladder, went off with it, and drank the warm gall 'to make him strong.' He evidently enjoyed the offensive potation; but making faces after it, like a Highlander after a dram, affecting reluctance to take what might not agree with him; and, when it was all over, giving vent to a hearty 'pegh!'"

And yet, by some writers, it has been gravely asserted that the Kaffirs "are not a cruel and vindictive people!" Sir Harry Smith, however, whose long experience in Kaffirland entitles his opinion to some weight on this subject, says that *self-interest* and *fear* are the only motives which influence their conduct: "possessing the character natural to uncivilized man, easily pleased, readily offended, cunning, avaricious, treacherous, and *vindictive*—to which the Kaffir adds a peculiar restlessness of disposition, thirsting for news, and ever seeking a grievance, as he meditates mischief."[1] It is, nevertheless, in favour of such an amiable set of beings, that forbearance and conciliatory measures have been so long preached; though it be true that these Utopian precepts have been—generally speaking—inculcated by *disinterested* advocates, whose persons and property were perfectly secure from the attempts of so "pastoral and primitive a people!"

This very mistaken sentiment of humanity, carried

[1] Sir Harry Smith's opinion of Kaffir character will be found in the address made by him at Cape Town on the 20th of October, 1837, after he had in disgust thrown up the appointment he held on the eastern frontier. Vide "Case of the Colonists," p. 21, by the Editor of the Graham's Town Journal.

to a most ridiculous excess, and by which the Colony has always hitherto so greatly suffered, prevented us at the outbreak of the last war from availing ourselves of the proffered services of Mosesh, the Basuto warrior; of Faku, the head of the Amapondæ, and of Umtirara, the Tambookie chief; who, with their numerous Tribes, would willingly have thrown themselves on the flank and rear of our enemies, most gladly taken advantage of such an opportunity to "eat them up" (the expressive and characteristic African term for waging war), and only awaited from us the signal for so doing.[1] But our consent was then—as on former similar occasions—withheld, from a delicate apprehension of our bloodthirsty and inveterate foes being too roughly handled by their fellow barbarians!"

Though it was the advice of Colonel Hare, the veteran and experienced Governor of the Eastern Province, that we should avail ourselves of the offer of the friendly Tribes above adverted to, in order to cripple the enemy, his counsel was disregarded. And why? We would answer—from a shrinking dread of responsibility—from the fear of opposing the falsely-founded opinions of the "religious" British public—from the same mistaken deference to that morbid spirit of would-be philanthropy, emanating from Exeter Hall—which has so long pervaded the public feeling in England, which has directed our naval operations on the coast of Guinea—swayed our proceedings in Southern Africa—and ever caused us to set at naught the lives of our fellow-countrymen: soldiers, sailors, and settlers,

[1] See in "Blue Book" for 1847, at p. 181, Despatch, No. 18.

as compared with those of a set of, generally speaking, treacherous, bloodthirsty, and ungrateful savages!

I have shown how we have been repaid by the Kaffirs for such misplaced lenity and forbearance; a system of forbearance, which—whilst holding out the strongest encouragement to their lawless depredations —has so continually placed at their *mercy* the lives and property of British subjects; for even when nominally at peace, they unceasingly plunder the Colony; unhesitatingly murder, if opposed in their robberies; and the reader has just had an unexaggerated statement of their conduct towards us when at open war.

* * * *

I can only advert, *en passant*—as characteristic of their habits — to the inhuman practice prevalent amongst the Kaffirs, of exposing their sick and aged relatives to be devoured by wild beasts. Whenever a Kaffir is considered beyond hope of recovery, he is carried into the Bush, where a living sepulchre (the wolf or the jackall) invariably awaits the unfortunate wretch—for none but the chiefs have the privilege of being interred; and the cattle kraal (considered a sacred spot) is *their* last place of abode.

Though in illustration of Kaffir character and customs I could say much more, tending further to elucidate the real disposition of these barbarous savages, I shall—out of regard to my readers—cease further to descant on so revolting a subject; and conclude by remarking, that, according to Kaffir interpretation, "forbearance is weakness, indecision a want of courage, and liberality a want of understanding;" that our own vacillating measures, repeatedly childish conduct, and

misplaced generosity towards these robber tribes, during the last half century, have fully confirmed their belief in the truth of these maxims. Their deportment towards us has been regulated accordingly; and to this obstinate continuance of such conduct and measures, on the part of Government, may be traced the origin of those calamities which have so often overwhelmed the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

It is, however, to be hoped that the reign of "humbug" is, in this quarter, at last come to a close; that a deaf ear will henceforth be turned to the ravings of deluded or deluding philanthropists, and of interested intriguers;[1] that after all our dearly-bought experience, the Kaffirs will now, under the vigorous administration of Sir Harry Smith, be dealt with according to their deserts; and, should they give any further trouble or molestation to the Colony, that they will—as a just punishment for past, and a security against future offences—be driven, *en masse*, beyond the Kye; the boundary originally fixed, in 1835, by Sir Benjamin d'Urban, and the only defensible barrier against these truly "irreclaimable savages."

[1] The reader must ere this be heartily tired of the many allusions made in these pages to the above mentioned classes. But their meddling influence has been so constantly and perseveringly exercised at the expense of the welfare of the Colony, and so intimately connected with all its transactions, as to render a frequent mention of them unavoidable, in any subject having the least reference to the Cape of Good Hope.

CHAPTER VII.

MACOMO, THE GAIKA CHIEF.

Kaffir Tribes—Derivation of name—The Gaïkas and T'Slambies —Polygamy—A "Great Wife"—Sandilla—Macomo—His expulsion from the Ceded District—Causes of the War of 1834-5—Colonel Somerset—Sir Andreas Stockenstrom—Ruinous measures — Inconsistency — Macomo's dissolute habits—His surrender and residence at Block Drift—His family circle—The Princess Amahkaïah—Misstatements as to the Kaffirs—Present government of the Cape.

> "Though never yet hath daybeam burn'd
> Upon a brow more fierce than that—
> Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
> Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire."
> *Lallah Rookh.*

Many of the Kaffir Tribes, against whom we have lately been carrying on hostilities, derive their respective appellations from some powerful chief, renowned either for successes in war, riches in cattle, or the number and extent of his Tribe. Such was Hahabee, the grandfather of Gaïka, whose subjects, the Hahabees, —at present known as the Gaïkas—have, for several years past, been located in a portion of the territory lying between the Buffaloe and the Great Fish Rivers; their chief stronghold being the wooded fastnesses of the Amatola Mountains. They were first led to this part of the country by the notorious robber chief, T'Slambie, who, on the death of Omlao, his elder

brother, and the rightful successor of Hahabee, became guardian to his nephew, Gaïka, the infant son of the former.

Gaïka, on arriving at manhood, and assuming the command of his Tribe—which, by the by, was most unwillingly given up by his uncle—soon quarrelled with the latter; and the wars of the Gaïkas and T' Slambies, towards the end of the last century, or about the time we first obtained possession of the Cape of Good Hope from the Dutch, kept, not only the whole of Amakosa Kaffirland, but also the entire Eastern border, in a constant state of fermentation and disturbance; for, on the defeat of either party, refuge was immediately sought by the vanquished within our boundaries, whither they would be followed by their conquerors; and on such occasions, both the pursuers and the pursued invariably carried on—at the expense of the unfortunate Colonists—a ruinous system of theft, plunder, and devastation.

As polygamy is allowed with the Kaffirs, and division of territory and property amongst the sons of the chiefs appears to be the established custom with them, these combined circumstances no doubt frequently give rise to disputes as to the succession. There seems, however, to be in this respect an invariable rule, which grants the supremacy to one son over the rest of his brothers; a privilege which is affected not by priority of birth, but by the superior rank of the mother; the eldest male offspring of the "great wife" of a chief being invariably considered as the representative of the family, and therefore superior to his senior half-brothers of less illustrious maternal descent.

Such was the position in which, on the death of Gaïka, was placed his infant son Sandilla—whose mother, Sutu, was that chief's "great Tambookie" wife. During the long minority of Sandilla, the regency was assumed by his step-brother, Macomo, whose name has for so many years been conspicuous in the course of our transactions with the Kaffirs—who was long considered the most talented and energetic of their chiefs—and who, for the last quarter of a century, has rendered himself no less notorious for his treachery and ferocity, than for the evils he has been the means of inflicting on the eastern province.

As a penalty for their unprovoked aggression on the Colony, and sudden attack on Graham's Town in 1819, and as a security against the recurrence of such repeated outrages, the Kaffirs were then expelled from that fertile tract of country running between the Keiskamma and Great Fish Rivers, which, under the name of "Neutral Territory," or "Ceded District," it was then decided should remain entirely unoccupied, save by a few of our military posts. A short time however after the adoption of this resolution, and when the above plan had been duly carried into effect, Government—actuated by that mistaken leniency and vacillating system of policy which has so long marked our conduct towards these savages—most unwisely permitted Macomo, with his Gaïka followers, to occupy on sufferance, and under the promise of good behaviour, the upper part of the Kat River Valley, at a place situated a few miles to the north of Fort Beaufort, and within the bounds of this "Ceded District."

But Macomo's promises were as binding as those of

any other Kaffir; and his people soon commenced their usual system of plunder on the Colony. Moreover, in a war he waged with the Tambookies, he defeated and pursued some of that Tribe across our border, and then committed such excesses, that he was, as a punishment, ordered to leave the Kat River valley, and remove eastward with his followers, to the banks of the Chumie.

This event happened in 1829, when the Colonial government, having thus partly rectified one gross error, immediately fell into another equally great, by establishing, on the locality recently vacated by Macomo, a settlement of Hottentots, under missionary superintendence. This ill advised measure, instead of proving a protection to the frontier, served to congregate, together on its border, a dissolute and idle set of vagabonds,[1] who, under their meddling spiritual directors, were constantly in communication with the Kaffirs, fomented the discontent of the latter, and encouraged them in nourishing the remembrance of imaginary wrongs as to their expulsion from the Ceded District, but more particularly from the Kat River valley, where the Missionary Establishment—thus injudiciously located—is allowed to have been *one* of the

[1] See Chase's "Cape of Good Hope," pp. 45, 85; and Sir Harry Pottinger's Despatch (No. 13) to Earl Grey, dated Graham's Town, 13th March, 1847; also his Despatch No. 17, where he says: "I wish I could here stop regarding this ill-conducted and hitherto worse understood Settlement; but it is not possible I can do so with a proper regard to the public interests and my own exculpation and credit." See also Sir James Alexander's work, vol. i., pp. 376, 381, 409, 421; and vol. ii., p. 233.

main causes which led to the disastrous Kaffir war of 1834 and 1835. This irruption "may be traced to the remissness of Government, in allowing a fatal diminution of the military force on the border; in failing to watch and check the first symptoms of aggression on Colonial subjects in Kaffirland, and on Colonial property within the boundary; and also in neglecting to curb certain intriguing demagogues and mischievous partisans in the Colony, who, under the mask of philanthropy, tampered with the ignorant natives on the subject of their imaginary wrongs, and thus precipitated them upon their own countrymen, the unoffending Settlers."[1]

Sir Benjamin d'Urban, in his official letter to Lord Glenelg, of June 9th, 1836, states in direct terms, that "the chief cause which led to this calamity was the injudicious and dangerous tampering with the discontents of the Kaffirs, by Dr. Phillip, of the London mission, and his subordinate partisans," together with the baneful doctrines propagated by a Colonial publication, edited by the relative and organ of the above-named reverend gentleman. So much for the Hottontot establishments under missionary superintendence!

To return, however, to Macomo. His expulsion from the Kat River, backed by such incentives, was ever with him a theme of constant grievance and complaint. And when, in 1833, for further misconduct, he was ordered to quit this side of the Chumie, his fury became unbounded, and he resolved on revenge, by carrying into effect the long-meditated invasion of the

[1] From Chase's "Cape of Good Hope," pp. 84, 85.

whole eastern extent of the Colonial territory; purposing further to preface this measure by inviting Colonel Somerset, the Commandant of the frontier, to a personal interview, in which he was to have been treacherously massacred, with all those who might have accompanied him.

"This intended deed of treachery and blood had a peculiar aggravation in the fact, that those chiefs who had projected it —Macomo and Tyalie—had for many years been treated with the greatest personal kindness by Colonel Somerset—had been frequently guests at his house for days together—had been almost domesticated in his family—and had been in a thousand ways objects of his favour and munificence."[1]

Colonel Somerset fortunately received timely intimation of this nefarious design; otherwise there is little doubt but that he would have shared the same fate as the father of the present Sir Andreas Stockenstrom, who, in the war of 1812, was murdered in the Zuureberg Mountains, during a conference held with these treacherous savages. The sudden and unprovoked irruption on the Colony—which, under the direction of Macomo, and without any warning on his part, shortly afterwards ensued—and the consequent Kaffir war of 1834-5, have already been adverted to: suffice it here to say, that during its continuance, this chief displayed, in the manner of conducting his hostile operations, an equal degree of ability, ferocity, and determination; which qualifications then acquired for him the reputation, he long afterwards retained, of

[1] From Sir Benjamin d'Urban's official letter to Lord Glenelg, dated 9th of June, 1836.

being the most skilful as well as the most dangerous of our numerous Kaffir enemies.

On the conclusion of the war of 1835—and after the fruits of Sir Benjamin d'Urban's labours and Colonel Smith's valour had been scattered to the winds, in consequence of the adoption of an absurd system of policy—Captain, now Sir Andreas Stockenstrom, was established in the important post of Lieutenant-Governor of the Eastern Province, and entrusted with the direction of carrying into effect "the Stockenstrom Treaties;" so called, as being supposed to have originated chiefly from suggestions of his own.

In consequence of acting on these suggestions, greater scope than ever was given to the Kaffirs. Not only was the territory lately annexed to the Colony by Sir Benjamin d'Urban, under the name of the Province of Adelaide, surrendered to them—but the Ceded District, which we had obtained in 1819, likewise in "just and retributive warfare," was also given up. The numerous forts and military posts, erected at great expense to maintain these conquests, were now demolished; and amongst others, Fort Willshire; whose reconstruction had lately cost no less than £50,000!

Still, in prosecution of our wretched policy in South Africa—as if determined to be consistent only in inconsistency—after thus apparently admitting the claim of the Kaffirs to the Ceded District, we gave them further cause of discontent, by withholding that portion before adverted to, as located by a colony of Hottentots in the valley of the Kat River.

This portion of territory is, from its situation and

fertility, greatly prized by the Kaffirs: Macomo laid a particular stress on its restitution, as being the place of his birth, and where he had spent his early youth and manhood. Some years afterwards, when Sir George Napier had a conference on the frontier with the Gaïka chiefs, he continued to urge this as one of his greatest grievances; and its non-redress is even said to have been amongst the many concomitant causes of the war of 1846.

Whether to console himself for this supposed ill-usage, or in consequence of inheriting from his father, Gaïka, a strong predilection for the "bottle," Macomo, at the conclusion of the war of 1835, took to excessive drinking. To indulge this propensity, he became a constant visitor at Fort Beaufort, where he was frequently to be seen considerably the worse for liquor; and, whilst in this condition, was often carried away insensible, by his wives or attendants; some of whom always accompanied him on these jovial occasions.

These continued excesses must have at last affected both the physical and intellectual powers of Macomo; for, at the outbreak of the last war, he no longer showed himself the same energetic and active leader, who had in 1834 headed the congregated hordes of the Amakosæ, across the Colonial border.[1] Enfeebled in body and mind, loathing those hostilities which pre-

[1] The system which the Kaffirs so successfully adopted, during the last war, of crippling our resources by cutting off the cumbrous trains of waggons carrying our supplies, originated at the suggestion of Macomo, "a policy which he used often, in times of peace, to declare would be adopted by them in the next war, as they had learned to know the importance of stopping

vented him from indulging in his favourite—and now to him indispensable recreation—Macomo, after some preliminary negociations, came to the head-quarters of our forces, then established at Block Drift, and finally surrendered himself, unconditionally, on the 10th of November, 1846.

* * * * *

By one of those sudden and extraordinary transitions of climate, so common in the summer season of this part of Southern Africa, a day of such intense heat—that, as we used to say, the mercury ran up to the very top of the tent-poles—was succeeded by a night of heavy rain, during which the cold was so severe, that blankets, sheepskins, and boat-cloaks, were—under our canvass habitations—considered most desirable bed-fellows. The following morning still continued wet, raw, and uncomfortable; whilst a small, drizzling rain might have almost made us suppose ourselves amidst the bleak highlands of Scotland, instead of being denizens of "Afric's burning clime."

Such was the unpropitious state of the elements at Block Drift, on the day of Macomo's surrender; and I shall never forget the drenched and miserable appearance of that Chief and his party, as they awaited instructions at the outer precincts of the camp. He had brought with him his whole "harcem," consisting of about a dozen wives, queens, or concubines, with no

our supplies, and their own strength in such a line of warfare." The above is quoted from one of the despatches of Sir P. Maitland; and it seems strange, that with a knowledge of this fact, a single waggon should have been permitted to accompany the army, when it was so easy to substitute pack animals.

end of little Macomos; his brother "Ned," his son Konah, a few attendants, and his private stud of horses.

On visiting this motley group, I found it huddled up in a dripping mass. Macomo, wrapped in a blanket, with an assegaï in his hand, stood in the midst of his female domestic circle, who, seated on their scanty baggage of a few skins, mats, and calabashes, were endeavouring—whilst assiduously smoking out of short, gipsy pipes—to protect their own persons and those of their offspring, from the damp, by closely shrouding themselves in their ox-hide karosses; which, now soaked with rain, clung closely, and with the utmost pertinacity, to their shivering forms, whose outlines were thus fully developed.

In Southern Africa, the "tanner's" opinion that there is "nothing like leather," appears fully to prevail. Everything here is coriaceous, from the Hottentot "crackers" to the Kaffir "inghubo," or kaross. But, at the same time, it can easily be imagined that nothing is more unpleasant to the wearer than a garment of this material, when thoroughly saturated with wet.

No time was lost in allotting quarters to these illustrious captives, who were forthwith installed in a sort of stable attached to the abode of Mr. Stretch, (the late political resident at Block Drift) and which, in comparison to their own confined and smoky huts, were no doubt considered by them as first-rate quarters.

Desirous of basking, as much as possible, in the sunshine of royalty, I was frequently an inmate of

Macomo's new abode, to which a large well filled brandy-flask, some tobacco, and a few sixpences, always gained me ready admittance. I thus soon became as it were domesticated in his family circle; and, by the assistance of the above passports, was able to obtain sketches of the Chief himself, and of most of his relatives, together with whatever imperfect information I occasionally gleaned through the unsatisfactory medium of an interpreter.

A glass of brandy was always the price of a ten minutes' sitting from Macomo, who, though apparently reduced to a state of idiotcy through drink—or, according to the opinion of some who well knew him of old, only simulating that state—was ever sufficiently on the *qui vive*, to insist on a bumper, regardless of the size of the goblet. But, whether really imbecile, or only for purposes of his own, feigning to be in that condition, he certainly did not, at this period, answer the following description of a late writer, who had an opportunity of seeing him at the very same place, but under more auspicious circumstances, when, in 1838, Sir George Napier, then Governor of the Cape, visited the eastern frontier; though even at that time Macomo was said to have been "excessively addicted to drink."

"The celebrated chiefs, Macomo and Tyali, who took the most prominent part in the late Kaffir war, dined with us at Mr. Stretch's, and behaved like gentlemen, seeming quite accustomed to European habits, and perfectly at their ease. We had much conversation with them, by means of an interpreter. They showed a quickness of repartee, and a tact and

dexterity in conversation, which would have done credit to civilized men."[1]

Great is the change which, since then, appears to have come o'er the spirit of Macomo; for the only reply we could now elicit to any question was—"nāzélah," a present, or "coubah," and "kiolah," (tobacco and brandy) on which objects all his ideas appeared exclusively concentrated. In fact, never could I have imagined a more complete picture of brutalized barbarism, than that presented by this Chief and his "domestic circle," in which there was certainly not a vestige to be seen of aught either "gentle," or royal.

In person, Macomo is below the usual Kaffir height, but muscular, and powerfully built, with a most forbidding expression of countenance, strongly indicative of ferocity, blended with subtlety and cunning. He is of a very dark hue, nearly approaching to black; in short, altogether much more resembling a Fingoe than the generality of Kaffirs.

The following sketch of Macomo, taken in 1835, is from the pen of Sir James Alexander, author of the "Campaign in Kaffirland:" "In the centre of the group, supported under the arms by two counsellors, was a short, thick-set, and very black Kaffir, wearing a blue cloth surtout and leather trowsers. Round his waist was strapped a brown ball pouch, recognised as Lieutenant Baillie's, whose bones were lying on the side of a hill in sight. The eye of the chief was very keen, restless, and intelligent; his nose was depressed; and his lips were thick, with lines of debauchery

[1] From "Bunbury's Residence at the Cape of Good Hope," p. 157.

MACOMO, THE GAÏKA CHIEF, IN 1834.

From a Portrait taken by F. Ions, Esq., of Graham's Town.

about the mouth and chin. This was Macomo, the great warrior of all the Kaffir chiefs—the most active and daring in the field, and cunning in council."

Divested—whilst surrounded by his amiable family, and in domestic retirement at Block Drift—of the usual attributes of his rank; he no longer sported either the leopard-skin kaross,[1] or my Lord Glenelg's munificent gift: the gold-laced diplomatic suit of clothing; but now comfortably smoked a pipe and enjoyed his bottle, in the easiest undress furnished by Nature; or, at least, with no other garment save the "noutchee." Thus, during the wet weather which had lately set in, he usually passed his time in a *dolce far niente* state, by the side of a fire lit in the middle of the apartment; his English visitors being thereby always blinded with smoke, which appeared however to have no effect on Macomo's visual organs, or those of his sultanas and numerous offspring. The latter crawled about in all directions over the mud floor—like so many huge, dark-coloured toads—perfectly naked, and with distended abdomens, nearly bursting from excessive repletion.

The fact was, the poor wretches—men, women, and children—had apparently been, ere Macomo's surrender, in a state almost approaching to starvation; and now that they were supplied with as much commissariat beef as they could possibly devour, they knew not how far good "digestion might wait on appetite." On the first day of their arrival, more particularly, they tore the bleeding flesh—generally speaking,

[1] The kaross, or mantle of leopard's skin, is the distinctive mark of a Kaffir chief.

scarcely warmed on the embers, and in some instances perfectly raw—with such hearty good will, as might have caused the envy of many a satiated gourmand, or *blazéd* epicure. In short, it would have been difficult to conceive that human nature could ever possibly approximate so nearly to the brute creation. The very infants, like the ravenous whelps of wolves, appeared to have an innate relish for blood; and whilst these royal imps, being in the fearful state of repletion above alluded to, and disputing with hungry curs the possession of a few morsels cast to them by their affectionate parents, the followers outside the shed were equally busy with the more disgusting offal, which had been rejected from the regal repast; at the conclusion of which, the royal paws, covered with the greasy residue of the feast, would be purified by ample ablutions of cow-dung!

The reader will, ere this, have no doubt entertained a wish to drop all further acquaintance with these specimens of African refinement; but I cannot close the subject without saying a few words relative to those sable queens to whose transcendent charms I often paid homage in that courtly circle. Beauteous Clinah! graceful Nomah! charming Gāāmah! with some further half score of frizzly-headed houries—would that I could immortalize in song one tithe of your personal and mental perfections!

The facility with which the huge-mouthed Nomah could, at a single sitting, devour pounds of nearly raw beef, well seasoned with wood-ashes; the ease with which the gentle and meditative Gāāmah, through a little "doudeen," converted into smoke a well-filled

pouch of tobacco; or the graceful manner wherewith the golden-coloured[1] Clinah performed the most charitable offices on the woolly head-pieces of her sister-queens; whilst, with truly maternal solicitude, imparting nourishment, *over* her shoulder, to the dark cherub securely strapped at her back—all these, and a thousand other touching instances of female grace, delicacy, and refinement, on the part of these ebon queens of the great Macomo, would require a far abler pen to award them the full justice they deserve. And were those attractions duly recorded, according to their deserts, the long-famed Beauties of the Courts of Charles II. and of Louis Quatorze would sink into insignificance, and henceforward hide their diminished heads!

Neither shall I attempt to descant on the dazzling charms of the royal princesses—relate the conquests achieved in camp by the captivating "Miss" Macomo[2]—the number of hearts she seared with her piercing glances, or the proofs of affection she could show, duly embodied in "nāzélahs," and safely secured in the shape of drams, tobacco, and sixpences—all this would be foreign to the subject; and I shall therefore

[1] The natural hue of the Kaffir appears to be a dark bronzed bistre; but it becomes many shades lighter when crossed with the Hottentot or Griqua race.

[2] Amahkaïa, the eldest daughter of the Chief, was as complete a flirt, and as thorough a coquette, as ever issued from the most fashionable "seminary for young ladies." An officer of rank used to be much bantered on the subject of "Miss Macomo;" but he constantly avowed the attachment to be purely "Platonic." The Amakosa princess has been immortalized by the author of "Five Years in Kaffirland," in an interesting article which appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine" for January, 1849.

return to the hero of my tale, whose story now draws to a close.

Macomo, after his surrender, became more than ever addicted to drink. He made several attempts to reach his old haunts at Fort Beaufort; but, being always foiled in these endeavours, the savage grew morose and sullen to a degree; and then, in real or feigned insanity, gave way to uncontrollable fits of fury, during which, he not only unmercifully used blows and violence towards his wives and children, but is even said to have seized one of the latter by the legs, and dashed out its brains against the floor.[1]

Terrified at the consequences of his ungovernable temper, and probably glad to escape from their tyrant, Macomo's wives and attendants gradually deserted him; till at last, having no one left on whom to vent his rage, I have seen him mounted on his horse, furiously galloping about with the most frantic gestures, and probably in search of those who were thus "absent without leave." At length, his conduct becoming so completely that of a maniac, it was necessary to have him placed under personal restraint, and confined in Fort Armstrong, from whence he was subsequently conveyed to Algoa Bay; which I believe, until lately, continued the scene of his banishment.

Since the above was written, (in 1848) the last notice we have of Macomo is his interview, at Port Elizabeth, with Sir Harry Smith, who, ordering the drunken savage to crouch down before him, placed his foot upon his neck, saying—"This is the way in which I shall

[1] See "United Service Magazine" for July, 1847, p. 390.

treat the enemies of the Queen of England !"—a much more suitable posture for such a wretch, than the one in which he is described by a recent author, as seated at the table of our political agent, and delighting the company present, by his "tact in conversation, and readiness of repartee !"

The above outline of Macomo's career and general character, founded chiefly on official documents, is, I believe, not the least overdrawn; yet in the class of writers before alluded to—as having by false statements respecting this part of the world so long misled the public—there are not wanting some who attempt to palliate, if they cannot justify, the most sanguinary acts of this ferocious barbarian. "Macomo," says one of these veracious historians, "is acknowledged by all who have been personally acquainted with him, to be a man of superior sense, talent, and integrity !"[1]

When we find such statements as these, regarding a savage, notorious for every crime by which humanity can be defiled, backed by grave assertions of "Pato becoming a convert to Christianity"—of "Macomo doing his utmost to promote the same cause"—of European encroachment, and oppression of the Kaffirs —it is no longer matter of surprise that the British government and British public should have been so long blinded and kept in the dark as to the real state of our relations with the Native Tribes of this part of the world—that the latter should hitherto have been considered as "more sinned against than sinning;" that the laws consequently enacted, instead of having

[1] See Pringle's "South African Sketches," p. 108. See also Appendix.

been framed for the protection of the Colonist, were invariably in favour of the savage. It may hence be accounted for, that treated thus with a most mistaken leniency, a set of ruthless and treacherous barbarians should have always been countenanced and encouraged in their lawless depredations on our territory; until one portion of its unfortunate inhabitants have been driven, in despair, to emigrate, "en masse," across the border, whilst others have been irretrievably ruined; that immense loss of life and property have ensued, with the finale of a disastrous and inglorious war, causing a drain of nearly three millions on the exchequer of Great Britain!

A brighter prospect however now dawns on so valuable, though long-neglected and ill-used portion of the British dominions. Our possessions in Southern Africa are at present governed by a man, whose long experience in this part of the world—combined with a thorough knowledge of the Kaffir character—added to his well-known activity and determination of purpose—fully qualify him for the difficult task. And—unless his hands be tied—the most beneficial changes may now not unreasonably be looked for, in the state of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, under the paternal, though firm and energetic rule, of Sir Harry Smith.[1]

[1] The above was written, ere the suggestion of that hopeful scheme of converting the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope into a Penal Settlement.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE IN THE BUSH.

Injudicious conduct previously to the War of 1846—Unsuccessful operations—Burgher Levies—Discontented feeling—Suspension of arms—Contradictory statements—Life in the Bush—Southern Africa well adapted to a Sportsman's existence—Quantity of game—Kolben's account—Wild beasts at Cape Town—Lion hunts—Celebrated Sportsmen—Preparations for a shooting expedition—The Author's mode of travelling—"Treking"—Horses done up—The "Spoor"—The Cape Corps orderly—Scarcity of water—The Fish River Bush—Water at last—A bivouac by the stream—A night in the Bush.

After the occurrence—at the commencement of 1846—of the "untoward" event of a military surveying party having unauthorizedly been sent by us to make a plan for the erection of a fortress beyond our own boundary, and within the limits of a state with which we were, at the time, professedly in a state of alliance and friendship—after the precipitate withdrawal of that military party, at the peremptory order of the Chief whose territory we had so unaccountably violated—after the consequent unsatisfactory interview of the Lieutenant-Governor with Sandilla, at Block Drift—after all these prognostications of a coming storm, a short lull occurred for a while. But it was

only the treacherous stillness preluding the approaching hurricane.[1]

Though evidently desirous of war, "Young Kaffirland" not being as yet fully prepared for the same, condescended—albeit with very ill grace, and spite of our injudicious conduct—to temporize yet for a brief period; till, at last, the outrageous act of attacking an escort on this side of the Colonial boundary, and rescuing a Kaffir, (who had committed a crime within its limits, and was being conveyed to Graham's Town, to take his trial for the same) rendered hostilities inevitable on our part.

The campaign was opened by the "three days' affair" at the Amatola; the startling loss of the waggons and baggage at Burn's Hill; the retreat on Block Drift, and abandonment of Post Victoria; till the savages, stimulated by such unexpected successes, became so daring, as not only to intercept our convoys, but to make an open attack on Fort Peddie, and drive off a large quantity of cattle from under the protection of its guns. Thus elated, it is difficult to say how far they might have followed up these advantages, had not the fortunate—though quite accidental—check which they received in the month of June, on the plains of the Gwanga, most opportunely occurred to damp their warlike ardour.

Shortly after this event, the grand simultaneous

[1] For a detailed account of all these foolish transactions—and for which poor Colonel Hare, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Eastern Province, was so unjustly blamed—the reader is referred to the official correspondence contained in the "Blue Book" for 1847, on affairs of the Cape of Good Hope. Vide Appendix to Chapter V. of this volume.

forward movement took place on our part, which however turned out a complete failure. It was undertaken at an unfavourable season for the horses and cattle (the grass being then withered up); whilst the supplies for the troops, instead of being disembarked at the Buffalo mouth, were landed (sometimes only *attempted* to be landed) at Algoa Bay; from whence—through apparently faulty arrangements of the commissariat and carriage departments—the most tedious delays invariably occurred, ere they reached their destination. The upshot of all this bad management was, that—men and horses being nearly in a state of starvation—we fell back on the line of frontier, along which we were then obliged to assume a defensive attitude; posts being next established, to keep up the communication between the head-quarter camps of the first and second divisions of the army, which were now *permanently* fixed—the former at Block Drift, the latter on the coast near Waterloo Bay. Affairs continued in this position, when, as "Superintendent" of the Native Levies of the first Division, I—as before described—joined the head-quarters of that part of the force.

My charge, which consisted of between fifteen hundred and two thousand men, comprising Baastards, Hottentots, Fingoes, and friendly Kaffirs, were—under various leaders—widely distributed over the country, to the front, flank, and rear of Head-Quarters; their duty being mainly to guard the different passes, and keep up the line of communication above referred to.

The wants of these Burgher Levies (some of which, as that of Clanwilliam, had marched nearly a thousand miles to the scene of operations) were sadly neglected; nor had the promises made to them, when embodied

at the outbreak of the war, been very religiously observed.[1] The consequence was, considerable discontent amongst this, otherwise, very efficient—indeed, indispensable—part of the force. On observing the state of ragged wretchedness of such portion of these Levies as happened at the time to be stationed in the immediate neighbourhood of Block Drift, I came to the conclusion that their murmurs were not entirely groundless; and therefore resolved thoroughly to investigate into the nature of their complaints, and—should I find them well founded—obtain, if possible, proper redress for such alleged grievances.

Meanwhile, the wily Kaffirs, whose object (now that grass had become plentiful) was evidently to gain time—until the green forage should again be withered up—had, by unbounded promises of the restitution of cattle, the surrender of arms, and of future good conduct—succeeded, with the help of their peace-making friends, the missionaries—in obtaining a suspension of arms, for the purpose, as they said, of enabling them to carry these promises into effect. But the time for the expiration of this truce was now rapidly approaching, without having produced any of the anticipated results: "active operations" were again talked of; and I was therefore anxious, ere those operations took place, to visit all the different posts occupied by the Native Levies under my charge, in order that the latter might—by having their different wants properly represented and attended to—be rendered as efficient as present circumstances would admit of.

It is not my purpose—as I have before observed—

[1] See Sir Henry Pottinger's despatch, dated Graham's Town, March 13, 1847, at p. 36 of "Blue Book" for 1848.

to enter into any detail of the operations of the last Kaffir war; that task having already been accomplished by a far abler pen. I shall therefore, in the ensuing chapters, confine myself to the recital of a few personal adventures—mingled, as occasion may present—with an account of such occurrences of any interest, as may have previously taken place at the different sites which I visited during my various excursions in those wild regions of Southern Africa.

Pursuant to this design, I have, in the following narrative, given—as much as possible in the words of my informants, or by extracts from official documents—the relation of those events which I did not myself witness, but as connected with the localities through which I passed in the course of my peregrinations. These accounts will perhaps, in some cases, be found contradictory; but when was the same event ever described in a similar manner, and with the same view of its various bearings, by two different persons?—although they may both have been in common engaged in what they attempt to describe, and as each no doubt imagines, with every regard to accuracy. Yet of such materials is History unavoidably composed!

To prevent useless repetition in describing the mode of life I generally led, whilst engaged on my professional avocations in Kaffirland, I have taken the liberty of making a digression (if I may so term it) which I trust the reader will forgive, on perusing the remainder of this chapter—called, for want of a better title,

"LIFE IN THE BUSH."

The wilds of Southern Africa appear, as it were, peculiarly adapted to an adventurous and roving

course of life; and in no portion of the globe can the real lover of Nature, in her most unadorned and pristine garb, find more ample scope for the indulgence of his meditations. The mildness and salubrity of the climate in this part of the world—which renders the wanderer over its boundless "karoos;" vast, ocean-like, undulating prairies; high and extensive table-lands; or amidst the recesses of its dense jungles, perfectly independent of house or home; where the shelter of his waggon, of a small patrole tent, carried on a sumpter-horse; of his boat-cloak, or even that of the "Bush;"—answering every purpose of the kind—generally contribute to render a wandering, gipsy sort of existence, amidst these wild and primitive regions, one of never-failing zest and enjoyment.

To the enterprising and daring sportsman, it likewise affords an ample field for his favourite pursuits; and one which—from the numerous and varied nature of its sylvan denizens—may be safely "beat over," without danger of satiety or want of success; although, it must be confessed, that, within the limits of the Colony itself, game, and especially the larger sort, is no longer to be found in such abundance or variety as in former times, during the first occupation of the Dutch. At that period, the animal creation—birds, fishes, and beasts—still unfettered and unawed by the dominion of man, not only in vast numbers overran its virgin soil, but in some instances—as with the elephant and lion—by their numbers or fierceness, caused the savage inhabitants of the land to fly in terror before them; and remained thus in undisputed possession of their accustomed haunts.

The western coast, from Saldanha Bay to the "Cape of Storms," was, at certain seasons of the year, so much resorted to by countless flocks of aquatic birds, that the atmosphere became sometimes literally darkened with their locust flights;[1] whilst every creek and inlet swarmed with innumerable quantities of the finny tribes. Huge whales then gambolled in the waters of Table Bay. Ravenous sharks were, in days of yore—as at present—not its unfrequent visitors. The sea-lion often sported his ungainly form on the sands; and Robben Island was thus named by the Dutch, in consequence of the number of seals which might constantly, in those good old times, be seen basking on its bleak and barren shores. Van Riebeck, the founder of the Settlement, and first Governor of the Cape, quaintly informs us in his Journal, of the number of times he cast the "seine," and of the immense quantities of fish he thereby procured for the refreshment of the disabled, weary, and wave-worn followers of his enterprising expedition.

Kolben states that, even in his day, (about the year 1705), "Ostriches were so numerous in the Cape countries, that a man can hardly walk a quarter of an hour any way in those countries, without seeing one or more of these birds;" and the same author bears witness to the abundance of large game, at that period, in the immediate vicinity of the Fort.

[1] The reader is referred to Le Vaillant's work for an account of the immense numbers of sea-birds which were, in his time, (1787) found at Saldanha Bay, and his statement is fully confirmed by the quantity of guano of late years shipped off from thence, and which was found in layers of from thirty to forty feet deep.

The eland, the koudou, and many other species of antelope, are said, in those days, to have frequented the foot of Table Mountain; and although no mention is made of the giraffe, zebras—and quaggas (called by the old Dutch Colonists "wild horses"), were occasionally brought in by their Hottentot allies. The wild buffalo then revelled—almost in sight of the capital—amidst those marshes which still exist between Constantia and Muisenberg. The unwieldy rhinoceros wallowed there, to his heart's content, in the mire. Troops of elephants roamed unmolested amidst the tall forests (long since levelled to the ground), and sedgy swamps of Hout Bay. Lions, wolves, and tigers,[1] are described to have been in such numbers, as to become a subject of serious annoyance to Van Riebeck; who complains that they not only carried off cattle under the very eyes of the sentinels, but, that on some occasions, they seemed inclined to "take the fort by storm."[2] This happened shortly after the arrival of the first Dutch Settlers at the Cape; though Kolben relates, that in his time—more than half a century after the above occurrence—"a sentinel, standing at his post before his officer's tent, was knocked down by a lion, and carried clean off."

The above author, after adverting to the great dexterity displayed by the Hottentots of that period in

[1] The hyæna is, in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, generally known as the "wolf." In like manner, the leopard is miscalled a "tiger;" though the latter has never been known to exist in that country.

[2] See Van Riebeck's "Journal" for January 23rd, 1652, in the "Cape Records."

the use of the "hassagaye" and "rackumstick,"[1] gives the following account of their mode of hunting, which may perhaps not prove wholly uninteresting:—

"When all the men of a kraal are out upon the chase, and discover a wild beast of any considerable size, strength, and fierceness, they divide themselves into several parties, and endeavour to surround the beast, which, through their nimbleness of foot, they generally do very quickly; though, upon the sight of such danger, the beast, of whatsoever kind, always betakes himself to all his shifts and to all his heels.

"When a lion, tiger, or leopard, is thus encompassed, they attack him with hassagayes and arrows. With flaming eyes and the wildest rage, the creature flies upon the Hottentots who threw them. He is nimble; they are nimbler, and avoid him with astonishing dexterity, till they are relieved by others of the ring, who, plying him with fresh arrows and hassagayes, bring him, in all his fury, upon themselves. He leaps towards one so quick, and, as you would think, with so sure a pace, that you shudder for the fellow, expecting to see him in an instant torn all to pieces. But you see no such thing. The fellow in danger leaps out of it in the twinkling of an eye, and the beast spends all his rage upon the ground. He turns and leaps towards another, and another, and another; but still in vain. The nimble fellows avoid him with the quickness of thought, and still he fights only with the air. All this time, the arrows and hassagayes are showering upon him in the rear. He

[1] Answering to the assegaï and knob-kerrie, used by the Kaffirs of the present day.

grows mad with pain; and, leaping from one party to another of his enemies, and tumbling from time to time on the ground, to break the arrows and hassagayes that are fastened in him, he foams, yells, and roars all the time very terribly. There is certainly nothing so admirable of the kind in any other part of the world as the activity and address of the Hottentots on these occasions. On one side, they escape the paws of the beast with incredible dexterity; and, on the other, relieve one another with incredible speed and resolution. The Hottentots engaging with a lion, tiger, or leopard, &c., in this manner, is a spectacle that cannot be seen without the highest admiration but by such as are more stupid than some have represented the Hottentots. If the beast is not quickly slain, he is quickly convinced there is no dealing with so nimble an enemy; and then he makes off with all his heels, and having by this time a multitude, perhaps, of poisoned arrows and hassagayes upon his back, the Hottentots let him go very freely, and follow him at a little distance. The poison quickly seizes him, and he runs not far before he falls."

With all their dexterity, in the pursuits of the chase, such was the natural indolence of the savage inhabitants of the Cape, that it was only when roused to exertion by the depredations of wild beasts on their folds, or driven thereto by the imperious calls of hunger, that they could be brought to follow up the—to them —toilsome occupation of hunting; for, as Kolben remarks, "although very fond of venison, the Hottentots are still more fond of their ease." This accounts for the abundance of game, of every description, found

in this part of the world on the first arrival of the Dutch, whose firearms had, however, the effect of thinning its numbers, much more effectually than either the poisoned arrows, rackum-sticks, or assegaïs of the natives. As the white man advanced into the interior of the country, building, clearing, and cultivating in his onward progress, its former sylvan denizens either fell beneath the mighty "roers"[1] of the invader, or fled beyond his reach, across the far desert "karoos;" till, in the course of time, the western provinces of the Cape became completely denuded of the larger animals of the chase. And, at the present day, the sportsman, ambitious of bearing off "Nemæan" spoils, is fain to cross the Great Orange River to the north, or explore the forests of Natal, towards the east, ere he stand a chance of encountering the lordly lion, the elephant, rhinoceros, or hippopotamus.

The Kaffirs of more recent times, fully as dexterous in the chase as the Hottentots of old, and as indefatigable in that pursuit as the latter were supine, have, to the eastward, effected what the Boers long since accomplished towards the north, in the extirpation of nearly every description of game. To indulge, therefore, in the once-vaunted field-sports of Southern Africa, their votary is now forced to tread in the far footsteps of Harris and Methuen; to follow, in their more recent and even more remote peregrinations, those of Christie and Arkwright; or of that daring "lion-slayer," the Hercules and Theseus

[1] A heavy gun of great calibre, in common use amongst the Dutch Boers at the Cape.

of Southern Africa—the far-famed and adventurous Cumming.[1]

A shooting expedition into the interior, at the present time, owing to the great distance to be gone over, together with the slow and cumbrous mode of waggon conveyance, has become, not an enterprise of days and weeks, but an undertaking of months; and one, moreover, attended with great trouble and expense.

The waggon, destined so long to form the home of the aspiring sportsman, has—like a vessel bound for a distant part of the world—to be supplied with every requisite for a twelvemonth's voyage: bedding, stores, liquors, lead, powder, and shot, are to be laid in; spare horses and oxen in great numbers must be provided, to replace losses by accidents, death, and other contingencies.[2] And—what is more difficult to procure than all—a certain number of native attendants is absolutely requisite; men who have been accustomed to live in the "Bush," and whose fidelity may be, moreover, depended on.

Thus prepared for his expedition, the sporting or exploring traveller—whose starting-place is usually from Graham's Town, on the eastern frontier—turns his back on civilization, and plunges into the wilder-

[1] See Harris's "Field Sports in Southern Africa," and Methuen's "Life in the Wilderness." The three last named gentlemen have, it is said, penetrated farther into the interior than any former European travellers; and it is only to be regretted that they should not have yet favoured the public with accounts of their exploratory and sporting adventures.

[2] A certain species of fly is frequently met with in the interior, whose sting is fatal to horses and cattle, and often causes great losses of both.

ness; there to enter on a life of excitement and adventure; though, it must not be concealed, one usually attended with great privations and discomfort.

Such is the usual mode of undertaking a journey into the interior of Southern Africa; and, though the "trek" waggon may possess many advantages where celerity is no object, it strikes me that one of these distant expeditions could be undertaken with a great saving of time, and consequently much more chance of success, were the traveller—unincumbered by the great and constant drawback of wheeled carriages—to depend entirely on horses for the transport of himself, his attendants, and such requisites as he absolutely required.[1]

Whilst in charge of the Native Levies, the nature of my duties frequently obliged me to travel considerable distances for many consecutive days; and these long journeys were always easily accomplished with the hardy little horses of the country; than which no animal is more enduring, requires less care, and can stand without detriment greater privations and fatigue. On these occasions, my usual retinue consisted of a Hottentot Cape Corps Orderly, to serve as guide; whilst Mr. Jacob led the sumpter horse, carrying a small waterproof patrole tent (weighing about twenty-

[1] This plan was successfully pursued by Mr. Thompson, the author of "Travels in Southern Africa," during his expedition to Namaqualand; and it is only to be regretted that the camel is not introduced into this part of the world, which would greatly promote the means of exploring the interior.

five pounds) and a change of linen; together with a few provisions. Thus provided and attended, I used to get over the ground, when requisite, at the rate of forty and fifty—nay, even on a push, sixty miles a day; and this (unless water were scarce) without much distress either to man or beast.

The constant excitement attending such a mode of life—particularly when in an enemy's country, and that enemy a most wily savage, to guard against surprise from whom one must be ever on the *qui vive*—is of a nature so stirring, as not to be easily pictured by the quiet fireside reader at home. At one time, cantering gaily forward in the dewy coolness of the young morn, on a fresh, untired horse, over the undulating and verdant prairies of Kaffirland, here and there—park-like—dotted with bright flowering shrubs of the thorny mimosa; now anxiously scanning the smoke ascending from an enemy's "kraal,"[1] ensconced in the deep recesses of a wooded kloof; then marking a Kaffir's "spoor" on the soft, moist, and stoneless path; noting the stealthy footsteps of the jackall, or hyæna, returning at break of day from his midnight feast; or the recent track of a herd of (probably stolen) cattle, whose progress may have disturbed the dew-bespangled grass, and so betrayed the direction of their course.

In this manner did we oft accomplish the earlier part of our "trek." The sun now rides high in the bright,

[1] A word derived from the South American term "corral;" meaning an assemblage of native huts, and also applied to the thorny enclosure in which the cattle is secured for the night.

unclouded heavens. The Hottentots look anxiously around for the well-known "vlei."[1] But, alas! on reaching the long-expected spot, instead of the wished-for water, rippling under the breeze, nought presents itself to our aching sight save a brown, cracked surface of dry and hardened mud! The panting steeds have already gone over some twenty or thirty miles of ground; heaving flanks and drooping heads now bear witness to their toil. Mr. Jacob (for our faithful esquire still rejoiceth in that patriarchal name) looks anxiously about, scratches his woolly head, and appears fairly at his wits' end. "Farley," the Cape corps Orderly, above alluded to, proposes to off-saddle, and try on our nags the effect of half an hour's graze. Although they refuse to feed, they instantly roll on the grass, and appear thence to imbibe renewed spirit and vigour. "Saddle-up!" is now the word. We are again on horseback; but, ere we can raise a canter, the spur is sadly in request; and Mr. Jacob's horse begins to show increasing and unequivocal symptoms of distress; he is, in fact, dead beat; and, stumbling at every step, at last falls upon his nose. Jacob shoots over his head, but is on his legs again in a second.

"Is the double barrel smashed?"

"No, sar; but horse never can carry me more far; and pack-horse getting 'shut up,' too."

"You must, then, just walk, and drive them on before you. Farley, how far are we still from any water?"

The facility with which the Hottentot can track his way over the wildest wastes, through the intri-

[1] A pool of water, generally speaking, formed by the rain.

cacies of the deepest bush, by the light of day, or during the darkness of night, is quite proverbial, and amounts to a sort of natural instinct, which they appear to possess in common with some of the brute creation.

Endowed with the most acute powers of vision, the faintest landmark serves him as an unerring guide. With like facility, he will for miles and miles trace the "spoor," or footsteps of either man or beast. Place him once on the "trail," and no bloodhound can follow it up more accurately by scent, than the Totty will do by sight. A single blade of grass removed from its original direction — the slightest appearance of moisture left by the displacement of even a small pebble—a ruffled leaf on the bush—are all sufficient evidences to direct him in discovering the spoor: by the appearance of which, he will not only be able to tell whether the object of his pursuit has passed within three minutes or three days, but likewise whether his flight has been precipitate or slow—whether he has moved with the confidence of strength, or that dread of detection inseparable from fear, weakness, or guilt.[1]

It is this wonderful and peculiar faculty which renders the services of the Cape Mounted Rifles—composed nearly exclusively of Hottentots—so invaluable on the frontier, in tracing Kaffirs and stolen cattle across the border; and to Captain ——, of that corps,

[1] Long practice has made some of the border Colonists great adepts at following up a spoor. But they can seldom or never, in this respect, approach to Hottentot perfection, which, as before remarked, is with them a perfect instinct.

I was indebted for a permanent Orderly, endowed, to an extraordinary degree, with this inherent qualification of his race, and possessing, moreover, the useful accomplishment of speaking very tolerable English.[1]

Farley—the man in question—appeared acquainted with every inch of ground we traversed together, from Graham's Town to the Buffalo, from the Fish River mouth to the Winterberg Mountains. He knew every path through the Bush, every "drift"[2] across the rivers; every "vlei," or pool of water; could distinguish the spoor of a Kaffir from that of a Fingoe; could point out the haunts of the former, and how to discover or avoid them. In short, he was always, during a most erratic career in Kaffirland, my right-hand man, the very guiding-staff of my footsteps; until drunkenness—the besetting sin of the Hottentot—dashed that staff to the ground.

"Farley, how far are we still from water?" asked I, whilst Mr. Jacob was wiping the dust off his horse's knees.

"Perhaps, sar, we find in two hours, or two hours and a half, if horses don't 'shut up;' but vleis all dry: must go to river, through the Bush."

Through the Great Fish River Bush, along an apparently little frequented track, with which Farley, however, seemed quite familiar, we accordingly wend our weary way. But the dense jungle, which on each side borders the path, whilst depriving us of the refreshing breeze, affords no protection against the fierce

[1] The Hottentots have entirely forgotten the language of their forefathers, and Dutch is now their vernacular idiom.

[2] The Colonial term for "ford."

rays of the African summer sun, now pouring all its vertical heat on our devoted heads.

There is something unearthly in the total absence of animal life; in the hushed, dreamy, and death-like silence which generally pervades the verdant wilderness of the South African "Bush;" where even the whispering breeze finds no responsive echo amidst the unbending rigidity of its thorny and lichen covered shrubs, thickly intermingled as they are with turgid, succulent, and fantastic foliage; the stunted aloe and skeleton euphorbium ever contending for dominion with the favourite food of the elephant: the pink-blossomed "speck boom," oft covered with ivy geranium, and, like shining waxwork, brightly glistening—immoveable and undrooping—under the fiery influence of the noon-day sun. The plaintive note of a dove sometimes—but rarely—interrupts the stillness around; serving but to add to the melancholy of this unbroken, silent, and solitary waste.

Oft, painfully and slowly, did we thus toil along amidst such scenes; time apparently keeping pace with our jaded animals. In this defenceless state, incapable of either resistance or flight, would we then ever and anon glance apprehensively around; the slightest rustling in the Bush leading us next second to expect the war-cry of the savage, or the whizzing of an assegaï.

The sun's slanting rays, and a less fiery heat, now betoken the decline of day. We next enter a deep and darksome defile, whose abrupt and rugged sides—thickly clothed with euphorbia, red blossomed aloes—with prickly cactus, and milky, snake-like, creeping plants of various kinds—throw a grateful shadow

around us. Our wearied horses suddenly and instinctively prick their ears, and simultaneously quicken their pace.

"The river," says Farley, in a whisper, "runs under yon 'krantz;'[1] but Kaffirs may be near, so must keep quiet." We silently, but with redoubled speed, again push forward on our course, and at last reach, as we hope, the banks of the stream. Alas! it has ceased to flow; and, dried up from long want of rain, its bed presents nought save a barren and rocky ravine. Sickened at this disheartening sight, I turn to my guide in the silence of despair. His brow, however, is unruffled. With an encouraging sign, he follows the former course of the river; and, oh! joyful sight! in its rugged depths, a few dark, densely shaded pools are shortly discovered, slumbering, as it were, through this season of universal drought. Gladdened by the welcome sight, we rush on in eager haste towards the spot, and disturb, by our approach, numbers of fresh water turtle, which instantly creep for shelter beneath those deep, still, and sullen waters; whilst a large guano glides off yon overhanging withered branch, from which he appeared to be contemplating his reflected image in the liquid mirror below. With difficulty we restrain our horses from rushing into the gulf. But their heads are at once impatiently immersed nearly to the eyes in the refreshing element. Long and deeply do they drink—breathe for a second, and again repeat the draught. Having "off saddled" on the grassy margin of the pool, they instantly roll, are next "knee-haltered," and soon contentedly brows-

[1] Wooded crag, or cliff.

ing the green herbage around—fortunately plentiful near this favoured spot, which is thickly shadowed by drooping willows and feathery acacias, from whose pendent branches the little bayah bird hangs its aërial nest, which waves aloft, o'er the gorgeous arum, the crown lily, and beds of miniature palm-like reeds.

The horses being thus provided for, we have now leisure to attend to our own immediate wants. Cooking is out of the question; for the light of a fire might betray us to any straggling party of Kaffirs. However, our wallets contain abundance of biscuit and cold meat. These, seasoned with a little salt, and a keen appetite, form a most luxurious meal, which is washed down with the contents of the brandy-flask, properly diluted with water from the pool. Fat aldermen and luxurious cits! such a repast in the "Bush," earned by a long day of toil and travel, is, to the weary wanderer, worth all your costly banquets and civic feasts. But, hark! what strange unearthly yells suddenly burst forth from yon covert of fantastic plants, crowning the tall, grey "krantz," now casting its darkening shadows o'er the scene! Under the impression of being beset either by a legion of fiends or a host of Kaffirs, the ready rifle is instantly grasped; yet the "Totties" show no symptoms of alarm, and, to an inquiring look, Jacob answers, with a smile:—

"Only bavians: them play on de krantz. Look, sar! there go de bass, de vrouw, and all piccaninni" (man, wife, and children), adds he, pointing to some enormous baboons, gambolling, satyr-like, along a bare precipitous ledge of overhanging rock. The barrel is raised—a finger itches to press the trigger; but pru-

dence, and a sign of disapprobation from Farley, avert the tempting shot. The brief twilight of this southern clime has already waxed into complete darkness. The horses are secured for the night; and now, rolled up in our sheepskins or boat-cloaks, the unerring rifles placed in readiness by our side, with our saddles for a pillow, and protected by the friendly shelter of a thick bush, we gladly consign ourselves to rest.[1]

Slumber, after a hard day's toil, seldom requires either courtship or cushions of down. Hours have, perchance fled unheeded in uninterrupted repose, when a snort and a shuffling noise amongst the horses startle us from our rest, and proclaim some invisible, but, though unseen, yet evident cause of alarm. In breathless suspense we listen for awhile, when suddenly the cry of the hyæna bursts, as it were in mockery, on the solemn silence of the surrounding wastes. Now approaching, now receding, but finally lost in those hushed, nameless, and indescribable sounds which oft float on the dreamy stillness of night, amidst the otherwise unbroken quietude of the wilderness—sounds not to be described, and only understood by such as may have experienced their sad, mournful, yet soothing melody.

The period of sleep has now passed away; for as we watch the stars gliding through the blue firmament of heaven, one by one, they gradually melt into the

[1] The patrole tent before alluded to, was seldom pitched, except during heavy rain; and even then—owing to the noise attending the driving in of the pegs—sometimes dispensed with; but a night passed "al fresco" in this fine climate is a common occurrence, and considered no hardship.

grey mists of early dawn. We spring up from our grassy couch, shake the dew-drops off our cloaks, give the horses a scanty feed of corn, "then saddle-up," and start again in quest of new scenes and fresh adventures.

The above is a specimen of "life in the Bush;" nor is it surprising if, amidst the comforts—though rather monotonous state of civilization—we ever recall its recollections with pleasure, not unmingled with regret, that such a stirring existence may perchance never again fall to our lot. Alas! when was man ever philosopher enough to enjoy with gratitude the blessings of the present, and not wish for a change? When will he be satisfied with his actual fate, nor sigh for that which is beyond his grasp?

CHAPTER IX.

FORT COX AND THE AMATOLA.

Expedition to the Amatola Mountains—Fort Cox—Kaffirs and their herds—Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell—Native Levies—Description of the Fort—Kaffir women—Narrative relative to the commencement of the Campaign—Defeat of the enemy—Coolness and judgment of Colonel Somerset—Disasters of the British.

"It will not escape your honour's consideration, that, under present circumstances, the most likely way to counteract the Kaffir disposition for war, and to prevent hostilities altogether, is to have a strong force at hand in face of the Kaffirs, and manifestly ready and sufficient to crush the first hostile movement made by them."—(*From Sir Peregrine Maitland's Despatch to Colonel Hare, dated February 9th*, 1846.)

Pursuant to the intention of endeavouring to visit all my different posts, ere the termination of the truce with Sandilla might possibly bring about a renewal of hostilities, I lost no time in carrying that plan into effect; and my friend, Colonel M——, kindly volunteering to accompany me in my first expedition, we mounted our horses and cantered off in an easterly direction towards the Amatola Mountains, amongst whose rocky and wooded fastnesses stands "Fort Cox"—a post of considerable importance, situated about fifteen miles from Block Drift, and garrisoned by a large de-

tachment of the 91st Regiment, and one of my Burgher Levies.

The country we traversed on our way thither consisted of a succession of undulating grassy downs, but the kloofs and valleys separating them were, generally speaking, covered with dense bush. On approaching the Amatola, the scenery gradually assumed an appearance of mountain grandeur; and we shortly saw numerous herds of Kaffir cattle, which, recently concealed amongst their natural strongholds, were now allowed to graze in the pastures below, as if in times of profound peace. We likewise met a few Kaffirs, who offered us no molestation, but with a gruff salutation of "morrow" proceeded quietly on their road; whilst some of the women were even, according to their usual custom, engaged in tilling the ground, and carrying on the labours of the field. All this looked very pacific; apparently not merely in consequence of the late temporary truce, but as if the final conclusion of the war were fully determined on by the Kaffirs. In fact, they had of late openly declared, on more than one occasion, that, having got all they wanted—plundered the Colony, driven away the Colonial cattle beyond the Kye, and devoured the Colonial sheep—they wished now to be at peace, to cultivate their fields and gardens, and would therefore for the present fight no more! This was, no doubt, on their part, a most wise and prudent resolve; and events subsequently proved how closely they were suffered to adhere to it.

But to return to our excursion to Fort Cox. Shortly after crossing the Keiskamma, (which has on so many previous occasions proved the Rubicon of Kaffirland)

a long and tedious ascent up a steep wooded acclivity led us at last to the Fort, where we were welcomed by Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell of the 91st, then commanding the post. I was duly introduced to Ensign Macpherson, an officer of his own regiment, but who had charge of the Native Levy stationed here, which consisted of a couple of hundred of the "Cape Town Burghers;" yellow, dingy-looking fellows, half Hottentot, half Dutch; but who were—spite of their ill looks—in a state of efficiency which did great credit to the officer under whose charge they had been placed, and appeared better drilled and appointed than most of the Irregulars I had hitherto had an opportunity of inspecting.

I take this opportunity of remarking the great difference I always observed between the condition of such Levies as happened to be placed under the orders of military men, and those commanded by civilians. Nor was it, generally speaking, to be expected that the latter could possibly possess that knowledge of the management of soldiers—particularly undisciplined ones—only to be acquired by long practice and experience; added to which, lack of zeal as well as ability was too often observable in the conduct of these temporary heroes.

There were, of course, bright exceptions to this as a general rule. For instance, no man, whether civil or military, could have rendered more efficient services throughout this campaign than Field-Commandant Melville, who had charge of a Native Levy attached to the 2nd Division, and who distinguished himself on so many occasions during the whole war.

However, as regimental officers could not always be spared—more especially from so many being engaged on the General Staff of the army—several of the Native Levies were thus necessarily placed under civilians, who, with the imposing titles of "Field Captains" and "Field Commandants," as far as military movements were concerned, scarcely knew their right hand from the left, and, generally speaking, were most troublesome fellows to deal with. Were adequate inducements offered to half-pay officers to settle on the eastern frontier, their services, in the event of any future disturbances, might here ever prove of the greatest use in organizing and commanding the Native Levies, without whose aid (unless the Cape Corps be most considerably increased, and our regular infantry be very differently equipped) no Kaffir war can ever be carried on, or brought to a successful termination.

Having put the gallant Cape Town Burghers through a few military movements, very smartly performed—though perhaps not exactly in accordance with either Torrens or Dundas—listened to their several wants, (chiefly with respect to a deficiency in articles of clothing) and made them, through the medium of an interpreter, a parting complimentary speech, we repaired to the tent of Colonel Campbell, and freely partook of the rough hospitality he was enabled to offer us.

Our host—who had greatly distinguished himself in forcing, at the head of a small party of his regiment—a most difficult pass defended by overwhelming swarms of Kaffirs, during the memorable "three days of the Amatola" (the 16th, 17th, and 18th April,

1846)—and for which, by-the-bye, as well as for many other services performed during the war, he continues to this day unrewarded—possessed all the frank, open manner of a real soldier. He was moreover an enthusiastic sportsman; and the sylvan trophies which adorned his humble abode bore evidence to the nature of his avocations during more peaceable and less stirring times; whilst numerous karosses, Fingoe belts of monkey tails, cranes' wings, (the former head-dress of the Kaffir chiefs) assegaïs and clubs, mingled with articles of ornament, or dress, of Afric's ebon daughters; mystic charms consisting of the claws and teeth of various animals, curiously strung together; necklaces of glass or stone; leathern "stomachers" and waistbands, strongly redolent of smoke and glittering with many-coloured beads—reminded us forcibly of being in the land of the savage, in the midst of his favourite haunts and most formidable strongholds.

After a hearty repast of hard biscuit and tough beef, our kind entertainer took upon himself the office of *cicerone*, and led us over the precincts of his limited domain. Fort Cox—which derives its appellation from an officer of that name, who was engaged in the war of 1834—consisted of a rude breastwork on which were mounted a few guns, and affording no other accommodation for its garrison, save the common small bell-shaped tents, furnished by the commissariat, and which tottered under the storm of wind and dust by which the fortress was then as usual assailed. It was altogether a most miserable place, replete with inconvenience and discomfort of every kind, and from whence, when once shut up within its confined pre-

cincts, there appeared no visible means of escape. Surrounded on all sides by overhanging hills covered with dense bush, the constant resort of the Kaffirs, no one could with impunity—during the continuance of hostilities—venture a quarter of a mile from the post; which, situated amidst the very strongholds of the enemy, it was consequently considered as of the utmost importance to maintain.

In consequence of the difficulty of conveying stores to this almost inaccessible spot, its garrison had frequently, during their occupation, been exposed to the severest privations of hunger and want. The horses, at times entirely destitute of forage, had often been reduced to the last extremities; several dying of sheer starvation, and others being destroyed, to avoid a similar fate; whilst the garrison itself had occasionally fared nearly equally ill. Such may be mentioned as a few specimens of the pleasures of an isolated outpost station, during a Kaffir campaign!

After inspecting the fort, we strolled out to a neighbouring spot, from whence we might obtain a glimpse of the now celebrated locality of Burns' Hill. Our progress was often impeded by the importunities of wretched, half-starved looking Kaffir women, who, though not admitted into the fort, beset its approaches, and in the most piteous accents implored for food, of which the poor creatures appeared to stand most sadly in need. We were informed that even during actual hostilities they thus continued to infest every entrance to the post; than which nothing can more clearly prove the falsehood of the accusations laid at our door, of ill-treating and even putting to death women

and children, during the course of our frequent Kaffir wars.

A contest with the Kaffirs may be truly considered as one of life and death, for they never either take or give quarter. But that Kaffir women have ever been designedly shot, or ill-used, by British soldiers, is a vile and calumnious falsehood, worthy only of those infamous authors who have been the means of propagating such a groundless accusation. No further refutation is required to this, than the readiness and confidence with which they at all times presented themselves at the British outposts; where, under pretext of demanding food, they often came to play the part of spies; which character they generally enacted to perfection.

We strolled on to a projecting spur of the mountain, from whence the scene of the Burns' Hill affair, and of the death of Captain Baimbrick of the 7th Dragoon Guards, could be distinctly seen.

Although it be not my purpose to give in these pages any connected account of the late Kaffir war, I gladly avail myself of permission to lay before the reader the following account (written by one who took an active part in what he describes) of the first steps in this long protracted and ruinous campaign, together with an outline of those occurrences that happened in the vicinity of Fort Cox, during the month of April, 1846; to which the writer has added a brief epitome of the general services performed in the course of the war, (up to the close of that year) by the gallant 91st Regiment, which I may remark, *en passant*, consisted during this business of two separate battalions, under the respective

commands of Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay and Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell:

"In the early part of the year 1846, the Kaffirs began to manifest symptoms of a restless and aggressive spirit; their marauding incursions into the Colony becoming daily more frequent and daring. A meeting of the Gaïka Chiefs was convened by his Honour Colonel Hare, to meet him at Block Drift on the 29th of January, at which one hundred and twenty of the reserve battalion 91st Regiment, three troops of the 7th Dragoon Guards, one hundred of the Cape Corps, and one gun were present.

"The demonstrations of the Kaffirs, who had assembled to the number of several thousands, armed mostly with guns, showed clearly their hostile intentions, and occasioned great excitement in the Colony. The following incident soon brought matters to a crisis. About the middle of March, a Kaffir, who had been convicted of theft within the Colonial Boundary, was rescued near Fort Beaufort, when on the road to Graham's Town in charge of the constables, by an armed party of his tribe, who rushed into the Colony in open day, attacked and drove away the escort, and consummated the outrage by the murder of a Hottentot prisoner, who, for the better security of both, had been handcuffed to the Kaffir. The surrender of the offenders was demanded by the Government in vain; and on the 11th April, 1846, the troops took the field.

"One division, under Colonel Somerset, K.H., moved from Post Victoria, and consisted of a troop of 7th Dragoon Guards, four officers and one hundred and fifty-four men of the reserve battalion 91st Regi-

ment, one officer and thirty men of the first battalion 91st Regiment, three companies of Cape Mounted Riflemen, and two guns. Another division marched from Fort Beaufort, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson, 7th Dragoon Guards, and was composed of three troops of that regiment, sixty of the Cape Corps, seven officers and one hundred and thirty-two men of the R. B. 91st Regiment, and one officer and forty-seven men of the first battalion 91st Regiment, and two guns.

"On the 15th April, the two divisions encamped with their united forces at the Burns' Hill missionary station; and, on the following morning, dispositions were made for attacking the enemy, who had assembled in force in the Amatola Mountains. The infantry, two hundred and nine of the 91st Regiment, and one hundred and eighty Kat River Burghers, who had joined the previous day, were placed under the command of Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Campbell, 91st Regiment, who was directed to scour the valley of the Amatola, starting at daybreak for that purpose. The cavalry, upwards of three hundred strong, with two guns, making a *détour* to the left, searched the kloofs, and swept away the cattle from the open grounds at the foot of the mountains.

"In the mean time, Major Campbell's force, towards evening, came in contact with the enemy, who appeared determined to cut off all retreat, and prevent the egress of the troops from the valley. With this view, they had occupied the only outlet, with a body of more than two thousand men, armed with guns. In this intent however they were foiled, by the spirited

attack of the infantry; and, after a smart action of an hour and a half, the steep ascent was forced with great loss to the enemy, and the party gained the hill, leaving behind only three men of the 91st Regiment killed, and bringing with them three men of that corps, and one bugler, wounded.

"At this juncture, Colonel Somerset arrived with the Cavalry and guns, and now silenced the fire of the enemy. The whole force then moved down to the flats at the base of the hills, and bivouaced, that night, around one thousand eight hundred head of cattle. During these operations, the Camp at Burns' Hill was attacked by a superior force, which however was spiritedly repelled, with the loss on our side of Captain Baimbrick, 7th Dragoon Guards, killed, one private killed, and another wounded of the 91st Regiment. On the morning of the 17th, the infantry marched down to assist in escorting the baggage from Burns' Hill; but before their arrival, sixty-three waggons had fallen into the hands of the foe.

"During the return of the troops to their camp-ground, with about sixty waggons that had been saved, containing mostly ammunition and commissariat supplies, the Kaffirs, emboldened by their previous success, renewed the attack, and a harassing and desultory fight was maintained for seven miles, through a broken and difficult country, during which one private of the 91st was killed, and another wounded. On the 18th of April, the force retired on Block Drift, and was engaged against the whole power of the Gaïkas for several hours; the 91st Regiment maintaining the Bush bordering the Drift over the Chumie River, till

the transit of the captured cattle and waggons was secured, and severe chastisement had been inflicted on the enemy. In this action, Lieutenant Cochrane and Captain Rawstorne, 91st Regiment, were wounded—the former severely — one corporal killed, and a private wounded of the 91st Regiment, who died the following morning."[1]

* * * * *

To revert to the Amatola business—there can be no doubt, as far as regards the last Kaffir war—of the necessity, on our part, of having taken such a step. It was likewise probably judicious to advance at once, on what the Kaffirs have ever considered their impregnable fastnesses. The great fault however consisted in making this movement on the Amatola with a force totally inadequate to the object in view, if resistance were anticipated on the part of the Kaffirs; and moreover encumbered by a large train of baggage, drawn in waggons, through a broken, wooded, mountainous, and intricate country.[2]

But apparently it was never dreamt that the Kaffirs really meant to "show fight," or so small a force as

[1] Here follows an epitome of the general services of the 91st regiment during 1846, for which see Appendix.

[2] The extract heading this chapter will show that this was the opinion entertained by the authorities at the Cape; but the question is, if there were, at the time, sufficient available means on the frontier to carry this theory into practice? (see Appendix, from p. 29 of the "Blue Book" for 1847.) And, if so, why were not *positive orders* issued on the subject, instead of *surmises* and *suggestions*. (See p. 46 of document above referred to:) In other cases, little delicacy appears to have been manifested in interfering with the measures of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Eastern Province.

fifteen or sixteen hundred men (part of which consisted of heavy cavalry, perfectly useless on such ground) would scarcely have been sent on this expedition—encumbered as they were with no less than one hundred and twenty-three waggons, loaded—not only with requisites—but, in some instances, with the most useless luxuries and superfluities. In short, the opening of the campaign was apparently looked on, by many, more in the light of a "pic-nic," or excursion of pleasure, than anything else.

Great was however their mistake; for now the Kaffirs, on what they always considered their *own* ground, fought, on the 16th, with the utmost determination. The brunt of the action fell on the 91st, which, gallantly led up a steep wooded ravine by Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, was surrounded on all sides by overwhelming numbers of the enemy. "This jungle," said an eye-witness, "was actually red with Kaffirs, in all the hideousness of their war-paint—who, mostly armed with firelocks, and yelling forth their war-cry, taunted our men with their usual term of defiance: "Izāpā! Izāpā!" (come on! come on!)

Whilst toiling up this steep and wooded ascent, our small column was resolutely assailed by numberless hordes of savages, who boldly advanced to a hand and hand encounter with the troops, discharging their muskets within a few yards of our men. Luckily, the Kaffirs were not first-rate shots; and, in consequence of overcharging their firelocks, they generally carried too high. Whilst the enemy suffered severely from the fire of the 91st, Colonel Campbell—with infinite labour and fatigue, though with comparatively little

loss—at last succeeded in forcing the pass; on attaining the summit of which—as already described—he was joined by Colonel Somerset, who by the judgment, coolness, and the thorough knowledge of country which he displayed, successfully conducted the retrograde movement of the 18th; when he safely led back the force to Block Drift, saved the remainder of the waggons, with the captured cattle, and gallantly repulsed every attack of the exulting Kaffirs, swarms of whom then beset the line of march, and endeavoured by every means to cut off his retreat.

Though, during this most unpropitious opening of the campaign, our actual loss in killed and wounded was very trifling, its *moral* effects were, to us, most disastrous. The Kaffir—like every uncivilized race—is easily depressed by reverses, and as readily stimulated by success; and, as the savages plundered the waggons at Burns' Hill—scattered abroad their contents—arrayed themselves in the garments of our troops—ate and drank not only our supplies, but the very contents of the medicine chests, (devouring the blistering ointment and drinking the laudanum) their ferocious passions were roused to the highest pitch. Cruel tortures awaited such of our people as unfortunately fell into their power. Their bodies were mangled after death;[1] parts of their clothes and accoutrements were despatched, in sign of triumph, throughout the length and breadth of the land; and the Amakosæ rose *en masse*, to drive the "white man" into the sea.

[1] See "Five Years in Kaffirland," vol. i., chap. vii. For the official accounts of the occurrences which took place in the Amatola, vide Appendix.

CHAPTER X.

THE BURGHERS UNDER SIR ANDREAS STOCKENSTROM.

Coalition of the Kaffirs—Panic in the Colony—Sir Andreas Stockenstrom appointed to command the Burgher Forces—Expulsion of the Enemy from the Cradock and Somerset Districts—Commandant Bowker—Positions of the different Levies—Demonstration against the Gaïka Tribes—Death of Commandant Nourse—Hostilities of the Tambookies—Rapacity of Mapassa—Proposed grand combined movement—A Council of war—Alarm of Kreili—Operations of the Burgher force.

The following "notes respecting the origin and operations of the Division of the Burgher Forces under the orders of Commandant General Stockenstrom, during the hostilities of 1846," furnished by an officer belonging to that force, may serve to throw some light on the manner in which the late Kaffir war was carried on.

"Immediately after the collision between our troops and the enemy at Burns' Hill, all the tribes of Kaffirs between the frontier and Kei united against us, and there can be little doubt of the accession of the Galekas, under Kreili, to this coalition. Before the end of April, thousands of the barbarians had entered the Colony, and carried on devastation and slaughter from the Winterberg to the sea, with little opposition.

"A general panic prevailed. As far westward as

the Koonap, the Kaga, and the Kowie, the enemy was in possession of the forests, the open country, and even of the high roads, and the inhabitants considered themselves only safe in what they called ' lagers' and camps. A great proportion of their flocks however were carried off. Many of their houses were burned, several of themselves were killed; and, to such an extent had the enemy become elated, that even several of the camps were attacked, and not always without success; so that, as far to the rear as the town of Somerset, several families began to prepare for a retreat to Graaff Reinet, in the expectation that a few days would see the whole country as far as the ' Bruintjes Hoogte' at least, in the same predicament as that beyond the Kat River below the ' Baviaans.'

" At this crisis, the Governor took upon himself the direction of the military operations, and appointed Sir Andreas Stockenstrom, Commandant-General, to command the Burgher Forces of the eastern districts, which originated a third, or left division.

" This division however had yet to be organized; as the men residing near the frontier, who were capable of bearing arms, had quite enough to do to protect themselves and their families. The Somerset commando had obtained leave of absence, and those of Graaff Reinet and Cradock were attached to the first and second divisions.

" The country bordering on and beyond the Fish River below the Tarka was entirely at the mercy of a barbarous foe; when, on the first of May, a small fresh levy, of about twenty-five or thirty Graaff Reinet Burghers, reached the Kaga; and, by the suddenness

of their advance upon the forest of that name, made the Kaffirs believe that they constituted a strong force; and, under that impression, retreat from a stronghold, whence they had prepared an attack upon the premises of Maastrom that same night; having succeeded in carrying off the cattle the evening before.

"By next morning, the same small party showed itself as advancing upon the Cowie forest, from another quarter; so that the enemy, believing themselves assailed by Boers on all sides, abandoned one of its best positions, for the annoyance of a great part of the Somerset district, and left the upper valley of the Cowie, with two valuable estates, which the owners had been obliged to abandon, to be re-possessed by a handful of men. These estates had been left unburnt, evidently destined as residences for some of the higher of the Kaffir Chiefs.

"In the mean time, another small detachment of Graaff Reinet Burghers arrived; and the Colesberg Division, under Commandant Joubert, having reached the Cradock frontier—reinforced by detachments from the latter district—Joubert (thus in command of the left wing of the third division) was called with one hundred and fifty men to the assistance of the exposed right; and, with his usual zeal and activity, crossed the Winterberg by night, in company with the Chief of the Division, reached the Upper Koonap on the morning of the 9th of May, was there reinforced by fifty of the Winterberg Burghers; and, in a few days, cleared the Karoom, Kaga, and Cowie mountains and forests, of the enemy.

"About the 15th, the Civil Commissioner of Somerset joined the Division with a detachment of the Burghers of his district, who, together with the Graaff Reineters already mentioned, scoured the Fish River road as far down as the mouth of East Riat River. The Cradock District and the greater part of Somerset had thus been secured; and the Beaufort Contingent, under Commandants Du Toit and Moltano, having reached Maastrom on the 21st of May, soon expelled the remnants of the enemy, who kept lurking about the neighbouring forests, and were then pushed forward to take post on the Karoomo River, at the foot of the mountain chain of that name, supported, a little lower down to the right, by fifty Burghers from Bruintjes Hoogte.

"It will thus appear that, before the end of May, the third Division had (by the patriotic zeal and alacrity of the force composing it) been efficiently organized, completely covering the Cradock and Somerset Districts, and the upper part of Albany, by a defensive line posted in the following order, and prepared for any offensive forward movement, viz.:—

"On the right, near the junction of the Kaga and Koonap, Assistant-Commandant Montford Bowker (expressly chosen for his known patriotism, bravery, knowledge of the country and of Kaffir warfare, as well as for his influence among his fellow Colonists) was placed in command of one hundred Graaf Reineters and a 'Lager,' composed of about fifty fighting men, to watch the territory in his front, towards the line occupied by the first Division, to protect that in his rear, and to keep open the communication with De * *

* * * [1] Drift; where one hundred and fifty men were to have been sent, by the Commander-in-Chief, to guard the Fish River Road and Zuureberg, and to protect the great thoroughfare between Graham's Town and East Riat River.[2]

"On Bowker's left, Assistant-Commandant Gordon Nourse (a promising young man, chosen for the occasion, like Bowker) commanded about sixty men at Haddon Camp, with the Beaufort and Bruintjes Hoogte Contingents, under the brave Du Toit and Moltano, some ten miles in advance, and three miles on his left the Mancazana post was occupied by a detachment of Her Majesty's 91st, as fine and as brave fellows as ever took the field.

"A few miles in the rear of this position were the Lager of the Gooba, Cowie, and Maastrom Depôt, under Assistant-Commandant Robert Trant; and the Baviaans River, under Assistant Commandant Dodds Pringle, both volunteers, chosen like Bowker and Nourse, and for the same reasons. Above the Mancazana Post, and on the left of the Beaufort Contingent, was the Upper Koonap, concentrated in several Lagers, under Assistant-Commandant De Lange, covering the country as far as the Winterberg; to the north of which was the Tarka post, occupied by a company of Her Majésty's 45th, under the command of Captain Seagram, which had been called down from Colesberg, placed at the disposal of the Commandant-General, and by him posted at this station. A finer,

[1] The original MS. is here illegible.

[2] These one hundred and fifty men, by some mistake, never came to De * * * * * Drift.

a braver, a more harmonious and happy set of officers and men could not have been found in our, or in any other service.

"In less than one month, they turned the open, exposed position into one of the strongest on the frontier by regular works, without the assistance of engineer, sapper, or miner; though strictly disciplined, they were cordial, like a family, and of course ever ready for service and danger. Immediately adjoining the Tarka Post, was the well-known Joubert, in command of the left wing, stretching, in various detachments, to the chain of the Stormbergen.

"Towards the end of June, this Division was ready for offensive as well as defensive operations, consisting of a field force of 1600 men, and about 1200 to maintain the line of posts above described, independently of the three military posts, and the Kat River Contingent, which then still formed part of the first Division. Earlier even, (that is, about the middle of June) the efficiency of this force had been proved, when a demonstration against the Gaïka Tribes in the Amatola fastnesses was ordered on the front of the first Division, supported by the third; and when, within thirty hours, five or six hundred men of the latter were concentrated at Fort Beaufort, to assist in an operation which it was hoped would lead to some result of a decisive character, but which, unfortunately, terminated in these men being sent back to their camps.

"The men of the third Division were amply provisioned, and the depôts already contained supplies of bread and meat for 3000 men for two months; but the horses were beginning to suffer very seriously

from the unprecedented drought, and consequent want of grass and forage. Nothing, therefore, could be more injurious than delay, and anxious hopes were expressed that a forward movement would take place by the 1st of July.

"The enemy, in the mean time, took advantage of every opportunity to harass the frontier; and, in repelling one of their plundering expeditions, the brave Nourse lost his life, which was so seriously felt, that the following Division order was issued on the subject, subsequently echoed by a general one from Head-Quarters:—

"'In announcing the death of Assistant-Commandant Gordon Nourse, who fell yesterday in a gallant attack made by himself, at the head of a small party, upon a body of Kaffirs in the jungle, at the head of the Blinkwater, the Commandant-General has to lament the loss which the service in the present crisis has suffered of one of the most efficient, zealous, and meritorious officers under his command. Besides the Assistant-Commandant, one Burgher fell, and one man was severely wounded.

"'The thanks of the Commandant-General are due to the small party which was engaged in bringing away the bodies of both the deceased, as well as the wounded man.'

"Up to the end of June, the Tambookies had shown no disposition to join in open hostilities against us, though they were known to harbour the flocks of the Gaikas, as well as part of those taken from the Colony; and whilst the paramount Chief, Umtirara, was restrained by the influence of the diplomatic agent,

Mr. Fynn, and the Rev. Mr. Warner, his subordinate; Mapassa, and the mass of the Tribe, were known to be quite ready to unite with our enemies, as soon as the tables should decidedly turn in their favour, as many Tambookies had already been found fighting in the hostile ranks.

"At last, the temptation became too irresistible; the Gaikas, to whom they were allied by family ties as well as by race, were incessantly sending into their keeping booty taken from the Colony; thus backing their boast that they were 'beating the English,' and taunting them with the invitation that 'if they would not share in the fight, at least to come and participate in the enjoyment of the spoil.' Mapassa's pride, as well as rapacity and national animosity, being thus stimulated, and his Tribe becoming more and more clamorous for war, he threw off the mask, and threatened the Moravian Missionary Institution of Shilo. But his plans being discovered by the watchfulness of the principal teacher, the Rev. Mr. Boraty, a detachment of the third Division, composed of Hottentots, Bushmen, and Fingoes, under Field-Captain Read, was pushed forward to Shilo, and arrived in time to repulse the barbarians, when he assailed that place, with about eight hundred of his followers, on the 9th of July.

"The Commandant-General, thus relieved from the necessity of respecting the neutrality of the Tambookies, ordered Joubert, with the Field-force of the left wing, to take post at Shilo; and hoping that, at last, the time for decisive operations had arrived, he had directed the head-quarters of his right, under Du Toit, to advance from the Karoomo to the Chumie

ridge, immediately above Block Drift, reinforced by Pringle, with the Baviaans River reserve, having his centre organized out of the Kat River Burghers who had just then been transferred to the third Division.

"The Field-force of this centre consisted of four hundred of the Kat River Legion, under one of the best of Burghers and soldiers, Commandant Groepe; whilst Captain Sutton, ever ready and foremost in danger, consented, at the special request of the Commandant-General, to take upon himself the more important task of guarding this part of the frontier, after the advance of the Expedition into Kaffirland. The field force of the third Division was thus posted conveniently to fall upon the fastnesses of the Amatola, Kieskamma, and Buffalo, at the shortest notice, as soon as the Commander-in-Chief should order the contemplated grand combined movement. Great part of the cavalry was sadly knocked up, but the men were in high spirits, and the Commissariat was amply provided, except in forage for the horses.

"The order at length came, and the share of the third Division in the operation is stated in the Commandant-General's report of the 1st of August, as it appears in the annexed print,[1] by which it will likewise be seen, that on the 5th of August the third Division was at the head of the Kaboosie.

"Though the writer of these notes is anxious to restrict his observations exclusively to the operations of the third Division, he cannot here suppress the fact, that this grand movement was, on the whole, a com-

[1] Want of space prevents the insertion of this document in this work.

plete failure—that, by some unfortunate oversight, there was neither combination nor co-operation, except that the three Divisions, together with the enemy, seemed to perform some grand quadrille, in which all parties were anxious to twirl through the figures without jostling or upsetting one another.

"One point, however, was gained. The Kaffirs were not brought to battle and crushed, as they must have been, if seven or eight thousand of the bravest of British regulars and Burghers had *simultaneously* rushed from all sides *into* the great amphitheatre of jungle and forest which we had taught them to believe impregnable; but they had seen what *could* be done, and what *might* have been done. One party, at least, had encamped in the midst of these superstitiously respected strongholds, had gone through every nook and recess of them, and had beaten their tenants wherever they dared to make a stand.

"The spell was broken; and, as early as the evening of the 30th of August, messengers were sent by the Gaika leaders to tell the Tambookies that 'the Amatola was broken to pieces, that Kaffirland was lost, and that the Amakosa had no longer a place of rest.' Still the Kaffirs were not *subdued*. They saw us dreadfully crippled; great part of our army almost without supplies of any kind; and, by the burning of all the grass in the country, they trusted that they had paralyzed all our farther efforts. In this dilemma, it was proposed to the Commander-in-Chief to retire upon the supplies at Waterloo Bay, and to resume hostilities in October, when it was expected the men and horses would be sufficiently recruited for a fresh campaign.

"On the other hand, it was argued that such a retrograde movement would revive the hopes and spirits of the open enemy, as well as of doubtful neutrals; that the former would, with good reasons, believe themselves triumphant; and the latter, considering us foiled, dispirited, and retreating, would join our antagonists, *en masse*, and compel us once more to resort to defensive operations on our own territory, where, in our then debilitated circumstances, and the unfavourable *morale* which would be produced, the disadvantages would be all on our side; and that, therefore, sound policy, as well as our military position, required that we should avail ourselves of the panic in which the western Kaffirs were at the moment, to reduce those beyond the Kei to the same state, by rushing upon them under every apparent difficulty; destroying them, if they could be brought to face us; and, at any rate, laying down the law to them at the very residence of the paramount Chief; and after either defeating him or forcing him to terms, and effectually securing his neutrality, and separating him from our declared foes, then chastise the Tambookies under the Chief, Mapassa, who had lately openly joined the hostile coalition.

"The latter counsels prevailed; and the Commandant-General and Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston, of Her Majesty's twenty-seventh Regiment, were sent against Kreili. These two officers, with their respective Contingents, formed a junction, near the head of the Quartz, on the 20th of August, and reached the Great Kei the same evening.

"Kreili, having been informed of this determined

forward move, had taken alarm; and, on the 14th, a messenger sent by him had arrived at the Commandant-General's camp, disclaiming all participation in the present hostilities, and praying for the continuation of peace. Our answer was sent, informing Krelie in what light he was considered; what demands were to be made upon him; and that only at his residence, and with himself and his councillors, any discussions should be held (vide Commandant-General's Despatch to Deputy Quarter-Master General, dated 14th of August, for particulars.)

"On the 20th, after the above junction had been formed, the same messenger again met the advancing forces, accompanied by two of Kreili's principal councillors, with the same message, to which the same reply was returned, as detailed in the above quoted Despatch.

"It is self-evident, that as the Galekas and their Chief refused to fight, it would have been the height of folly and imprudence, on the part of the British Commanders, if they had allowed themselves to be decoyed to, and across the Bashee, after a few thousand of cattle, and thus left an opportunity to the whole Galeka power to march round their flanks, unite with the Tambookies and western Kaffirs, and attack the Colonial borders, where there was no cavalry, and only a crippled infantry to oppose them. *Passive resistance*, therefore, on the part of the Galekas, would have frustrated the entire object of the expedition; and it became an obvious duty, by a rapid movement, to force the Chief and Council into submission and terms, before they should resort to that line of policy. This

duty was most successfully[1] accomplished on the 21st (vide Commandant-General's Despatch to the Deputy Quarter-Master General of the 24th of August.)

"On the 22nd, the combined Divisions re-crossed the Kei, and attacked the Amena and Bolotto country, occupied by the Tambookies, under Mapassa; on the 23rd, about seven or eight thousand cattle were swept off, and some forty or fifty of the enemy killed (vide the above-named Despatch of the 24th of August.) On the 24th, the Commandant-General and Lieut-tenant-Colonel Johnston separated, the former taking the direction towards Shilo; the latter proceeding to rejoin the Governor at Fort Beresford. There had been no opportunity for any military distinction; but the soldier, ever brave and ready, displayed his fortitude under great fatigue and privation, as well as the Burgher; and both parties believed that they had ren-dered an important service to the cause in which they were engaged."

* * * * *

Sir Andreas Stockenstrom retained the command of this, so-called, third Division of the Army—composed exclusively of Burghers—until about the end of No-vember, 1846, when he was succeeded by Captain, now Lieutenant-Colonel Sutton, of the Cape Mounted Rifles.

[1] "As soon as this convention with Kreili was known in Kaffirland and Tambookieland, the word went round—'The Amatola is broken to pieces, and Kreili's door is shut; it is all over with us!'" (*Note in the original document.*)

CHAPTER XI.

POST VICTORIA.

Excursion to Phoonah's Kloof—Elevated ridge—Post Victoria—Advantages of its position—Conflicting accounts—Attempts to recover stolen cattle—Arrival of reinforcements—Judicious movement of Captain Napier—Gallantry of Captain Maitland—Military Arrangements—Extracts from the Diary of an Officer employed—Post Victoria abandoned and burned—Effects of that ill-advised measure—Its site occupied by a party of the 91st under the command of Lieutenant Fitzgerald.

"Victoria! erst proud Britain's boast,
Her matchless Queen—Gaul's routed host—
That word did once recall;
Victoria's now abandoned Post,
Th' exulting Kaffirs' constant boast,
Records a sad downfall."

The next excursion I took, during my tour of inspection, was for the purpose of visiting one of the native levies, encamped on the heights above Fort Willshire, beyond the now abandoned post of Victoria. I was, on this occasion, requested by the officer commanding the first Division to furnish him with a sketch of the ground about the latter place, and to examine and report as to its capabilities, in a military point of view. I shall, therefore, take this opportunity of making a few remarks on a position, whose occupation was considered so advantageous, and the un-

unexpected abandonment and destruction of which excited at the time no little astonishment and speculation; and likewise to communicate whatever information I was able to collect, respecting the collision which there took place between our troops and the Kaffirs, on the 19th of April, 1846.

The road from Fort Beaufort to Block Drift passes over an open elevated range of ground, being a ramification from the Winterberg Mountains, which, first running between the Chumie and Kat rivers—after the confluence of the former with the Keiskamma, and of the latter with the Great Fish River—continues in its course to separate these two streams by a high ridge, or "Hog's back," the whole extent of which, from the Chumie Post to Mount Somerset, near Fort Peddie, may be between fifty and sixty miles in length. This elevated ridge is, for the most part, clear of jungle. A good military road runs along its whole extent, communicating between Forts Beaufort and Peddie; it overlooks the Fish River Bush, and appears most peculiarly adapted for a line of posts, in the event of the Chumie and Keiskamma being considered as the eastern boundaries of the Colony.

Midway between Block Drift and Fort Willshire, this ridge, following an indentation of the Chumie, takes a sudden bend to the eastward, forming, on the west, a sort of gorge or valley, where lie the sources of a small stream named the Chishega, (or, as it is sometimes called, the Sheshago) flowing into the Kat River. Up this pass, runs the direct road from Graham's Town to Block Drift, which, on crossing the Koonap, shortly after turns to the right, and runs through the heart

of the Fish River Bush, by Botha's post—a military station of considerable importance; as the pass of the Chishega, with its densely wooded sides, is, with the Kaffirs, a favourite mode of entrance into the Colony.

During Sir Peregrine Maitland's visit to the frontier in 1844, the point where this pass débouches on the high ridge above alluded to, was, with apparently great discernment, fixed upon for the establishment of a large permanent post, named "Victoria," which became the head-quarters of the Cape Mounted Rifles; and a considerable force was maintained here until the breaking out of the war, when Post Victoria was destined to witness one of our first reverses during this ill-fated campaign.

Though I spared no trouble in collecting from those who were present on the occasion all the information I could on this subject—still, the various accounts afforded—even by spectators and actors in the scene—were of such a conflicting and opposite nature, as greatly to puzzle and bewilder; only further convincing me of the uncertain data on which history must ever rest; and that, if the truth be thus difficult to come at in affairs of yesterday's occurrence, how little reliance can be placed on the authenticity of statements relating to what happened hundreds and thousands of years ago! This remark equally applies to every transaction during the last Kaffir war, where recourse has been had to the testimony of eye-witnesses; more particularly when relating to any encounter with the enemy; when—generally speaking—the narrator, if personally engaged, could only have beheld what took place in his own immediate vicinity.

Colonel Somerset — as already related — advanced from Post Victoria, on the 11th of April, to commence active operations in the Amatola; leaving a small force for the defence of that place, where Sir Peregrine Maitland with his staff shortly afterwards arrived. But apparently—as the communication was cut off—they were in ignorance of Colonel Somerset's subsequent movements; of the capture of the waggons at Burns' Hill on the 17th, and of the retreat of his force on Block Drift the following day. The Kaffirs, flushed with their success on these occasions, and probably aware of the small force then occupying Post Victoria, approached the latter place in the night of the 18th and 19th; and, during the early part of the morning, succeeded in carrying off a large number of draught oxen from its immediate vicinity.

A party, consisting of about thirty men of the 27th Regiment, twelve men of the 7th Dragoon Guards under Captain Hogg, and ten of the Cape Mounted Rifles, the whole under the command of Captain Vereker of the 27th, were immediately ordered to crown the heights above the Post, apparently for the purpose of making a reconnaissance on the enemy, as well as to endeavour to recover the stolen cattle.

Finding the Kaffirs to be in great force, the detachment—though still continuing to follow them up—sent back for reinforcements; and Captain Napier, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, accompanied by Captain Maitland, (Military Secretary to the Governor), was accordingly despatched for that purpose, with a small party of twelve men of his regiment, and carrying orders for Captain Vereker's immediate return. On arriving at

the scene of action, he found that Captain Hogg, with his mounted force, having pushed on a couple of miles a-head of the Infantry, had brought the Kaffirs to bay. The latter had driven the cattle into a densely-wooded kloof, and, forming on the outskirts of the thicket, now opened a sharp fusillade on the Dragoons and Cape Mounted Rifles; who, from the nature of the ground, could only from a distance return their fire, which was thus kept up until the arrival of the Infantry.

As the recovery of the cattle was now considered hopeless, the party, pursuant to orders, commenced their retreat towards Post Victoria, from whence they were about six miles distant. The Kaffirs were, however, not disposed to allow them to effect this object without molestation; for, yelling forth their usual war cry, about 300 of them rushed out of the Bush, and boldly attacked the detachment; whilst another large body of the savages, taking advantage of a wooded ravine, pushed rapidly forward, with the intention of outflanking the party, and thus cutting off its retreat. Fortunately, Captain Napier, perceiving this intention, galloped round the head of the ravine, turned *their* left, and opened such a galling fire, that the Kaffirs were driven headlong down the steep sides of the kloof, whilst thickly strewing the ground with their killed and wounded. The object of this skilful movement, though it saved our infantry from inevitable destruction, appears at the moment not to have been fully understood, for a cry arose that the Cape Corps were deserting them; which impression, for a time, is said to have caused no little confusion, and to have unduly accelerated the movements of the retreat.

"I confess," subsequently remarked Captain Napier, "that it did look a little like it; but it ought to have been known that the Cape Corps 'don't run away;' and, at all events, it might have been certain that a 'Napier' would not."

The Kaffirs, notwithstanding the check they had received from Captain Napier's party, still continued to press fiercely upon the retreat; when Captain Maitland, who had been fighting gallantly in company with the Cape Corps, was despatched for reinforcements, which arrived most opportunely; as the detachment—then still upwards of a mile from Post Victoria—had expended nearly every round of ammunition, and their position began to be extremely critical. The Kaffirs, however, on the appearance of reinforcements, quickly withdrew; the party returned to the Post without further molestation; and—considering its weakness, as also the distance it had retired in face of overwhelming numbers of the enemy—with very little loss; the whole list of casualties on our side being one sergeant of the 27th killed, and a couple of burghers wounded.

This—when it is stated that the British force amounted only to about eighty men, (including some twenty waggon-drivers and other civilians) and that the Kaffirs are said to have mustered as many as five hundred warriors,[1] flushed with the confidence inspired by recent success—is only to be accounted for

[1] The accounts of the numbers of the Kaffirs on this occasion are most conflicting. I have heard it averred by some, there were upwards of 1200 present; by others that their strength did not exceed 200; whilst 500 has been mentioned as the possible amount of their forces; which latter figure I have chosen as the medium.

by the circumstance of the enemy overcharging their muskets, and always firing too high; by which means their shots generally passed innocuously over the heads of our people. It was not possible to ascertain the loss experienced by the Kaffirs, which, however, must have been considerable—the 27th alone having, it is said, expended six hundred rounds of ball cartridge on the occasion.

There is little doubt but that the whole party was saved from destruction, by the opportune arrival of Captain Napier's reinforcement, and his judicious conduct in preventing it from being surrounded: yet, strange to say, neither he nor his men were even thanked for their exertions on this occasion—the commencement of a long series of valuable services rendered by him in the course of the war; during which (from the circumstance of the other officers senior to him in the Cape Mounted Rifles being otherwise variously employed) he was so fortunate as long to have charge of his regiment, and to command it under the administration of Sir Peregrine Maitland, in every action and skirmish where it was engaged, from the 21st of April, 1846; to capture on different patroles many thousand head of cattle, and to be, in consequence of his gallant conduct, several times mentioned in the most flattering manner, by the officer commanding the division to which he belonged.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows no one any good," may be a trite, though a true saying. Colonel Somerset, from his standing in the army, was, as a matter of course, placed in command of a division; but at a time when the Cape Corps was sadly in want of officers—

why Major Armstrong should have been kept in the command of the district of Bathurst—Captain Warden in a diplomatic situation—and Captain Sutton appointed to succeed Sir Andreas Stockenstrom in charge of the Kat River Burgher force;[1] whilst several subalterns of the same corps figured on the staff—why these arrangements should have taken place when some of the field officers, who had been sent out on "particular service" to the Cape, were most unwillingly sauntering about with their hands in their pockets, for want of something to do—the why and wherefore of all this must be ranked as amongst one of those enigmas above the comprehension of mere subordinates, and which it only appertaineth to the higher powers to solve. Be that as it may, what was certainly an "ill wind" to some, proved a most favouring breeze to others, who wisely managed so to trim their sails as to turn it to the best account.

To return from this digression to Post Victoria: the following extracts, given as an illustration of the subject in question, are from the diary of an officer who was stationed there at the period of the occurrences above related, until the final abandonment of that station.

"20th April, 1846. The governor and suite left this morning in an omnibus[2] at two o'clock, a.m., it

[1] This was a command, which, according to the instructions from the home authorities, appears to have been particularly fitted for one of the officers above alluded to. See in Blue Book, No. 12 Despatch from Earl Grey to Sir P. Maitland, dated Downing Street, 18th July, 1846.

[2] A mode of conveyance generally adopted by Sir Peregrine Maitland, which, though perhaps not quite in accordance with the

being then quite dark, and the road considered unsafe by daylight.

"21st April. Captain Vereker, of the 27th regiment, assumed the command of Victoria; strength, three hundred men. The 91st regiment, under Captain Barney, in a very unsafe position, being in thatched huts, and not ball-proof; ..... fortifying position of the 27th regiment in upper bastion, with bags filled with earth for that purpose; several sacks of corn, also drawn from the commissariat, to raise the parapet. The 91st ordered into the lower bastion, there to fortify themselves in a similar manner to the 27th.

"22nd. Numerous bodies of Kaffirs seen on the tops of the surrounding hills—closely attending to the works and placing the post in as defensible a state as possible; the water very brackish and scarce, which has much effect on the troops recently arrived.

"23rd. Two waggons daily ordered under escort from each corps, for the purpose of filling barrels with a fortnight's supply of water, in the event of the Kaffirs blockading us in such numbers as to prevent our obtaining a daily supply; and the commissariat was ordered to furnish sufficient biscuit for a twenty days' supply for the troops. This was placed in an empty magazine, between the 27th and 91st redoubts, and under cover of each corps.

"A large fatigue party was employed in taking down all the huts that might interfere with the working of the guns, consisting of one 24-pounder raised

"pomp and circumstance of war," was no doubt found very convenient and suitable to his advanced time of life.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

on a platform, on the north angle of the 27th, or upper redoubt, and having a clear range all round; of a 3-pound howitzer to run out through portholes made in the *front* stockade at each angle of the gate; of a light 6-pound howitzer on the east angle of the 91st redoubt; with a 3-pound howitzer in similar position to 27th regiment.

"24th. All communication cut off from the Colony[1] since the departure of the Governor. During the remainder of this month, the Kaffirs made various attempts to take the cattle from the Post, but without success.

* * * *

"Left Victoria on * * * [2] for Fort Beaufort, when * * *; the former post ordered to be abandoned and burned, which was accordingly done."

* * * * *

I cannot, in the pages of the "Blue Book," (containing the official correspondence laid before Parliament relative to the last Kaffir war) discover any valid reason for adopting such a measure with respect to a military station very recently erected, at considerable labour and expense, and the great importance of which is moreover fully testified in an official despatch[3] transmitted only a few weeks previous to this occurrence, from the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope to the

[1] About this time, it was currently reported in the Colony that Victoria was burned, and that all the troops were destroyed.

[2] A blank here in the Journal.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

[3] See p. 20 of "Blue Book" (1846) containing the official correspondence relative to the Kaffir Tribes, &c., laid before Parliament in 1847.

authorities at home; for in this communication it is stated that: "The unprecedented tranquillity and freedom from depredation enjoyed on the frontier, for the period of nearly eight months" (previous to the outbreak of the war) was—amongst other reasons adduced—attributable to the "Military Post which had been established amongst them (the Gaïka Tribes) on the Sheshago Spring, in the Ceded Territory." When, therefore, Post Victoria is spoken of in terms such as these—when amongst the same official documents are to be found many other passages corroborating this statement of its capabilities—when there will likewise be found recorded (and from most competent authority) the evil tendency—in a moral point of view—of allowing the Kaffirs "ever to obtain the slightest advantage, for that such, to them, is equivalent to a victory;"[1] when all these circumstances are duly weighed, it is impossible for any one not admitted behind the scenes to account for so unexpected a proceeding, although, no doubt, good reasons must have existed for the same.

Although, like many—and, in fact, like most—of our military posts in this part of the world, Post Victoria was—for the sake of being more easily provided with water—situated in a hollow, commanded by surrounding heights; that circumstance—which would have at once condemned it, in the course of ordinary warfare—was, comparatively speaking, of small importance against an enemy such as the Kaffirs, quite unprovided with artillery; and although, from the above "Journal,"

[1] See Notes on the Kaffir War, by Sir Harry Smith; Enclosure No. 31 to Despatch 31; "Blue Book" for 1848.

it appears that the water was at that period "scarce and brackish," still it must be remembered that this related to a season of the year when a supply of such a nature was every where difficult to be procured; that "a running stream, affording abundance of water for the horses, had been discovered in that neighbourhood;" and that likewise "the spring in the camp had been found, throughout the long drought, to afford sufficient good water for drinking, and all culinary purposes."[1]

During the visit, which, in November, 1846, I made to the ruins of Post Victoria, I found there an abundance of good, sweet water, and accordingly made a report to that effect, which I sent in with a military sketch of the adjoining ground; and, though it may be remarked that this report was made after the usual season of drought, yet, to prove the observation likewise stands good at other seasons of the year, I may observe—in addition to what I have already quoted—that an officer, who had long been stationed at Victoria, informed me, that, with five hundred men at the post, he had never, in a single instance, known the water to fail, during the whole time of its occupation.

The Kaffirs themselves were fully aware of the importance of Victoria, as a serious impediment to their irruptions into the Colony; and, before the actual breaking out of the war, "amongst other insolent demands" made by them, was one to the effect, that this station should be evacuated by our troops; and, as this was not complied with, it was followed up by demon-

[1] From "Blue Book," 1847, p. 60. See Colonel Hare's Despatch to Sir P. Maitland, dated Graham's Town, February 16, 1846. (Enclosure No. 23, *A.* to Despatch No. 3.)

strations of attack on their part, and of most energetic measures of defence on ours.[1]

By such an apparently ill-advised measure, to say nothing of the moral effect produced at the time, on an exulting and barbarous foe, we completely—in every way—anticipated his utmost wishes; and then—as if, when too late, we had discovered our mistake—the ruins of the same spot were shortly afterwards again taken possession of; a camp was pitched amidst the blackened and roofless walls of the late cantonment, under the now prostrate battlements of its forts; the old site was once more occupied by a party of the 91st, with the "Clanwilliam" Levy, under Lieutenant Fitzgerald, of the former Corps; and the last station I visited in my official capacity, ere bidding adieu to Kaffirland, was the ill-fated, abandoned, and destroyed —but now re-occupied—"Post Victoria," whose downfall is recorded, in a Colonial newspaper of that time, by the following doggerel, but appropriate lines:[2]—

> "Victoria, no more! alas, no more!
> That soon he'd have it, Prince Sandilla swore,
> By force or fraud, it matter'd not, I ween!
> Ah! name disgraced of our most noble Queen!
> How sly Macomo chuckled, when he *know'd* it!
> Huge Botman with a sneer cried out, '*post* obit;'
> And thievish Tolo laughed to think John Bull,
> To burn his own, was such an arrant fool!"

[1] See "Case of the Colonists," in reference to the Kaffir invasions of 1834-5, and 1846, by the Editor of the "Graham's Town Journal," p. 228.

[2] "The Kaffir War," a satire, published in the "Graham's Town Journal," September 26, 1846.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BIVOUAC.

Climate of Southern Africa—Periodical winds—Discomforts of the Troops—Picture of a British Soldier—Suggestions for his better equipment—The Bush and its tenants—Unenviable situation—Captain Hogg's Corps—Gallantry of the "Totties"—The Fish River Bush—Settlers sent out by Government to Algoa Bay—Elephant hunters—A night march—Sporting relations—Adventures of an old Hunter—Bivouac for the night—Method of whiling away the time—A Buffalo hunt—Hottentot precaution—Group of Kaffirs—The Doctor and the wild boar—Further anecdotes—A scene in the Bush—The march resumed.

"Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,
To speed the lingering night away?
We slumber by the fire."

Marmion.

The reader need scarcely be informed that the seasons in Southern Africa are in direct contradistinction to those of our northern hemisphere. But, although our winter be the period of summer with the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, its widely-extended territory is subject, even at that genial season of the year, to great variations in climate and temperature—variations more affected by local position than by any difference of latitude; which latter circumstance has often an undue weight in hasty conclusions as to the

state of the thermometer in different parts of the globe.

Thus the climate of Southern Africa, from its peninsular situation, is greatly influenced by the periodical winds, which, sweeping across the Pacific ocean, blow regularly, at stated seasons, but from opposite directions, over a varied, broken, and mountainous surface; producing the most contrary effects on its western and eastern coasts. For, whilst the north-west monsoon, prevailing during winter, carries with it rain and storm to the former, the borders of Kaffirland are always, in the summer months, subjected to the same effects by a constant south-easter, which, by the time it reaches Cape Town, having expended every particle of moisture, acts there as a dry and parching wind.

Owing to the above causes, the British troops engaged in our late protracted struggle with the Kaffirs, were, during a portion of the summer of 1846, alternately exposed to the greatest and most sudden changes of climate, the more severely felt, as they were then—for reasons alone known to the higher powers—allowed, for a lengthened period, to remain in a complete state of inactivity. Our large force, (inclusive of Irregulars) consisting of nearly ten thousand efficient men, were thus, for weeks together, stationary, and in a state of any thing but *dolce far niente*—one day smothered in dust, and broiling in little gipsy tents, with the thermometer at 120 or 130 degrees; whilst the next, one of those terrific storms, so common, during the summer season, in this part of Africa, and followed by a deluge of rain, would sweep their

frail canvass habitations to the ground, and leave the drenched and now shivering inmates exposed to a most sudden transition of piercing cold.

Such were the pleasing varieties of comfortable existence enjoyed by the inhabitants of the permanent camps—established, no doubt, for some wise purpose —on the eastern frontier, during the *active* operations of concluding truces, for the purpose of treating with a set of treacherous and cruel barbarians, of whom it has been truly said—

"As for the rest,
'Tis powder and ball suits these savages best:
You may cant about mission and civilization—
My plan is to shoot or enslave the whole nation."

* * * *

This state of things continued until the latter end of November, when, it being probably discovered that the negociations of our wily enemy were only so many subterfuges, for the purpose of gaining time, it was resolved that Colonel Somerset (the working man of the force) should give them a stirring up. With this intention, a reinforcement, consisting of a few hundred of the Native Levies, and of a small party of the regular force, was sent to him from the first Division of the army, still encamped at Block Drift, a few miles from Fort Beaufort.

Heartily sick of heat and dust; of truces and "palavers;" of meddling priests and intriguing missionaries; and rejoiced at the prospect of any change, I gladly accompanied the above expedition, which rendezvoused at an advanced post, situated between the first and second Division; the latter having for some

time past been encamped at the "Beka," a former missionary station, a few miles from Fort Peddie, and which had been burnt down by the Kaffirs, during the earlier part of the war.

The station, or, rather, "läger," (small encampment) where we were to assemble, offered a good specimen of the delights attendant on a subaltern's detached command, during the late Kaffir war. The small bell-tents (affording but little protection from either sun or rain) were dotted on the bare slope of a hill, without even the shelter of a single tree, or bush; and exposed to every vicissitude of heat, wind, and dust. Broiling in one of these patent furnaces by day—often thoroughly drenched, and shivering with cold, by night—alone, and without society or associates of any kind, probably even without the resource of books—generally debarred, by the vicinity of a savage and wily foe, from the possibility of moving a hundred yards from his post—is it to wondered at if more than one unfortunate youth—thus, as it were, abandoned, like Ishmael, in the wilderness; cut off from the civilized world; and left for weeks and months solitarily to brood on the discomforts of his forlorn situation—should have sought consolation from the bottle, and drowned, in its contents, all recollection of so unenviable a lot?

Many a young officer, it is true, as in the present instance, bravely went through, and came out unscathed, from so trying an ordeal; but, whilst others succumbed, they certainly deserved pity, as well as censure, or condemnation.

* * * *

Right gladly was our party welcomed, on its arrival,

by the young lieutenant commanding the "lāger," or camp, here alluded to; and, thanks to his hospitable reception, merrily did we spend the day, in his small tent. From his *commissariat* we obtained rations for the men, with a feed of corn for our horses; and the whole party intended for the expedition being now assembled, and well refreshed, "fell in," towards sunset, to move off to its destination. The reader, uninitiated in the mysteries of South African warfare, must not for a moment imagine that a force paraded for a distant expedition into the "Bush," bears the least resemblance to a guard mounting at St. James's, or a well-ordered field-day in the Phœnix Park.

The "Rode Bāshees" of the party—as the Kaffirs denominated our gallant red-jackets, to distinguish them from the "Amabula," (the Boors) and the "Umlaou," or Hottentots of the force—had previously, as much as possible, divested themselves of those old-fashioned "pipe-clay" trammels, only calculated, when on service, to impede the movements, and check the brilliant valour of the British troops. Tight, tape-laced coatees, (scarlet in leprosy) were cast aside; and shell jackets, well patched with leather, generally speaking, had become the order of the day. Blue, dungaree trowsers were substituted for white prolongations. The heavy knapsack had been left at head-quarters, and was replaced by a small canvass bag, loosely slung across the right shoulder. Few stiff, leather dog-collars—most appropriately called "stocks"—now answered the roll; and the crown of that very essence of discomfort and uselessness, yclept the "chako," being kicked out, had

made way for the rather more sensible head-dress of the "forage cap;" whilst, horrible to relate! many a sun-burnt, weather-beaten English phiz—long a stranger to razor or soap-suds, and spite of "whisker" regulations—wildly peered through a bushy jungle of untrimmed beard and luxuriant moustache; which, though rather, it must be admitted, brigand-like appendages, were undoubtedly found more comfortable, by the respective wearers, than an equal proportion of sores or blisters, with which the "pale-faces" were sure to be covered, if deprived, in this fiery clime, of that protection so kindly afforded by Nature.

The above is, generally speaking, a correct representation of the British soldier, when on actual service; and only shows how completely unfitted are his every-day dress and appointments, (though perhaps well enough adapted to the household troops) for the roughing of a campaign; particularly such campaigns as he is most likely to be engaged in, against uncivilized barbarians, under a burning sun, and amidst the abrading effects of dense and thorny jungles.

No; if the pipe-clay martinets, the gold and tape-lacing tailors of the army, cannot bring themselves to study utility and comfort a little more, in the every-day dress of the *working* part of the army, let them, at least, when our brave fellows are called upon for such roughing as that required in the last Kaffir campaign —let them, I say, safely deposit all these gingerbread trappings in store; rig out our soldiers in a fashion that will afford *some* protection against climate; not impede the free use of their limbs; and give them a chance of marching under a broiling sun, without a

coup de soleil; or of coming out of a thorny jungle, with *some* small remnants of clothing on their backs.

What, with his ordinary dress and accoutrements, was often the result, to the British soldier, of a Kaffir skirmish in the Bush? Seeing his Hottentot *compagnons d'armes* dash into the dense thorny covert, and not wishing to be outdone by these little "black fellows," he sets its abrading properties at defiance, and boldly rushes in on their wake. His progress is, however, soon arrested: an opposing branch knocks off the tall conical machine curiously balanced, like a milkmaid's pail, on the top of his head. He stoops down to recover the lost treasure; in so doing, his "pouch box" goes over his head, his "cross belts" become entangled. Hearing a brisk firing all around, and wishing to have a part in the fun, he makes an effort to get on to the front, but finds himself most unaccountably held in the obstinate grasp of an unexpected native foe. The thick-spreading and verdant bush, under which the "chako" has rolled, is the "wacht-een-bectje;"[1] and, to his cost, he feels in his woollen garments the tenacious hold of its hooked claws; for the more he struggles to get free, the more he becomes entangled in the thorny web. He now hears the "retire" echoing through the adjoining rocks; and his friends, the "Totties," as they briskly run past, warn him, in their retreat, that the enemy—who knows right well our bugle calls—is at

[1] A Dutch appellation, literally meaning, "wait a little," which is always the case when its crooked thorns happen to lay hold of the skirt of one's garment.

their heels. Exhausted by his protracted struggle, whilst maddened at the thought of falling into the power of his cruel foe, the poor fellow makes a desperate effort at escape. In so doing, the ill-omened chako is left to its fate; the wacht-een-beetje retains in triumph part of his dress. As he "breaks covert," the Kaffirs, with insulting yells, blaze away at him from the Bush; and, scudding across the plain, towards his party, with the ill-adjusted pouch banging against his hinder parts, the poor devil—in addition to the balls whistling around him—is also exposed, as he approaches, to the jeers and laughter of his more fortunate comrades!

Far be it to attempt here to detract from the efficiency and merits of our gallant troops, whose services—spite of every obstacle raised in their way—have been so conspicuous in every part of the globe; I merely wish to point out how very much that efficiency might be increased, by a little attention to the dictates of reason and common sense.

* * * *

Though some of the Native Levies—such as the Fingoes and "friendly" Kaffirs, enrolled as part of the force—were composed of a sad, half naked, disorderly rabble, Captain Hogg's corps, which formed the greater part of the present expedition, was a marked exception to this rule. This last consisted entirely of Hottentots, who, through the skilful and indefatigable exertions of their chief, had attained a degree of efficacy that could scarcely be believed, and would have done credit to the smartest light infantry corps in the service.

Whenever any rough work had to be done, Hogg's Corps—as remarked—was sure to be in request; and nothing could be better suited than the hardy little fellows of which it was composed, to the cattle-lifting, Bush-fighting warfare, in which they played so conspicuous a part. Unlike the regular portion of the force, their well adapted dress and unimpeded movements enabled them to follow up the foe, and successfully engage him in his very strongholds; in his most impervious and steepest fastnesses; for, amidst the densest part of the most thorny bush, thus armed and accoutred, the little Totty ever proved more than a match for the gigantic and ferocious Kaffir.

* * * *

As usual, on these expeditions, light marching trim was now the order of the day; that is to say, every man carried a blanket and a small supply of biscuit; whilst a few head of cattle were driven along for slaughter. Unencumbered, therefore, with commissariat, or camp equipage, we got rapidly over the ground; the Europeans of the party with difficulty keeping pace with the active little Totties, who, following the example of their untiring leader, footed it along at the rate of four miles an hour.

Our course lay along the high open ridge running midway between the Keiskamma and Great Fish River; overlooking, in many places, the dense Bush, enshrouding a deep valley, now darkly immersed in shadow, through which tortuously meanders the latter stream. This "Fish River Bush" is an immense tract of thorny jungle, extending from the Winterberg Mountains to the sea-coast. It is still the constant

resort of the predatory Kaffir, as it was some years past that of all the nobler animals of the chase. The elephant, the rhinoceros, the buffalo, and the hippopotamus, with innumerable other sylvan denizens, were, some fifty or sixty years back, the sole, undisputed occupants of this vast and verdant wilderness. They were the original pioneers who frayed the paths amidst its otherwise impenetrable recesses, through which intricate tracks the hunter first followed them up to their lairs.

This was in the good old times of the occupation of the Zuureveldt by the Dutch Boers, and ere Kaffir intrusion had disturbed both man and beast, amidst its undulating grassy plains and dense boundless thickets. Since those patriarchal times, mighty changes have flitted o'er the scene; and the brand of the savage having scared alike the thrifty occupants of the prairie, and the wild population of the jungle; the Zuureveldt was next tenanted by the encroaching Kaffir, and continued for years the favourite hunting-ground of the ferocious tribes of Congo and T' Slambie.

After a long period of unauthorized and forcible occupation, the gallant Graham drove these barbarians from their usurped possessions, and shortly afterwards this part of the country became peopled by a new race; for in 1820, several thousands of English Settlers, sent out by Government, landed at Algoa Bay, and soon wrought great changes in the land of their adoption. A few fortunes were rapidly realized by some; but many, and by far the greater part of the emigrants, were entirely ruined by the successive failures of their crops. British energy however was not to be

daunted. Numbers embarked in a channel of fresh enterprise, and became now deeply engaged in all the venturous vicissitudes and dangers of a contraband trade with the Kaffirs, then, under the severest penalties, prohibited by law; whilst others, converting their ploughshares into rifles, turned "mighty hunters" amidst the dense jungles of the Kowie and Fish River Bush; still at that period thickly tenanted by every species of the larger game, but chiefly by elephants, the sale of whose ivory amply repaid the dangers incurred by the many adventurous Nimrods who then sprang up on the eastern frontier.

Whilst looking down, during our onward progress, on those densely-wooded kloofs, assuming every moment a darker and more sombre hue as night enveloped them in her gloomy mantle, many a tale passed round, referring to bold deeds of woodcraft performed in their mazy depths—of hair-breadth 'scapes from the ponderous rhinoceros, the headstrong buffalo, or lordly elephant; for amongst our party were two or three old sportsmen, who had oft trodden the mazes below us, ere they were, as at present, nearly denuded of their savage denizens; who since then had followed up their track beyond the far Orange River, even to the verge of the Southern Tropic; for to such remote limits, is the daring votary of the chase now fain to proceed in quest of what, a few short years back, was so plentiful in those deep masses of jungle, which—save, may be, by lurking Kaffirs—then lay so silent and tenantless at our feet.

The tedium of our now darksome march was thus whiled pleasantly away. One of the party—a man

from infancy devoted to the chase, whose youth and manhood were passed in its pursuit, who had marked down the last elephants in those their once favourite haunts—entered most enthusiastically on the theme. Striking on an elephant "spoor," he soon eloquently led away his audience through deep and rocky valleys, dense thorny jungles; threaded the narrow elephant path amidst all the intricacies of wooded kloofs; tracked the noble animals to where they fed; pointed out their gigantic forms, looming like dark ocean rocks above a green glittering sea of bright "speck-boom,"[1] aloes, euphorbias, and other strange and fantastic shrubs. Next would he tell of the stealthy, snake-like approach, the moment of breathless suspense, the sharp crack of the rifle, the fall of the huge patriarch of the flock, the wild crashing charge of the survivors, arrested in mid career by the ignited bush blazing up into a secure rampart of smoke and flame. The lifeless prostrate victim is next approached; then would follow the process of "marking" the tusks, to be carried away at some future time; the tail docked in token of triumph; the amputation of the trunk, of a foot, or extraction of the heart; part of which, wrapped in a flap cut from one of the fallen monster's ears, would form, at the bivouac, the evening repast of the tired and famished hunter.

Then would he speak of the huge rhinoceros, tearing up with its nasal horn, during wild paroxysms of fury, the very ground it trod upon; of the mad, headlong charge of the buffalo, blinded in its rage; of

[1] The favourite food of the elephant. Its small fleshy leaves, when boiled down and seasoned, form a very palatable dish.

the prancing "gnu" and stately "gemsbok" (the fabled unicorn of old). Many a hair-breadth 'scape did he then relate, mingled occasionally with a tale of woe, for accidents sometimes inevitably occurred amongst the followers of so adventurous a mode of life.

This old hunter had associated with, and well remembered, the famed and intrepid Thwackray,[1] who, after slaying I forget how many hundred elephants, was, as our friend related, at last trampled to death by one he had unfortunately wounded, without disabling. Amongst other casualties which had then occurred in this sylvan warfare, he mentioned Colonel F——'s melancholy death: pursued by a wounded buffalo, he had taken refuge amidst the branches of a low, stunted tree. The infuriated animal, though unable to reach him with its horns, effectually used its tongue as a weapon of offence, with whose rough, grating surface—by licking the legs and thighs of the unfortunate sufferer—it so completely denuded them of flesh, that, although at last rescued from so dreadful a position by some Hottentot attendants, who shot his tormentor, the poor fellow only lingered on for a few days, when death put an end to his most excruciating agonies.

Our friend's inexhaustible supply of sporting anecdote still continued for miles and miles to flow rapidly

[1] The daring sporting exploits of this young man (one of the Settlers of 1820) are still the theme of conversation on the frontier. The elephant-hunter was generally accompanied by a few Hottentot followers, with whose assistance some have been known to kill between three and four hundred elephants during the year. No wonder, therefore, that these animals should now have entirely disappeared from this part of the country.

on, till at last the bright flickering blaze, which illumined the darkness in front of the column of march, announced our arrival at the halting-ground for the remaining portion of the night. The surrounding obscurity precluded however all possibility of ascertaining the nature of the spot of our proposed bivouac; for all that could be discerned were the dark forms of the Hottentots as they intercepted the bright reflection of the blazing camp-fires, around which they appeared to move with the restlessness of condemned spirits at some pandemoniac feast; whilst an occasional lurid glare was thrown on dark masses of tall underwood, which here and there were scattered over the high, level, table-land around.

Meanwhile, the group, who had been spinning such tough sporting yarns during the march, were soon snugly ensconced to leeward of, and beneath one of the dense clumps of foliage above alluded to. A fire was kindled: our Hottentot attendants, in ten minutes, had, *al fresco*, prepared coffee and a "carbonadje;[1] and we all huddled up together, to spend the night as we best could, under the sheltering boughs which intervened between ourselves and the canopy of heaven; across which, murky clouds, driven by the night-wind, mournfully sighing through our leafy bower, appeared in the surrounding pitchy darkness to be chasing each other in rapid succession, and threatened to bedew our slumbers with their watery burthen.

But sleep, gentle sleep, scared by the "figures and the fantasies" of so many a stirring tale of sylvan

[1] Small pieces of meat spitted on a branch or wooden skewer, and thus hastily roasted before a camp fire.

war, had, affrighted, fled this group of determined sportsmen; for in that wild and appropriate resting-place to such staunch votaries of the chase, were now assembled those, who, in every portion of the globe, had long and sedulously plied the "merrie woodland craft."

The bold fox-hunter, who in old England so oft had followed sly reynard's rapid flight; ne'er "craned" at ox-fence, bull-finch hedge, stone wall, or double ditch; who—spite of break-neck "aard-vark" holes, ant-hills, and deep ravines—had here joyously "yoik'd" the grim wolf and wily jackall of these southern wilds;[1] the daring elephant "shekaree" of the forests of Ceylon; the slayer of the tiger and wild boar in the thorny jungles, and arid plains of Hindostan; the adventurous buffalo-hunter of the depths of the Kowie, the Keiskamma, and Fish River Bush; he who had boldly crossed the "Great Orange" in quest of the lion, the gemsbok, and giraffe—were here all grouped together, in the hitherto vain attempt—after the fatigues of the day, and in anticipation of those of the morrow—of perseveringly courting the embrace of sleep. Like other coquettes, the more she was followed the faster did she fly, till at last one of the party impatiently exclaimed: "'Tis no go; the jade has evidently broke covert and stole away. Let us therefore," added he, heaping more brushwood on the fire,

[1] Previous to the last Kaffir war, a capital pack of fox, or rather, "jackall" hounds, was kept up at Fort Beaufort by the 7th Dragoon Guards, under the superintendence of Captain Hogg, who shortly after so successfully hunted down the Kaffirs with his gallant pack of "Totties."

and placing thereon a can freshly replenished with muddy water, "let us, at any rate, keep out this confounded cold and damp wind with hot grog. And, since we cannot sleep, I further propose that each of us spin some yarn or other for the benefit of the rest; to set the first example, I shall begin with the buffalo adventure of my opposite friend there, who is so assiduously keeping his eyes closed, that he does not see our roaring watch-fire will in a few minutes singe the toes off his boots. Come, rouse up, old fellow; give me a cigar, with the brandy-flask, and listen to the recital of your own immortal deeds in the Bush."

The required supplies thus demanded, were tendered with the gruff remark of—"'Tis devilish hard you can't let a fellow sleep, who does not know when he may have another chance."

"Never mind, old grumpy; sleep away if you can, and I'll tell as how you were treated by the last 'buff' we tracked together, just before the breaking out of this confounded war, which, bad luck to it, has put a stop to all our sport, for these rascally Kaffirs are positively now not worth either powder or shot.

"Well, gentlemen, you must know that old dozy there and myself got a fortnight's leave, to have a little 'gunning,' and stole away quietly with a couple of Totties to a favourite sporting haunt of his, where we bivouacked for the night. The next morning, before dawn, my friend took me to a 'vley'—occasionally, as he said, at that time of the year frequented by a stray herd of buffaloes, and, judging from the

footmarks, some had evidently been drinking there during the preceding night. We put the Totties on their trail, and 'spoored' them up rapidly, as long as the dew was on the grass, till we tracked them into the thick bush. Here the spoor continued clear enough, it was all plain sailing; and Mr. Claas, our head Totty lurcher, confidently pronounced the herd to consist of five head, and that one of the lot was a large bull. The trail, which we had now followed some three or four hours with scarcely a check, took us at last over a bare, rocky, dry, and open space of ground, where we soon became completely at fault. However, leaving a handkerchief on the spot, up to which we fancied we had brought the spoor, we made several broad casts to the right and left, when at last, Claas succeeded in hitting it off again; and, from its appearance, thought the herd must have passed fully an hour before. Well, to make short of a long business, we toiled on, under a broiling sun, the greater part of the day; till, emerging from a kloof near some wooded clumps, on a marshy rise covered with grass, the footmarks became mixed—a sure sign, as you know, of the animals being in search of a place of rest. We therefore dismounted, secured our horses amongst the bushes in the kloof; and, taking every necessary precaution as to the direction of the wind, crept cautiously forward, at some distance apart. I had taken a sweep to the right; and, whilst passing behind a cluster of tall underwood, which for a moment hid my companion, I heard the sharp report of his double-barrelled rifle.

"At this instant, on clearing the intervening

space, as the smoke drifted away, I beheld him crouching on one knee, his rifle half raised, with the blade of a long hunting knife firmly clenched between his teeth. Whilst charging down upon him, and then within twenty yards, furiously rushed an enormous bull-buffalo, tail on end, and his head—garnished with at least six foot horns—close to the ground. Next second, as he appeared in the very act of being ground to atoms, and amalgamated with his mother earth (for the brute was now within a yard of the spot where he knelt) the second barrel was discharged; his legs flew up with a summersault into the air, whilst the infuriated monster apparently missing his mark, passed over him, and dashed headlong through the opposite thicket in the direction of our horses, which, breaking loose in their alarm, wildly scampered away across the open slope of the hill.

"All this, which happened within a few yards of where I stood, was apparently the work of a second. I immediately started out to see what part of our friend still remained attached to his exalted legs, when, to my infinite surprise, he got up unscathed, and staring around, asked whither the brute had vanished. 'For,' added he, 'I am sure that my last shot hit him between the eyes.' With regard to the latter assertion, I must confess I entertained many doubts on the subject. The first object was to recover our nags, which took us fully a couple of hours to effect, when we returned to the scene of adventure, for the purpose of endeavouring, if possible, to obtain tidings of the buffalo. Nor had we proceeded far on our search, when convincing proofs offered themselves that one of his shots most

certainly had told. The bush, which the enraged animal so madly rushed into, was of the densest and most stubborn kind; its turgid nature had however apparently bowed like a forest of waving reeds before the crushing impetus of the mighty mass. But, on the broken and disordered boughs, the quick eye of Claas readily detected evidence which induced him to pronounce that the buffalo had been wounded, and in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of escape. A mass of clotted gore, and what seemed a portion of the brain, adhering to a branch, had elicited this opinion from Mr. Claas. 'But,' added he, attentively examining the ground, 'other spoor here; we must take care—I think Kaffirs come here before us.'

"As this adventure took place shortly before the breaking out of the war, we were then in a state of uncertainty as to the intentions of these gentry, which, under such circumstances, rendered prudence doubly requisite; but whether it might be Kaffirs, Fingoes, Hottentots, or Colonists, who had got scent of the wounded buffalo, we determined, though with every precaution, to follow up the spoor, and, if possible, assert our rightful claim to the spoil.

"Leaving, therefore, our horses under charge of one of the Totties, we cautiously pursued through the bush the bloody traces of the wounded animal, which at every step became more evident, and of more frequent recurrence. Thus silently following Claas, we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile, when the latter suddenly came to a stand-still, listened attentively for a second, and put his ear to the ground; then, with

an expressive gesture, directing us to crouch down and remain where we were, he, without uttering a sound, crept forward like a snake, amidst the entangled underwood of thorny briars.

"We placed too much reliance on Claas not to pay implicit attention to all his directions; though our patience was, in the interim, severely tested; for some time elapsed ere he returned, with an expression of countenance which testified that he had something of importance to communicate. In a scarcely audible whisper, he informed us that he had discovered the carcase of the buffalo, which was being cut up by ten or twelve Kaffirs, and concluded by recommending our immediate return to the horses. 'And leave my buffalo, head, horns, and all, to be carried away by these infernal niggers?' mournfully whispered ——. 'But I'll see them —— first!' 'Hush; make no rash vows,' was my warning counsel. 'But Claas will take us where we may judge for ourselves.'

"Claas did not appear much to relish this plan. It was, however, carried into effect, but with precautions which might have excited the envy of a Cherokee Indian; and at last, we took up a position from whence we could, unseen, behold what required all our friend's philosophy to bear with Christian resignation. In an open space, surrounded by thick jungle, lay the remains of the mighty slain, already disembowelled and partly cut up. Some of the naked savages, elbow deep in blood, were carving off with their assegaïs long strips of flesh, and others were busily preparing fires for the approaching feast: whilst a solitary vulture, soaring far above, and reduced in the immensity of

distance to a mere motionless speck, appeared also to be awaiting his share of the entertainment.

"Anxious as was our friend here to carry off his well-earned trophy: the noble frontispiece of head and horns—which lay so temptingly on the bloody greensward before us, and only a few yards distant—we clearly saw that the attempt must be attended with blows. The odds were fearfully against us; and we, therefore, I think most discreetly, sneaked off undiscovered, mounted our horses, and got away as quickly as possible from so uninviting a neighbourhood."

"A very good yarn, and very well spun," exclaimed the apparently sleeping hero of the tale, suddenly sitting up in his sheepskin kaross; "however, as it is undoubtedly my story, I claim the privilege of now calling on our friend, the Doctor, for a stave."

"Come, Doctor, brighten up! Pitch into some of our bivouac physic; better than was ever brewed in your hospital. Pass round the can, put another handful of wood on the fire; and tell us how you were, once upon a time, pilloried for a couple of hours in a speck-boom bush by an angry old sow, for I have heard such a tale whispered abroad."

"You may call it an old sow, if you please," said the sporting Doctor, rather pettishly, and in a strong Caledonian accent, "but I know I thought it at the time a great 'bore.'

"Though our eloquent friend was so mysterious as to where he fell in with the buffalo that made such a charge when minus his brains, I think I can guess, within a hundred miles, the spot on which the spoor

was first taken up. However, I'll tell no tales out of school, and just relate, in the best way I can, what happened with the wild hog which pinned me in the speck-boom. Well then, when stationed at Bathurst, a couple of years ago, I was taking a solitary ride, accompanied by my usual pack of about a dozen dogs of every kind and description; but instead of my rifle, I happened on that occasion to be only provided with a stout hunting-whip.

"Whilst jogging quietly along the edge of the Kowie Bush, about five miles from Bathurst, the dogs suddenly gave tongue, and I 'yoiked' them forward through the covert, the increasing thickness of which soon compelled me to dismount; whereupon, tying up my nag to the stump of a tree, I followed up the chase on foot. The dogs soon brought their quarry to bay; and, fancying it must be a porcupine, I boldly advanced, flourishing aloft the aforesaid hunting-whip. Scarcely had I approached the scene of action—a thick 'wacht-een-beetje' bush, around which the dogs were loudly baying—than a canine yell of agony, then two or three grunts, and a heavy crash amongst the underwood, announced the presence of a wild hog. Before I had made up my mind what to do, an immense boar, with bristles like toothpicks, all standing on end, rushed at me through the intervening scrub.[1] Of course, I turned tail, and never ran so quick in all the course of my life, clearing, at a single bound, the clumps of brambles and shrubs which came in my path. Spite of numerous tumbles, from my spurs catching in

[1] The low stunted bush is so called in Colonial phraseology.

the creepers and monkey ropes,[1] I still kept ahead; but Piggy, perseveringly forcing his way through the underwood, which I had to jump over, was soon close at my heels; and, at every purl I got, I fancied I felt his tusks grinding against my ribs. The pace we were both going was too quick to last; and just as I found myself quite done up, fortunately for me, a thick speck-boom bush stood in my way. With a last desperate effort, I made a spring which carried me into the midst of its soft, fleshy foliage and flowering boughs. The latter, fortunately, did not give way under my weight; and here, like King Charles in the oak, I looked down—though in no very comfortable mood—upon my baffled and angry foe, who trotted round and round my place of refuge, sniffing the stems of the bush, and ever and anon casting up towards me his little twinkling, blood-shot eyes, at which—for so close was I to the brute—I kept striking with the butt-end of the whip, whilst gathering up my legs in the best way I could to keep them out of his reach.

"As you may readily fancy, I was all the time in a most confounded stew, lest the tender, pulpy branches should give way, and leave me to the tender mercies of Mr. Piggy, who, maddened at not being able to reach me, and at the baying of the dogs around, every now and then would make a sudden dash at some of the boldest of his assailants, and, with a side thrust of his formidable tusks, send them off howling with fearful wounds. I had thus the mortification of helplessly witnessing the destruction of many of my favourites.

[1] The stems of the lianes, which frequently climb to the top of the highest trees, are so called.

A poor little devil of a pup happened to be of the party, and, probably not knowing its danger, was foremost in the attack. The boar, suddenly turning on his diminutive opponent, seized him in his foaming mouth, placed him on the slope of a bank, and appeared determined to disembowel him in the most scientific and approved of fashion.

"At this critical moment for poor puppy, a powerful blood-hound rushed to the rescue; and though in so doing he was badly ripped in the shoulder, succeeded in laying fast hold of the boar by the end of his snout, and thus pinned him to the ground. 'Now,' thinks I to myself, 'is my sole chance.' The only weapon I had with me, besides the hunting-whip, was a small mother-of-pearl penknife I had bought in the Quadrant for a shilling, when on the coach by which I left London to start for this country; it was my last purchase in old England, and never was a shilling better laid out."

"But come to the point, Doctor; and don't keep us in suspense."

"That's just what I did; for seeing this was my only hope of escape, I opened the mother-of-pearl knife, jumped out of the bush, and, seizing the boar by the ear, whilst the bloodhound was pinning his nose to the ground, I—thanks to some little knowledge of anatomy—thrust it into what I knew to be an artery, left it firmly sticking there, and as quickly scrambled back again into my former place of refuge."

"A wonderful instance of *sang froid*, activity, and science combined," observed ——. "But pray, Doctor, take a drink, and go on."

"It was," replied the Doctor, after taking a long pull at the grog-can—"it was—though I say it, who should not—it was done, every thing considered, with tolerable skill, as the event fully proved; for let me tell you, gentlemen, though a pig's internal conformation greatly resembles that of man, yet, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, the carotid artery might very easily have been missed.

"But, to go on with my story—the boar, on finding himself wounded, made such a violent effort that he shook off the dog; the penknife fell from the wound, and, to my inexpressible delight, was followed by a plentiful stream of blood. The astonished animal suddenly stood still, and appeared steadfastly to listen to the novel sound, as the mimic cascade, spurting forth with a graceful curve, fell in a crimson shower, with—to my ears—the sweetest music of a spattering noise, on the dry and parched up soil.

"Being no longer molested by the dogs, which were now lying around in every direction, in a more or less disabled state, my bristly acquaintance had full leisure to indulge in his new meditations. He, after a while, trotted off some twenty or thirty yards, stopped again, remained a few seconds quite motionless; assumed rather a sentimental look; staggered, fell forward, rolled over on his side, and then—gave up the ghost. Still, I could not bring myself to believe that the grim monster were really dead; that the Jew-boy's penknife, like David's pebble from the brook, had actually slain this fierce Goliath of the woods. For a moment longer I therefore remained ensconced amongst the branches of my leafy castle, in a state of the most anxious sus-

pense; till, seeing no signs of returning life as the dogs approached, and sniffed the carcase, I slid cautiously down, picked up the bloody knife; crept on tip-toe towards my fallen enemy; touched him first gingerly with one foot, and then, finding him *really* dead—and no mistake—in the ecstasy of the moment I took off my cap, and gave three hearty cheers."

"Bravo, Doctor! a capital *finale!* and all owing to your unrivalled anatomical knowledge in being able to discover the carotid artery under the bristles of a wild boar!"

"And, knowing where it was to be found, you will perhaps allow it required a rather steady hand to lay it open. However, I hope, old fellow, that *your* life may never depend on scientific acquirements of any kind, or else your career will be brief indeed. But I now, Mr. Critic, beg to call on *you* for something out of the common way—for a few spicy adventures on the other side of the Orange, with some account of your sport in the giraffe and quagga line, whilst searching for Prester John, the kingdom of Monomotopa, or the Great Salt-water Lake."[1]

Thus appealed to, —— was soon amidst lions, gnus, quaggas, cameleopards, and gemsboks. Ostriches, like Banquo's ghosts, stalked past in endless succession; pigmy zebras, to my now clouded sight, appeared to be prancing amongst the dying embers of

[1] The two first, with the equally imaginary island of St. Helena Nova, were the constant objects of inquiry and research by the early Dutch Colonists. Authentic accounts have of late years been received of the "Great Lake," but no European traveller has yet reached it.

our flickering watch-fire, which fizzed in expiring agony, as the blood spurted o'er it from the severed artery of the mighty boar; whilst a buffalo, galloping by, and dashing the protruding brain from his fractured skull, sent a portion of it into my eyes, and apparently closed them on the scene; for, without knowing when or how I had fallen asleep, I was only roused by a heavy rain dripping through the overhanging foliage on my face. I drew the waterproof cloth[1] over my head, and resumed my slumbers, till the grey dawn gradually disclosed the company and scene amidst which we had passed the night.

The rain had ceased; I then raised the invaluable "vergette" cloth, which had so well protected us during its fall; and, shaking the water from the impenetrable folds, aroused my still sleeping bedfellow, M——: a grim-looking cherub, in all the unshaven loveliness of a phiz covered with a grizzly beard of some seven or eight days' growth. Closely huddled under the bush, lay, in every attitude of ungainly repose, the party of the preceding night; whilst around the damp ashes of the long-since extinguished watch-fires, groups of sleepers were thickly scattered on the wet grass, enveloped in the unromantic drapery of blankets well saturated with rain.

A bivouac, at other times so stirring a scene, always presents at this early hour, when "grey-eyed" morn first withdraws the curtain of darkness, a melancholy and even ghastly appearance. In the indistinctness of the dawning light, our halting-ground might easily

[1] The "vergette" waterproof cloth will be found of the greatest service to the traveller or campaigner in South Africa.

have been mistaken for a recent battle-field thickly strewed with the slain—in such strange, stark attitudes, were scattered the benumbed and recumbent groups, that grim Death himself appeared to have hovered o'er the spot, stamping with his cold touch additional hideousness on all around.

The Hottentot countenance, at no time very prepossessing, is, whilst under the influence of sleep, the most repulsive object in the world. Nay, I am here mistaken; for a dead Hottentot is a still more forbidding sight; and one who is seen whilst *dead*-drunk (a not unusual occurrence) the most revolting of all.

Though, on first waking and looking round, every thing appeared motionless and without life, five minutes sufficed completely to alter the scene. All were by that time on the alert, and ready for a move. I proceeded to a muddy pool close by, dipped the corner of my handkerchief into its turbid waters, and passed it across my eyes. The business of the toilet being thus disposed of—a biscuit and cup of coffee hastily swallowed—I mounted my horse, now in every way prepared and ready for another start.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF THE GWANGA.

Party of Horse under Colonel Somerset—Battle-field of the Gwanga—Zeal and intrepidity of Colonel Somerset—Real causes of the Kaffir War of 1846 and 47—Wise measures of Sir B. d'Urban—Mistaken line of policy—Insolence of "Young Kaffirland"—Opening of the Campaign—Losses of the British—Designs of the Kaffirs—Narrative of an Officer—Brilliant charge—Noble conduct of the Troops—The Chiefs Umhala and Seyolo—A fiery steed—Gallant charge of Colonel Somerset—Flight and pursuit of the foe—Hatred of the Fingoes—Their demoniac proceedings—A bold feat—Death of a Rifleman—Bravery of Sir Harry Darell.

"Colonel Somerset, lifting his cap from his head, gave three hearty cheers, and shouted—'Major Gibsone, 7th Dragoon Guards, return carbines—draw swords—charge!'"—*Five Years in Kaffirland*, vol. i., p. 286.

Shaking themselves, on rising, from their saturated lairs, like so many Newfoundland dogs, our hardy fellows were soon ready to resume their march; when silently falling in, they moved off without beat of drum, and shortly found themselves far from the bivouac-ground of the preceding night. Still following the crest of the oft-before-mentioned ridge, after passing the wooded kloof on our right—formerly occupied by the kraal of the Kaffir chief, Eno, and more lately by that of his son, Stock—the high level

land, along which lay our path, now expanded into a wider tract of open ground covered with grass; across which, and towards our party, were seen advancing a small body of horsemen, which soon proved to belong to the Cape Corps, headed by Colonel Somerset in person, who, at this early hour—with characteristic activity—had come the whole distance from his camp, at the Beka, to look after the expected reinforcement to his Division.

This was a most appropriate spot whereon to meet the gallant veteran, who, for the last quarter of a century—ever on the alert—may be said, during that period, to have been one of the staunchest guardians of the Colony against the depredations of its savage foes—who had, during that long space of time, borne a part in every war, in nearly every "commando" forced on us by these barbarians, amongst whom the name of "Somerset" has always been a watchword of fear and respect. No more fitting locality, I repeat, could have been chosen, for a first introduction to Colonel Somerset; for it was on this very ground that, a few months before, he had given the Kaffirs a lesson they will not speedily forget: he had taught them—although, as usual, they were then in overwhelming numbers—that, when out of the covert of the Bush, their savage ferocity stood no chance against British discipline and British valour.

It was on the battle-field of the Gwanga we now stood—that only bright oasis in the wilderness of our many reverses during this ill-starred war—the only cheering event to counterbalance such inauspicious reminiscences as those connected with Burns'

Hill — the Amatola — Post Victoria — Trompetters' Drift—and Fort Peddie—of losses caused by starvation and drought, on the first expedition to the Kye, in July, 1846—of those from exposure, short commons, and drowning, during the second one, in the months of December and January following.[1]

The only weight to throw into the balance against this formidable catalogue of misfortunes is the affair of the "Gwanga;" and, if the balance then kick the beam, it is most assuredly no fault of Colonel Somerset; who, during the whole campaign, did all that the most indefatigable activity, combined with the most boundless zeal, could effect:[2] and as he looked o'er the field, so well irrigated with the blood of our deadly foes, and even now strewed with their scattered and bleaching bones, well might he "stand a-tip-toe, and rouse him at the name of 'Gwanga.'"

"Remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day: then shall our names—
Familiar in all mouths as household words—

[1] The first of these expeditions was undertaken at a period of the year when there were no means of subsistence for the cattle. In the second, no adequate provision was provided for the men; and what little there was, together with the camp equipage, was of no avail, owing to the swollen state of the rivers, and from no measures having been taken to cross them.

[2] "To you, Colonel Somerset, we are mainly indebted for the satisfactory close of this severe contest; you have been in the field throughout, and have there exhibited equal courage, patience, perseverance, and ability, in the discharge of the severe duties which have devolved upon you."—*From Sir Harry Smith's address to the troops at King William's Town, on 23rd December*, 1847.

'Sir Harry Darell,' 'Gibsone,' and 'Donovan;'
'Napier,'[1] and 'Walpole;' 'Armstrong;' 'Bissett,' 'Brown,'—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered!"

To the reader unacquainted with the particulars of South African affairs, and to whom the name of the Gwanga may not be quite so familiar as that of Agincourt, it will perhaps not be amiss to give a brief outline of the circumstances immediately preceding, and which gave rise to the "St. Crispin's" day of the Kaffir war.

The ostensible cause of this—to us—most disastrous contest, was—as already shown—the murder of an English subject, and forcible liberation of a Kaffir prisoner, who had rendered himself amenable to British law by the commission of an offence within the Colonial territory.

These were the outward and ostensible reasons which brought about what the Kaffirs term, in derision, the "war of the axe:"[2] the breeze which eventually fanned the long smouldering fire into a flame, that had well nigh consumed all our Eastern Province of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and which *has* cost us between two and three millions of pounds sterling! To far remoter sources must however be traced the real cause of the Kaffir war of 1846 and 1847.

It had its origin in the overthrow of Sir Benjamin d'Urban's wise measures — measures brought about

[1] Captain, now Lieutenant-Colonel George T. Conolly Napier, of the Cape Mounted Rifles.

[2] From the circumstance of the theft of a hatchet having caused the apprehension of the Kaffir, who was liberated whilst on the way to take his trial at Graham's Town.

by the complete success of his own well-laid plans, seconded by the valour, activity, and perseverance of Colonel, now Sir Harry Smith; measures which were upset—when their fulfilment was attended with complete success—in consequence of the most childish credulity on the part of a British minister, in listening to the grossest tissue of falsehoods and misrepresentations that were ever framed. The real cause of the late Kaffir war was, in fine, the adoption and enforcement of "treaties," which—by not only annulling all the advantages gained by Sir Benjamin d'Urban, but by the cession of former acquisitions—gave the Kaffirs such an exalted opinion of their own power, and so contemptible a one of our weakness and imbecility—that they eagerly looked forward to another opportunity for plundering the Colony; which opportunity was ever—spite of repeated warnings—left fully open, by want of due preparation on our part; by maintaining a most inadequate force on the frontier; aided and abetted moreover by a bungling course of policy, terminating in a gross mistake, that afforded "Young Kaffirland" the long wished for occasion, and with every *appearance* of having justice on its own side.

It may perhaps be observed, that the blunder here alluded to was the premature step of undertaking a military survey, and pitching a camp for that purpose,[1] without permission, on the acknowledged territory of Sandilla, from whence the party so employed

[1] "I entirely agree with your honour, that the proposition [position?] was awkward, and the error which placed us in it unfortunate." (*From Sir P. Maitland's Despatch to Colonel Hare, dated Cape Town, February 5th*, 1846, at p. 42 of "Blue Book," 1847.) See Appendix.

was, by order of the Kaffir chief, most unwillingly forced to retire. On witnessing this humiliating step, the exultation of "Young Kaffirland" knew no bounds, and was displayed in every species of insolence towards the British Government; in short, war had been resolved on by the Kaffirs, long ere they obtained so plausible an excuse for its commencement — or the "hatchet" business had taken place—which latter circumstance, being completely fortuitous, merely caused it perhaps rather prematurely to burst forth.

The opening of the campaign commenced with the unsuccessful attempt—backed, by a most insufficient force—to "chastise" the savages in their rocky and wooded strongholds of the Amatola. The consequence of this was—as Paddy would say—they made us "lave that" in such a hurry, that we forgot our baggage, which was appropriated by the Kaffirs to their own use. They burned the waggons, together with—it is said—(nor did they ever attempt to deny it) an unfortunate English soldier, who had fallen into their power—captured a pet monkey which formed, with other "pets," one of this party of pleasure: they got hold of the medicine-chest; drank the physic; ate the blistering ointment; and then—adorned in the spoils of the vanquished, and spreading far and wide through the land the news of their triumph—stirred up to action many still wavering tribes, who as yet had taken no part in the war, but who now hastened to assist in the attempt of driving the "Amagalezi" into the sea!

Such were the consequences and results of the first expedition to the Amatola. But not professing to give here a history of the campaign, I shall not enter

into the particulars of the subsequent reverses above enumerated. Suffice it to say — after the daring attack on the 28th of May, 1846, on Fort Peddie, by eight or ten thousand Kaffirs of the Gaïka and T' Slambie Tribes, or rather after their successful attempt on the cattle under its protection, four or five thousand of which they carried off in spite of a strong garrison— that encouraged by this, as well as by the results of the affair at Trompetters' Drift, where, on the 21st of May, they had seized part of a convoy carrying supplies to that fort, their next design was to intercept a second train of waggons,[1] which had subsequently left Graham's Town for the same destination; with a similar object, to capture the Post itself of Trompetters' Drift; and next—by occupying the Fish River Bush—to cut off all communication between Graham's Town and Fort Peddie.

Had they succeeded in this, it is difficult to surmise what might have been the consequences—Colonel Somerset however was luckily at hand. Shortly after the attack on Fort Peddie, he had safely brought considerable supplies to that Post; and, having learned the

[1] This was prevented by Colonel Somerset, who, although with a force of twelve hundred men, had great difficulty in frustrating the attempt of the Kaffirs; and yet, after all the obstacles and disasters attendant on this cumbersome mode of conveyance, and although the Commander-in-Chief frequently in his despatches adverted to the inconvenience resulting therefrom, it is unaccountable that the system should have been so long and so perseveringly followed up. This, and the non-opening of the Buffaloe Mouth, were—as I have elsewhere remarked — a few of many other reasons which caused the last Kaffir war to be prolonged, at an enormous expense, to a period of nearly two years.

intention of the Kaffirs, and their design on the next convoy, which was expected on the 8th of June, he had the previous evening "detached a force of three hundred Native Infantry under Captain Size, one hundred Fingoes under Field Captain Symmons, accompanied by a body of the Fort Peddie Fingoes, under the Chief Tambu, into the Blue River, with orders to move at daylight up the valleys of the Tocka and the Mancazana streams—between Trompetters and Committees."[1] Early on the morning of the 8th, they left Peddie "with a couple of guns and a small force of cavalry, in hopes of intercepting the enemy on the eastern heights of the Fish River Bush, near the locality of 'Stocks' kraal.'"

For an official account of the smart affair that ensued, the reader is referred to Colonel Somerset's Despatch,[2] which may be compared with the following narrative, kindly furnished by an officer who bore a part in the engagement which he thus describes:

"About five o'clock on the morning of the 8th of June, 1846, Colonel Somerset left Fort Peddie with a patrole consisting of one hundred of the Cape Mounted Rifles under Captain Napier, one troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards, under Sir Harry Darell, two guns (6-pounders) under Captain Brown, R.A., and about six hundred of the George Boers, under Commandant Muller; Major Gibsone, 7th Dragoon Guards, being second in command, and Captain Walpole, Royal Engineers, and Lieutenant Stokes, R. E., going as

[1] See, at p. 151 of "Blue Book," (1847) Colonel Somerset's Despatch, dated Fort Peddie, 8th June, 1846.

[2] See Appendix.

volunteers. They proceeded along the heights on the left bank of the Fish River, as far as 'Stocks' kraal, where he found a very considerable number of Kaffirs who had just pushed over the flats from the Keiskamma River. Captain Brown opened his guns upon them with effect, and the Cape Corps immediately attacked the enemy, who had taken up a strong position in a blind river surrounded with dense bush, from which they kept up a severe fire. After fighting for about two hours, Captain Donovan, C. M. R., with about eight or ten men, made a rush at the Kaffirs, shooting about ten dead on the spot, and narrowly escaping from being killed himself, as he was seized by several Kaffirs, who were on the point of shooting him, when the troops rescued him. Captain Walpole was hit with a spent ball in the thigh. In the mean time, about three hundred of the Native Infantry and a couple of hundred Fingoes, under Commandant Size, who had been sent round by Trompetters' Drift, came up in rear of the enemy, and killed a great many.

"About noon, seeing that the Kaffirs were dispersed, and that both men and horses were much fatigued, Colonel Somerset ordered the infantry to come out of the Bush to rest themselves; and went with the guns and cavalry on the open flats near the Gwanga stream, where he suddenly fell in with a body of Kaffirs, about seven hundred in number, who were crossing over from the Keiskamma to assist their friends. Not a moment was lost: Major Gibsone with Sir Harry Darell's troop made a brilliant charge; whilst the Cape Mounted Rifles took the enemy on their left flank, riding into the midst of them. The enemy

fired one volley, and threw a shower of assegaïs; stood their ground for about five minutes, and then fled in all directions, hotly pursued by the Dragoons and Cape Corps for more than three miles, when the 'recall' was sounded.

"Upwards of three hundred were slain on the field, besides many who were wounded and died afterwards. Sir H. Darell, Cornet Bunbury, and seven privates of the 7th Dragoon Guards, were severely wounded. One corporal, C. M. R., killed, and Captain Walpole, R. E., severely wounded again. Several of the officers had very narrow escapes, and Captain Napier's life was saved by the cool presence of mind of his orderly, who shot a Kaffir when in the act of pulling the trigger of the gun which he had placed against Captain Napier's breast.

"Only six of the George Boers were present, and they behaved most nobly; the remainder had off-saddled about five miles off. The infantry also were not present, except the Fingoes, who came up just as the action was over, and killed all the wounded Kaffirs. Colonel Lindsay sent Captain Hogg, 7th Dragoon Guards, with his troop, to the scene of action, and they arrived in time to turn a few of the enemy who were trying to escape. The troops behaved nobly. In the two fights the enemy lost nearly five hundred men. We took two prisoners, one hundred guns, and several hundred assegaïs. The prisoners said they belonged to Umhala and Seolo, and that the commando we had so totally routed was composed of the flower of their tribes, who had been selected in order to attack a convoy of waggons which was to pass from Trom-

petters to Peddie on the 8th, but we luckily fell in with them first. They were about two thousand strong, and well armed. On the evening of the 7th, the two chiefs, Umhala and Seolo, had a dispute about crossing the open flats, the former saying it was safer to do so at night, and the latter preferring the daytime. Umhala crossed on the night of the 7th, and we fell in with him about two hours after he had done so. Seolo, hearing the firing, imagined that Umhala had attacked the waggons, and was crossing over to join, and assist him, when we met him on the open. Seolo was severely wounded, and five minor chiefs were slain."

I must further try the reader's patience with another quotation, which however, being a most graphic description of the casual manner in which the Kaffirs were first discovered on the open ground between the Keiskamma and the Fish River Bush, will not, it is hoped, be considered out of place:

"Colonel Somerset then moved with his division to a place where wood and water offered the means of a pleasant bivouac, and the troops were about to open their havresacks and turn their horses, knee-haltered, out to grass, when Lieutenant Bissett, Cape Mounted Rifles, who had gone out with Lieutenant Armstrong, C. M. R., to reconnoitre, (the latter having observed a few Kaffirs skulking near the Bush, and surmised that more were in the neighbourhood) rode back with the intelligence that, his horse having carried him up the slope of a hill, he had found himself just above a body of about six hundred Kaffirs. These savages, having had a long march, were halting on their way, prepa-

ratory, perhaps, to attacking the waggons, which they did not know had passed through Commatjes Bush; or, it may be, they had been stayed in their progress by the sound of the shells thrown into the kloof, to rout the 'breakfast-party,' two hours before. There they were, however—a regular 'clump of Kaffirs.' Down the slope flew the fiery steed, which could only be guided, not stopped, in its career, and right past the dark mass was borne the rider, while they, bewildered at the unexpected sight of the wild horseman in that sequestered valley, never moved, but gazed in silence at him as he sped past them. 'Wearing round,' in sailor's phrase, his impetuous and hard-mouthed horse, he managed to bring it up at the halting-place of the division, where he reported the near proximity of the enemy to Colonel Somerset, who, lifting his cap from his head, gave three hearty cheers, and shouted, 'Major Gibsone, (7th Dragoon Guards) return carbines, draw swords, and charge!'"

This brief "Charge! Chester, charge!" address of the gallant veteran, was nobly responded to by his hearers. Dragoons and Riflemen, stalwart Britons and diminutive Hottentots—thus strangely brought together from opposite extremities of the globe, and united in the brotherhood of a common cause—as they rushed headlong on the dark barbaric mass before them, eagerly strove to surpass each other in inflicting well-merited chastisement on the treacherous and skulking foe; whom, for the first (and last) time, they had now an opportunity of encountering face to face, in the open field, and without any intervening screen of bushy covert. The result was as already described, and so

damped their courage, that from henceforth the Kaffirs never again dared the attempt of a regular "stand-up" fight.

Colonel Somerset, as we rode over the field, pointed out the spot where the enemy had for a moment shown a front; detailed how their serried masses were broken through, and trampled to the dust by our gallant horsemen; and, as he described the scene which ensued, we could picture before us the savages flying in wild terror across that plain, already so thickly strewed with the prostrate forms of their slain comrades; whilst the flashing swords of the Dragoons were in deep and bloody characters marking "retribution" on the recreant backs of the surviving offenders!

Though thus hotly pursued and hewed down at every step—still showers of assegaïs flew rapidly and not harmlessly around; and, such was the activity of the flying Kaffirs, that a large number appeared in a fair way of regaining the shelter of the Keiskamma Bush. At this moment, the opportune appearance in that direction of Captain Hogg, with a troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards, by intercepting their flight, appeared completely to paralyze them. They no longer attempted either resistance or escape; but, crouching amidst the scattered clumps of grass and brushwood, now endeavoured, like timid animals of the chase, to conceal themselves in every possible manner from their enraged pursuers, who, at last weary of carnage, dismounted to breathe their panting steeds; whilst the Fingoos, on foot, who had by this time arrived at the scene of action, carried on, with characteristic zest, the bloody work of destruction.

The Fingoe bears towards the Kaffir, as the enslaver and oppressor of his race, a hatred which he imbibes with his mother's milk — a hatred truly "African," and unmitigated by any thing approaching to mercy. Now, therefore, was their time to exact a bloody retribution for all their wrongs. They had arrived too late for the fight; but to them *that* mattered little, so they were—by any means—in at the "death;" and the ferocious eagerness with which they searched amongst the tall grass and low bushes for their crouching foes—mercilessly and in cold blood, despatching them when discovered—is described, by those who witnessed the scene, as being truly demoniac.

"The Fingoes might now be seen"—said a friend of mine who had participated in the fight, but who now, "dry with rage and extreme toil," "breathless and faint, leaning upon his sword," had dismounted to relieve his panting steed, and then beheld, with unmitigated disgust, their inhuman proceedings—"the Fingoes," said he, "might be seen wandering over the field in small parties, carefully scanning every little clump of stunted mimosa, in much the same manner as I have seen a countryman looking out for a hare in her form. You would next see one of these ruffians suddenly come, like a pointer, to a dead stand, as he looked cautiously over and into some small bush or patch of reeds. The assegaï, firmly grasped in both hands, was then sharply raised above the fatal spot; whilst the Fingoe, springing high into the air, and throwing up his legs, propelled the unerring spear with his whole weight—at one and the same stroke—through

the intervening foliage, and the body of the partly concealed Kaffir, who was next dragged out by the heels, and stripped of the few ornaments he might possess.

"We could not," added my informant, "had we tried to do so, have put a stop to this pastime of the Fingoes, for we had all dismounted; both horses and men being dead beat, and completely done up—and it is likely that if we *could* have put a stop to it, there were many present who might probably not have taken the trouble to do so; for, disgusting as was the sight, we were all well aware that the Kaffirs, under similar circumstances, would have treated *us* much worse; and, since the Fingoes were the scavengers, some thought it was a good opportunity to get rid of a great deal of foul garbage and filth."

Only two Kaffirs were, on this occasion, rescued from the deadly effects of Fingoe hatred and revenge; a circumstance which might almost be considered an anomaly in this bloody warfare with a barbarous foe; for, totally unacquainted with the gentle feelings of mercy and humanity towards a prostrate enemy — who, if captured alive, is reserved for the most exquisite torture—a Kaffir cannot conceive the possibility of any other fate being in store for himself, should he fall into the hands of an enemy. Hence, he never demands—as he never dreams of giving quarter, and dies—not with the noble fortitude and high-mindedness of a really brave man—but with all the sullen obstinacy and doggedness of a beast of prey—that of the wolf or jackall, when unable to overcome or elude its pursuers. Thus, without any appeal to mercy, or any expectation of the same, were the Kaffirs assegaïed in

dozens by their fellow African brethren, on the bloody field of the Gwanga; whilst some, apprehensive—after they found their retreat completely cut off—of falling alive into the hands of the Fingoes, committed suicide, by severing their own throats with the sharp edge of the assegai.

Amongst many anecdotes I now heard, connected with the Gwanga, it was related that, whilst this Fingoe butchery was going on, a party of our weary horsemen had dismounted on the margin of a muddy pond, near a small patch of brushwood; after both men and horses had quenched their burning thirst, the former threw themselves on the grass, still however holding by the reins their panting steeds, whilst, worn out and listless, they looked on at the movements of some Fingoes busily engaged in their bloody search. The latter approached a small thicket near which this party was at rest. A Burgher who had not dismounted was then watering his steed at the shallow "vlei," or pool. As the Fingoes approached, the naked form of an athletic Kaffir suddenly sprang from the adjoining covert, and pitched the unguarded cavalier headlong into the pond; next, vaulting into the empty saddle, he urged away the horse at the top of his speed. So unexpectedly was this bold feat performed, that the savage had well nigh effected his escape, ere our people were recovered from their surprise. A man of the Cape corps, however, regaining his wits just in the nick of time, started on his feet, and covered the Kaffir with his rifle, whilst he was still within musket-range. The latter, to expose himself as little as possible, had thrown forward his body on the horse's neck—defeat-

ing thus his own object, by inadvertently presenting a fair, or—more properly speaking—conspicuous mark for the Rifleman's shot; which striking him, as a sailor would say (pray, reader, excuse a nautical phrase), full in the stern, raked him "fore and aft"—tumbled him off his horse, and it was afterwards found that the ball —passing clean through him—had come out at his breast, near the collar-bone.

The Cape corps are renowned for being excellent shots, and this circumstance bore evidence to their skill; though the victim thereto—from the boldness of his attempt—most certainly deserved to have met with success. Whilst the enemy suffered so severely in this short but brilliant affair, our whole loss was only two men killed and sixteen wounded, amongst whom were three officers. A private of the Cape corps met his death in the following manner:—Being with a comrade in full pursuit of some Kaffirs, who were flying towards the Keiskamma Bush, they suddenly came on a sort of large pit, or hollow, into which a number of the enemy had crept for concealment. The Riflemen suddenly reined up; one of them dismounted; and, whilst the other held his horse, he deliberately fired into the midst of the Kaffirs in the pit—retreated a few yards from the bank, quietly loaded again, and with his double-barrelled rifle repeated this manœuvre with murderous effect, three or four successive times. At last, the gentlemen in the "pit," seeing the small force of those in the "gallery," took courage, and the next time he came to the edge of the bank, poured in a volley which riddled him with balls; when his surviving comrade thought it high time to decamp.

Where all behaved most nobly, it may seem "invidious" (so the despatch generally runs) to particularize individuals; but Captain Sir Harry Darell, of 7th Dragoon Guards, appears, in this case, to have been the hero of the day. Most gallantly with his brave troop he dashed at, and through, the very thickest of the Kaffir host, when showing their boldest front; then, wheeling round, again charged and recharged them several successive times; till, at last — there being no further foe to encounter—bristling, "like fretful porcupine," he issued, well larded with assegaïs, from the fray; both man and horse being pierced in several places with these unerring darts.

Such was the action of the Gwanga; and so completely were the Kaffirs then humbled, that, had opportunity been at once taken by the forelock, and this advantage energetically followed up, the war might, in all probability, have been very shortly brought to a close.[1]

[1] See Sir Harry Smith's opinion on the subject, in "Blue Book," 1848. Enclosure to Despatch, No. 31, from Lord Grey to Sir H. Pottinger.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FORAY AMONGST THE T' SLAMBIES.

Route to Fort Peddie—Dark ambassadresses—Kaffir cunning —Treatment of their women—Horrible atrocities—Misrepresentations of Le Vaillant and Barrow—The Missionaries —Van der Kemp—Ordinance of General Bourke—The Emancipation Act—The Fingoes—Colonel Lindsay—Attack of the T' Slambies and Gaïkas—Loss of the enemy—Immense body of Kaffirs—They attack Fort Peddie—Nocturnal alarm—The author's disappointment—A park-like scene—Kaffirs in the Bush—Banks of the Keiskamma—A skirmish with the enemy—Exploits of a settler—Picturesque valley—Return to our rendezvous—Intense heat—Inhospitable reception—Novel species of "Special Service"—Kaffir scouts—Passage of the Keiskamma—Phoonah's kloof —Arrival at Block Drift—The author tenders his resignation.

"These very T' Slambie and Congo Tribes received the thanks of Government, with praises and presents of money only two years ago, in consideration of their peaceful dispositions towards us. The Gaïkas may be considered a more worthy foe than these treacherous wretches, paid and petted by us."—*Five Years in Kaffirland*, vol. i., p. 262.

Whilst listening to many such interesting anecdotes and details relative to the "Gwanga," we jogged on with Colonel Somerset towards Fort Peddie, distant some four or five miles from the scene of action. On our way to the Fort, we met several Kaffir women, professing to come with conciliatory messages from the

T' Slambie Chiefs, but probably—according to their usual custom — only enacting the part of spies, on hearing that some expedition was then talked of; for "rumour" had here certainly more tongues than in any other part of the world; and flew from station to station, from camp to camp, and from friend to foe, with the most unaccountable rapidity.

Colonel Somerset, who appeared to know all the Kaffirs as well as they knew him, was apparently acquainted with the dark ambassadresses who now beset his path; and, having reason to suspect the real object of their mission—after telling them to come on to Fort Peddie, where he would listen to what they had to say—gave at the same time directions that they should be kept under strict surveillance, and not allowed to quit that post, until the return of the commando, then contemplated beyond the Keiskamma.

The deep cunning of the Kaffir is proverbial; and these savages avail themselves, with wonderful perception, of all circumstances which can by any possibility turn to their advantage. Thus, knowing that their women (notwithstanding many false assertions to the contrary) never receive ill-treatment at our hands, the latter are constantly prowling about our posts, where, under pretence of soliciting food, they play the part of spies to perfection, and with the greatest impunity. Nay, it has been positively averred, that, during the war, these ladies have, in some instances, actually carried supplies of gunpowder from Port Elizabeth itself to their friends in Kaffirland!

Should, in the course of a few years, another Kaffir war break out (which is not at all improbable as long

as this treacherous race are permitted to have any footing to the westward of the Kye)—should such a calamity again befall that ill-fated country, it strikes me as a feasible suggestion, and one which would be the means of obviating much mischief, were all the Kaffir women who could be captured to be removed into the interior of the Colony, and there apprenticed as domestic servants to the farmers and other inhabitants. By these means, the Kaffirs would be deprived, in a great measure, of their "commissariat;" for the women are by them, as with most barbarians, considered merely in the light of, and treated as beasts of burden—carrying their supplies, providing and cooking their food, building their huts—in short, performing all the drudgery of the most harsh and cruel servitude. The Kaffir, deprived of such assistance, would consequently be sadly at a loss; and, were this plan carried into effect, whilst crippling his resources, we should at once be getting rid of a dangerous system of espionage over the operations of the war, and rendering a valuable service to the Colony, where domestic labour is so much required. At the same time, it would be performing an act of humanity towards the poor creatures themselves, by removing them from the sway of their cruel tyrants and taskmasters.

Amidst all the shocking atrocities perpetrated, during the last and former hostilities, by the Kaffirs, on such of our soldiers or settlers who may have fallen into their hands, it is but doing them justice to admit, that, from whatever cause, they have, generally speaking, followed the good example we have set, in not waging war on the fair sex of the Colony; although, in their

internal feuds, men, women, and children are indiscriminately massacred. The women are then often mutilated whilst still alive, and—as in the case of the inroads of the Mantattees and Fetcani—the most shocking deeds of cruelty perpetrated on their persons, of a nature too atrocious even to relate; but as a specimen of which, it may be mentioned, that the lopping-off an arm outstretched whilst imploring mercy, was a common act, whereby the few ornaments with which it might be adorned were most readily and with least trouble obtained.[1]

Pastoral and primitive people! Mild and unoffending race! Sad victims of European cruelty, violence, and aggression! How have ye been disturbed in the pure enjoyment of your Arcadian felicity, by the encroaching footsteps of the white man!

But honest John Bull has been too long, and at too great a price, blinded to the truth, by such fallacious delusions; the veil of deception has, by late events—though at the cost of millions—at last been forcibly rent asunder; and the South African savage now appears—in spite of the Jan T' Zatzoe[2] and Andreas Stoffles' imposition—in all the hideous deformity of his real, ferocious, and "irreclaimable" nature.

Not a single step can be taken in the whole Colony

[1] See the account of the defeat of the Mantattees, in Thompson's "Travels in Southern Africa."

[2] It may perhaps not be generally known to the "religious British public," that this pretended convert to Christianity, who, under the auspices of a certain reverend doctor, was, a few years since, smuggled from the Cape, paraded at Exeter Hall, and excited such ill-directed sympathy in England, appeared, foremost in arms, against us, during the late Kaffir war.

of the Cape of Good Hope, or its adjoining territories, without forcibly recalling this infamous system of deception and misrepresentation, which for so many years has been imposed on British credulity. Among other misguided enthusiasts, who have—perhaps unwittingly—abetted this delusion, are Le Vaillant and Barrow; the former exalting the African race to the skies; extolling, like Rousseau, the Arcadian felicity of their pastoral habits—singing, with the most poetic disregard to truth, the honour and probity of the men, the virtues and chastity of their women! whilst the latter writer, swayed by illiberal prejudices, has cast the most cruel and undeserved obloquy on the Dutch Colonists of his day.[1]

Then followed the missionaries, with all the attendant evils they have—chiefly through their political, and, generally speaking, unauthorized interference—drawn down on this unfortunate Colony, from the time of Van der Kemp to the present day.[2] This person—in the first instance, a dissolute Dragoon officer in the service of the Prince of Orange—next appeared in the character of a professed Atheist; and, lastly, turning over a new leaf, about the year 1795, went out to Southern Africa,[3] took unto himself a

[1] See Lichtenstein's defence of the Colonists, in refutation of Barrow's assertions to their prejudice.

[2] From this sweeping clause may certainly be excepted the Wesleyans and Moravians.

[3] Many such adventurers have stepped into Van der Kemp's shoes; if we *must*, "nolens volens," cram religion down the throats of the savages, before civilization has rendered them possibly capable of comprehending its purport; at least, let the attempt be made by persons competent, from a clerical education, for such an undertaking.

Hottentot wife, and then attempted the conversion of the Kaffirs; though *he* had the honesty to confess, that in this endeavour he proved not in one single instance successful. It is a notorious fact — and although coloured, or rather "black," female assistance has often since, as in Van der Kemp's case (and sometimes even in a less reputable manner), been called in, to aid the zealous endeavours of the Missionaries—that, to this day, the sum total of Kaffir conversion amounts to one solitary individual, and that is the chief Kama, who is supposed to be *really* a Christian.

As to the present successor of Van der Kemp—who, for so many years, has been at the head of a society by far too influential—and of the *able* manner in which he has fulfilled his trust, I shall content myself with referring the reader, who may be desirous of such information, to the several under-mentioned works in the margin.[1]

Another cause, productive of incalculable mischief to the Colony, was the notorious "fiftieth ordinance," issued by General Bourke, removing every restraint from the native Colonial population, and thus allowing (to the great detriment of the industrious classes of its

[1] "Cape Records," compiled by Donald Moodie, Esq., published by Richardson, London, 1841; "Parliamentary Correspondence, 1834, 1835, and 1836, relative to the Cape of Good Hope;" Godlonton's "Narrative of the Inroads of the Kaffirs;" "Abstract of Documents, relative to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope," in which will be found "Reasons for opposing the Author of the South African Researches;" a "Pamphlet," by Dr. Barclay (1814.) See also the "Christian Keepsake," (Fisher, Son, and Co., London, 1828) in which will be found the evidence given by Dr. Philip before the House of Commons.

inhabitants) a set of Hottentot idlers, thieves, and vagabonds, to roam about the country without control, when not assembled to indulge in sloth and idleness, or to concoct treasonable designs against the Colony, at such establishments as the "Kat River" Settlement.

This Hottentot "Magna Charta," as it was called, was soon followed by the "Emancipation Act," which, prematurely and injudiciously carried into effect, was not merely a legalized robbery,[1] but, by throwing vast tracts of land out of cultivation, ruined the farmers, and was one of the chief causes of that unprecedented event—the emigration, *en masse,* of the Boers across the frontier; thus converting the staunchest defenders of the Colony into its most bitter foes. This ill-judged measure was likewise the means of increasing the list of vagabonds and banditti, engendered by the promulgation of the "fiftieth ordinance;" whilst many emancipated slaves crossed the eastern border, and did their utmost to stir up the Kaffirs against us. In this design they were but too well seconded by traitorous connivance and encouragement from certain parties within the Settlement — all these circumstances combined, together with the vacillating border policy and the defenceless state of the frontier, brought on, as elsewhere observed, the war of 1834-5; at the conclusion of which, the final death-blow was dealt to the hopes

[1] The farmers received only one-third of the value of their slaves, and *that* in bills on England, which, with many residing in the interior, from the difficulty of getting them negociated, were, in fact, no better than waste paper. The odious system of slavery is not here attempted to be advocated; but "emancipation" should, at the same time, be tempered with justice and common sense.

of the Colony, by what appears to have been the result of madness or imbecility—the adoption of the "Stockenstrom policy," with its puerile Kaffir "treaties" and insane concession of old established rights, and more recently conquered territory.

The very ground we now trod upon bore evidence to the folly of our policy with regard to the native Tribes. The Fingoe nation was, it is true, most humanely rescued from a state of dreadful oppression and slavery by Sir Benjamin d'Urban. He was, however, far from contemplating, at the time when he successfully effected their deliverance, that they were shortly to become a heavy tax on the Colony. Such is nevertheless the case; for, instead of being dispersed—as Sir George Napier projected[1]—throughout the interior provinces, where their labour might be of use, the Fingoes are now mostly congregated on the frontier; and Fort Peddie was, at a great expense, erected for their special protection; under the walls of which they now lie idly basking in the sun, disdaining labour of every kind, and refusing to work, or make themselves in any way useful, unless on most extortionate terms, or when driven thereto by actual want and starvation.[2]

True it is that, as the natural enemies of the Kaffirs, the Fingoes have been sometimes found useful auxili-

[1] Sir George Napier formed an establishment of Fingoes at the Zitzikamma, which, it is said, has been attended with every success.

[2] As much as 6*s*. per diem has been exacted by Fingoes for assisting to unlade the cargoes, &c., which arrived during the war at Waterloo Bay.

aries during the last war; but their object—in addition to that deadly spirit of revenge peculiar to African ferocity—has ever been plunder of cattle (often regardless whether from friend or foe); and many a robbery and murder have, it is strongly suspected, been perpetrated by Fingoe villany, and then laid at the door of the enemy.

Under these circumstances, it becomes a matter of serious consideration, in which the safety and very existence of the Colony are deeply concerned, how far we can with prudence suffer this dangerous and increasing population to continue in large bodies on our frontier, where, at any moment, they may unite with our enemies, and assist in expelling us from those very strongholds which we have erected for their protection.

* * * *

On arriving at Fort Peddie, we were introduced to Colonel Lindsay, the commandant, whose "warm bath" and warmer hospitality I shall ever thankfully remember; and no one can duly appreciate the former luxury, without the experience of a roughing of several days in the Bush.

After thus affording us the means of thoroughly cleansing the outward man, the gallant Colonel next placed before his famished guests a most welcome collation, which having soon vanished under our united attacks, he took us to inspect the "lions" of the place. There was certainly not much to see—its chief interest consisted in having been the scene of a united attack, during the preceding month of May, by an immense horde of the T'Slambie and Gaïka Tribes; for the account of which the reader is referred to the

following Despatch from Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay, of the 91st Regiment, then commanding at this Post.

"Fort Peddie, May 29th, 1846.

"Sir,—I have the honour to report, for the information of his Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, that on the 27th instant, about one o'clock P.M., the resident agent informed me that his spies had come in to say, that there were parties of Kaffirs about the hills north of the post, who would probably try to take off some of the cattle grazing farthest from it. I directed the troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards, with 14 Cape Mounted Rifles, and the light 6-pounder, to patrol round the hills, and protect the cattle. About an hour after this, the gun was fired several times from the direction of the north-west hill, about two miles and a half from this. I at once caused the infantry to be turned out; and sent out two companies, amounting together to one hundred men, of the 91st regiment, with the view of affording the cavalry and gun support, if necessary. I ordered Major Yarborough out to take command of the whole. The infantry arrived on the ground where the cavalry were, about half-past three o'clock, and met the gun retiring to the post disabled, in consequence of one of the wheel-horses having been shot. The cavalry were then, in extended order, engaged with the enemy near a dense bush.

"The infantry advanced, and extended one company, and commenced firing. Major Yarborough, after some time, ordered them to retire, so as to draw the enemy more into the open country, which suc-

ceeded, and Captain Sir H. Darell, who had retired behind the infantry and closed, had opportunity of charging with his troop; and reports having sabred from fifteen to twenty of the enemy before they could get to the Bush.

"The infantry then advanced again, and afterwards tried the same plan of retiring; the enemy came out a little way, keeping up a brisk fire, though at long range. The 91st then halted, and ceased firing, waiting for the enemy to come on; but, as they did not do so, and it was getting dusk, the whole came back to quarters.

"Major Yarborough reports satisfactorily the steadiness of the men, and the conduct of the Fingoes, about one hundred of whom were skirmishing on the left. He thinks the number of the enemy actually engaged was from eight hundred to one thousand, and considers about from thirty to forty were killed or wounded in the skirmish and charge, besides those who must have fallen from the effects of the shells which were thrown into the kloof before he came up, where Captain Sir H. Darell reports the Kaffirs were in great numbers. The only damage sustained by the force sent from this was one Troop Sergeant-Major, 7th Dragoon Guards, wounded through the shoulder; one charger (Sir H. Darell's) wounded; one troop horse, 7th Dragoon Guards, wounded; and one horse, Royal Artillery, killed.

"The enemy expended a great deal of ammunition. Their skirmishing was perfect—hiding themselves, in advancing and retiring, behind the smallest ant-heaps and cover.

"I have further to report, that this post was attacked yesterday by about eight thousand of the enemy. About ten o'clock, A. M., the look-out on the tower reported that there were Kaffirs on the ground where the skirmish took place the day previous; and, about half-past ten o'clock, a dense body of Kaffirs made their appearance on the southern hill, near the Graham's Town road, with another body some distance to the right, composed of horsemen. These moved a little way down, as if to entice the troops out. I was aware, from the information of Captain McLean, that the enemy were in great numbers all round us, and therefore was not drawn out to leave the post open.

"All the cattle were driven below the Star Fort, protected by the Fingoes. The wives and children of the Fingoes were in the ditch of the fort. About half-past eleven o'clock, an immense number of Kaffirs, horse and foot, appeared on the south-west hills, arranged in three dense masses, with detached clumps of horses; other large bodies were also on the hills all round.

"The force at the post was distributed as follows: The cavalry, with twenty infantry, were at the cavalry barrack, and the rest of the infantry were in the barrack and Star Fort, a serjeant's party at Mr. Webb's, and pickets in the officers and engineer range.

"At twelve o'clock, the whole of the enemy moved down to the post steadily, preceded by clouds of skirmishers. When they came within range, I directed Lieutenant King, R.A., to send a round shot at one of the masses, which killed three men. A shell was then thrown, and a 12-pound rocket. The latter

frightened the cattle, which rushed down towards the Kaffirs, and were easily driven off by the Kaffirs. The Fingoes pursued them, and succeeded in re-capturing a good number.

"The enemy, as soon as they found our shot so well directed, scattered, and got into the kloofs and hollows. One party of some hundreds got down the deep trench to Mr. Webb's house, from which the detached party had been withdrawn, and began to plunder what little was left there by the owner; but a shell pitched into the yard, they quitted it, but got into the ditch and gardens about it, and fired at the barrack and fort, without doing any injury; but several of their number were shot from the infantry barrack.

"A large body came down the small kloof on the left of the Beaufort road, but were dispersed by shells from the tower, and by shells or rockets sent at them, generally doing damage. I take this opportunity of saying, that Lieutenant King's practice, which was under my own observation in the Star Fort, was much to my satisfaction.

"The Kaffirs, finding that their attack on the post had failed, except as regarded the capture of cattle, retired to the kloofs about 2 o'clock, when I sent out the cavalry to cut up any stragglers, but they did not succeed in getting near any.

"The resident agent has reported that four thousand head of cattle were taken off.

"The attack was by the combined Gaïka and T' Slambie, and the numbers who came down, as reported above, are not overrated.

"The enemy's loss was severe. Ninety-two dead bodies have been reported, and many more must have fallen, as the Kaffirs were seen putting their dead and wounded on horses, and bearing them off the field. I should think that their loss may be safely estimated at two hundred killed and wounded, most probably more.

"There has been no casualty on the side of the troops. Two Fingoes were killed, and three wounded, in the attempt they made to recover their cattle.

"I beg to enclose a sketch of the scene of action yesterday, which Sir Harry Darell kindly did for me.

"I have, &c.

(Signed) "M. LINDSAY,

"Lieut.-Colonel, 91st Regiment,
Commanding troops at Fort Peddie."

* * * *

The camp of the second Division had, some time previously, been moved from the ground it so long occupied near Waterloo Bay, and was now pitched in a beautiful green basin, surrounded by hills, a few miles from Fort Peddie, near the former missionary station of "Beka," in the neighbourhood of the spot once called Fredicksburg; where in 1820 Sir Rufane Donkin commenced the formation of a military settlement, composed chiefly of the recently disbanded African corps. Fredicksburg was, however, shortly abandoned; and the missionary station had been lately destroyed by the Kaffirs. Thither, after a couple of hours' rest at Fort Peddie, we repaired, under the auspices of Colonel Somerset, who, on arriving, immediately ordered a tent to be pitched for our reception, and

showed us every kindness and civility. The object of sending the party we had accompanied from Block Drift, was to reinforce the second Division in an intended expedition beyond the Keiskamma, where it appeared that some of the T' Slambie Tribes had again taken possession of their old locations, without showing any symptoms of submission, or even deigning to avail themselves of that wonderful stroke of Colonial policy, known as "The Registration System."[1]

In order to mislead the enemy as to his intentions, Colonel Somerset determined to move forward the whole camp, to a spot about five or six miles westward of the Keiskamma; and, on the same evening, when the Kaffirs imagined the force to be there stationary for an indefinite period—as at Waterloo Bay and the Beka—to push on a patrol during the night, and fall on them unawares in the morning; whilst a strong party of native troops, backed by some regular infantry, was to make a circuit, in order to cut off their retreat.

During the night, we were disturbed by the sentries firing on some Kaffir marauders, who had approached the camp, with the probable intention of plunder; but the alarm shortly subsiding, we remained quietly till daylight, when, pursuant to the above plan, the whole force moved off, and encamped on a high ridge of ground some miles in advance, near a small stream called the Wanahanna, where the party from Block Drift joined the division.

As I naturally expected during the ensuing opera-

[1] See "Blue Book" (1848) pp. 35, 46, and 80, on the subject of the Registration System.

tion to have the superintendence of my own people, I now begged for instructions, when, to my very great disappointment, I was informed that none had been received; and that, if I accompanied the expedition, it must be merely in the character of an "amateur."

Since he had received no instructions on the subject, Colonel Somerset could not, of course, act otherwise, nor did I blame him on that score; but had, nevertheless, the mortification to see, what I considered *my* party, placed under the command of another officer; and in none of the best of humours, nor as a very amiable "amateur," joined Colonel Somerset's patrol, which—in true "commando" fashion—without tents or baggage, left the Wanahanna during the afternoon, on the day of our arrival. After a short march, we reached the banks of the Keiskamma, where we prepared to bivouac for the night, on a spot whose transcendent loveliness I shall never forget.

Emerging from the surrounding "scrub," or low bush, covering the high ridge along which had hitherto lain our course, we descended through the jaws of a ravine, into a green basin clothed with short but luxuriant grass, whose virgin purity of brightest emerald appeared never to have been defiled by tread of either man or beast. This Arcadian nook was embellished by low trees, or rather gigantic shrubs, greatly resembling our English yew; the tortuous roots and gnarled branches of which, proclaiming them almost coeval with the surrounding hills, were thickly overshadowed by dark dense foliage, seemingly impenetrable alike to sun and rain. The rapid waters of the clear Keiskamma, sweeping around this park-like scene,

were crowned on their opposite bank by a bold ridge of frowning heights, covered with the peculiar fantastic trees and plants, indigenous to those far southern climes.

The sun had already set, and the fast expiring twilight barely sufficed to disclose the beauties of the surrounding landscape, when the camp-fires being lit, all were soon busily engaged in preparing their evening repast; the consequent bustle which ensued presenting a strong contrast to the dreamy stillness that had, a few minutes before, pervaded this sylvan and romantic dell.

We chose a clump of those dark-foliaged trees, under whose friendly cover to pass the night; presently our watch-fire gleamed brightly beneath the over-canopying branches, the knotted and fantastic roots serving as capital substitutes for table, pillow, and chair. Nor did we regret having, as a protection, the natural stockade formed by their venerable trunks; for, as darkness shrouded the scene, the Kaffirs, who had apparently got scent of our movements, appeared to swarm in the surrounding Bush; their cries and savage yells rang through the wooded crags overlooking the river's edge; and being therefore in momentary expectation of a volley from our unseen foes, the fires were extinguished, whilst—trusting to the precautions taken against surprise—we swallowed a half cooked supper, rolled ourselves up in our cloaks, and slept soundly through the few remaining hours of the night.

* * * * *

The following extracts from a half journal, half

letter, written at the time, and but little altered from the original, will describe the ensuing operations of this patrole:

"Banks of the Chalumna Stream, between the
"Buffalo and Keiskamma,
"24th of November, 1846.

"Yesterday, the 23rd, we silently and in darkness moved off at three o'clock in the morning, from the lovely spot where we had bivouacked on the banks of the Keiskamma, which we crossed at a neighbouring drift, or ford; and after a long ascent, by a road apparently (for there was yet little light) cut through a dense jungle, we found ourselves, at break of day, on the summit of an extensive range of open table-land covered with grass, undulating here and there into shallow kloofs and valleys, clothed as usual with bush; and in the neighbourhood of which—as daylight succeeded the gray dawn, and the mists of night rolled upwards through the wooded ravines—numerous Kaffir huts were discovered, with quantities of cattle, still herded in their respective kraals.

"The guns and infantry were yet in the rear; but all the cavalry being up—and a conspicuous eminence having been marked as the place of general rendezvous—without a moment's delay, our troops, by Colonel Somerset's order, broke into small clumps, composed each of ten or twelve horsemen, who, spreading out like a fan, were in an instant galloping at full speed towards every point of the horizon, in order to secure the enemy's cattle before it should be driven out of the folds.

"I remained for some time with the chief and his

staff, and, from the eminence on which we stood, commanded, for miles around, a full view of the scene, which was certainly well worth beholding, and most exciting.

"The Kaffirs, thus early aroused from their slumbers, might be now seen rushing confusedly out of their huts, to drive away the cattle into the adjoining kloofs; though the Cape Corps—who are splendid fellows for this work—were, generally speaking, too quick for them. But the savages never gave up their most valued treasures without a struggle. Heavy firing commenced in every direction around, which was responded to by Colonel Mackinnon's party, who—from the distant roll of musketry—appeared to be also blazing away at a great rate in the low grounds along the banks of the Keiskamma; and as the fresh morning breeze swept away the blue smoke, our different parties might be seen driving before them large herds of cattle, occasionally turning to check the pursuing Kaffirs, or making a sudden dash at some who might be bolder or more forward than the rest.

"Colonel Somerset galloped on with a few men, in the direction of a large kraal, to the northward, where, as was reported, the enemy had in some force made a stand. On our way thither, we saw a few Kaffirs occasionally dodging into the neighbouring kloofs, and being very anxious to try if I had got out of practice in the use of the hog-spear, I made several efforts to cut them off; but I might as well have given chase to so many rabbits; nor did I ever in my life see such active nimble fellows.

"A dashing thing was performed about this time

by a Settler of the name of Lucas, who acted as our guide. Having marked out a Kaffir mounted on a white horse, he succeeded in cutting him off from the Bush, and then, following him at full speed, pressed him so hard, that, in crossing a rocky brook, the savage was obliged to jump off, and take refuge in the wooded bank; whereupon Mr. Lucas, having secured the enemy's horse, discovered to his great satisfaction that it was the identical animal that had been several months previously stolen from him by the Kaffirs. He immediately shifted the saddle to the back of his recovered property, leading the other horse, and thus returned in triumph to our party, which in the mean time had advanced some four or five miles.

"At this juncture, a Cape Corps man came towards us at the top of his speed, reporting that a body of Kaffirs, upwards of a hundred strong, had suddenly beset the small detached party to which he belonged, killed two of their number, taken their horses and arms, and secured the cattle, which they were in the act of driving off.

"As this was reported to have happened some miles distant, in the country belonging to Seyolo (one of the sons of the late Dushani), a chief renowned for his ferocity and courage—it was deemed more than probable that he would 'get up a fight;' and Colonel Somerset accordingly sent back to the general rendezvous for a reinforcement of forty or fifty men and a gun.

"Meanwhile, after planting a few scouts, we off-saddled in an open grassy plain—for our horses began to show symptoms of distress; and, whilst they were

feeding, some of us sheltered ourselves from the burning rays of the sun, by lying down under the shade of our saddles, and even indulged in a short snooze; for — telescope in hand — Colonel Somerset was on the *qui vive*, and we therefore knew we were perfectly safe.

"The expected reinforcement at length arrived, but our movements were much delayed by the gun, which, though dragged by eight horses, was sometimes with difficulty got over the dry beds of the numerous watercourses, which frequently crossed our path as we approached some branches of the Amatola hills, on the summits of which might now be seen large bodies of mounted Kaffirs, quickly congregating above us. The gun was, therefore, unlimbered; and, whilst the artillery-men gave them the taste of a few shot, I pushed on ahead, with some of the party, to the spot where the two men of the Cape Corps were said to have been killed in the morning.

"Cautiously descending into the picturesque valley where the skirmish had taken place, and near which stood the kraal of Nonube, the great wife of the late Dushani, (a lady of European descent, and mother to Siwana, the actual paramount chief of the T'Slambies) the first thing we beheld, lying on the green bank of a gurgling brook, was the dead body of a Kaffir, whom one of the luckless riflemen had killed, after having been himself shot through the breast.

"The savage lay extended on his back, his satyr-like countenance now doubly repulsive in death; the eyes starting from their sockets, the half open mouth displaying a magnificent set of white and regular

teeth, and, even then, wearing a most sardonic grin of combined hatred and defiance. His right hand, firmly clenched, still grasped an assegaï; whilst the left one, dangling over the flowery bank into the stream, was gently moved to and fro by the clear rippling waters, so peacefully murmuring past that verdant, though now blood-stained scene.

"After a short search, we discovered the bodies of the two Cape Corps men, named Tieman and Dragooner; the latter was noted for the courage he had ever displayed during the war; and in the action at the Gwanga saved George Napier's life, by shooting a Kaffir at the moment the latter had placed the muzzle of a firelock against his breast. It appeared that he and his fellow-sufferer, after the rest of the party drove the cattle from the neighhouring kraal, had—lured by a few Kaffir women—been induced to return; that next—whilst in the act of drinking some milk—a large number of the enemy rushing out of the Bush, had overpowered and put them to death. This was witnessed from a distance by their comrades, who, being too few in number to afford any assistance, considered themselves fortunate to escape with their lives.

"Meanwhile, we could see large numbers of Kaffirs assembling on the outskirts of the Bush, with which the neighbouring mountains were partly covered; but from the nature of the ground it was impossible to get at them; and we tried in vain, by setting fire to Nonube's kraal, to incite them to come down. As they, however, showed no disposition to oblige us in this respect, after ungallantly reducing to ashes the Carthage of this modern Dido, we proceeded to bury the slain Hotten-

tots; a race—even during life—seldom distinguished by personal attractions; but I never recollect seeing any thing so hideous as their appearance after death. The only way you could form an idea of what they then resemble would be by tightly drawing an old discoloured, dingy, black silk handkerchief over a fleshless human skull!

"We now retraced our steps to the first rendezvous of the morning, ten or twelve miles distant, which we were not sorry to reach, after having—under a broiling sun—been upwards of twelve hours in the saddle; our gallant old chief, Colonel Somerset, looking as fresh as when he first started in the morning.

"On our arrival, we found that the rest of the division, which we had parted from the evening before, had come up, and it was ascertained that the result of the day's work was the capture of 1,500 head of cattle, and twelve or fourteen Kaffirs killed; our loss amounting to the two men of the Cape Corps before alluded to, with their arms and horses.

"The camp of the Second Division, forming a large hollow square, with the parade ground in the centre, and the waggons, as usual in this part of the world, composing a sort of rampart around, was pitched near the Chalumna, a small stream running between the Keiskamma and Buffalo Rivers. But as no accommodation was apparently provided for the 'amateurs,' and as we received no hospitable invite from any one belonging to the force, I was obliged to set up, in the centre of the square, a small patrole tent, which I had fortunately brought with me on the occasion.

"This little gipsy tent, weighing about twenty

pounds, which I always carry on my sumpter-horse, and often find useful at a pinch, is about three feet high, covers a piece of ground six feet long by two and a half wide, and, being made of waterproof painted canvass, is—as may be imagined—not very well adapted for a summer residence during the day, under the scorching influence of an African sun. Having therefore piled our saddles and saddle-bags around, as a sort of rampart, should the Kaffirs—according to their common practice—fire at night into the camp, Colonel M—— and myself managed to secure a few slices off a recently slaughtered ox, and carried our prize to the shelter of some trees bordering the stream. Here, with the assistance of a small gridiron, the culinary talents of Mr. Jacob, (my Hottentot 'Sam Weller') and some hard biscuit, still left in our saddle-bags, we concocted a meal, which—though it said but little for the hospitality of this portion of the force—was, nevertheless, devoured with all the zest imparted by starvation; and then both of us creeping into our confined domicile, we slept soundly and undisturbed after all the fatigues of the day.

"This morning we were aroused at an early hour—though we could otherwise have slept much longer—by the sun striking on the painted canvass of our tents, from whence we were soon driven by the excessive heat. We next presented, the rather—I should imagine—unusual sight, of two field-officers performing their toilet in the open air, for the benefit of every spectator, and then eating their breakfast on a table of saddles, under—even at this early hour—a scorching sun, in the midst of a square formed of waggons

containing every requisite, and by numerous commodious tents occupied by their brother officers in the same service!

"Unprecedented as such a circumstance may perhaps be, it nevertheless befell us unfortunate "amateurs." Driven from our rest by the stifling heat of the tent, we were next obliged to seek refuge from the unbearable rays of the sun, by retreating under cover of the thick bush, clothing a ravine through which flows the Chalumna. Here (for I am now scribbling under its hospitable shelter) we have at least the benefit of shade, and a greater degree of coolness than we could possible enjoy in the best tent of the camp. We have had a bathe in one of those deep shadowy pools, so often found here, in the otherwise dry beds of the rivers; this has refreshed us much, but, having been campaigning with nearly all our wardrobe on our backs, you may well imagine that our linen by this time stood much in need of a little cleansing. We therefore thought we could not do better than follow the laudable example set to us by the Hottentot women and other camp-followers, who, nearly divested of all clothing, (for one cannot well have a shirt or petticoat at the wash, and also wear it at the same time) were busily engaged in purifying the same. Ingratiating ourselves, therefore, into the good graces of the nearest sable nymph, we borrowed a bit of soap, and were soon engaged in rather a novel species of 'special service.'

"Though novices in the art, we flatter ourselves with having made a capital 'wash,' and are now sitting, 'al fresco,' anxiously watching the process of drying;

my friend in a brown study, with his rifle by his side, whilst I am scribbling away on the little portfolio which I always carry about with me."[1]

"Head-Quarter Camp, Block Drift.

"Here I am once more safely returned to head-quarters, but must now 'hark back,' and endeavour to fill up the hiatus in my journal from the 24th, when I left off, as we sat—all but *puris naturalibus*—awaiting the drying of our newly-washed garments, which we had not yet donned, when a terrible hubbub suddenly occurred amongst the camp-followers along the bank of the rivulet. A report had spread of the Kaffirs being upon us; and the most ludicrous scene took place, as the Hottentot women, with piercing screams —and in the unadorned beauty of their prominent and nearly naked charms—now rushed towards the camp, carrying bundles of wet clothes under their arms. It proved, however, after all, to be a false alarm, and we therefore had now time to dress ourselves; but M—— was so heartily disgusted, that he proposed we should apply at once for a tent.

"'I'll see Jack[2] Somerset d—d before *I* ask him!' was my wrathful reply; 'but if you can manage to get one for yourself, I shall be very glad to pay you a visit.'

"My friend accordingly went, and in half an hour Mr. Jacob came to announce that a marquee had been pitched, which, to confess the truth, I was not sorry for. * * * *

[1] The above was written in the situation described, during the course of a long and grilling South African summer's day.

[2] Colonel Somerset often went by this sobriquet.

"I feel convinced that this inhospitable treatment proceeded not from the gallant chief himself—a gruff, though fine, warm-hearted old soldier—who probably knew nothing of our 'amateur' discomforts, but from some kind friend, who, thinking us *de trop*, took this means of disgusting, and driving us away from the second division. Were this—as I imagine—the intention of the individual in question, it fully succeeded; for we resolved, on the very first opportunity, to leave a scene where our merits appeared to be so little appreciated, and where we had experienced so poor a welcome; though from this charge of inhospitality I must in justice exempt my friend Colonel Mackinnon, and some officers of the 73rd, who showed us whatever attention lay in their power.

"On the 25th, at daybreak—taking advantage of the protection afforded by an escort carrying despatches—we left the second division at the Chalumna; and to prove to you what sharp fellows are these Kaffirs, a few miles from the camp we counted no less than five hundred head of cattle, which had been driven back by them since the passage of the troops. Shortly afterwards, just as we were about to enter the Keiskamma Bush, a couple of Kaffir scouts were seen diving into the jungle, to carry, as we feared, intelligence of our approach.

"These prognostications were soon verified; for we had not proceeded above half way down the wooded descent, when, at a part of the road lined on each side by dense bush, and commanded by an eminence close above it, a large party of Kaffirs suddenly showed themselves on the latter. From the nature of the

ground, we appeared to be completely at their mercy; and in expectation of seeing half the party next minute out of their saddles, I gave orders to the escort to trot quickly by, without firing; and thus, enveloped in a cloud of dust, we passed close under their noses without molestation; they having probably taken us for the advance of a large party, and being perhaps unable to distinguish the smallness of our numbers. We continued to advance rapidly through the Bush, until we had crossed the ford of the Keiskamma, and reached the comparatively open country on the other side; shortly after which, the escort turned off to the left, towards Fort Peddie; whilst, together with Farley (my Cape Corps orderly) and our two servants, we pushed along the direct road to Block Drift, leading across the battle-field of the Gwanga, from which I have brought, as a memento, a Kaffir skull.

* * * *

"A ride of fifty miles, under the influence of a powerful sun and sharp, drying wind—both of which combined peeled the skin off our weather-beaten countenances—brought us, after one or two 'off-saddlings,' to the camp at Phoonah's Kloof. Here we luckily got comfortable tents for the night, which was bitterly cold, and also met with the greatest hospitality (strongly contrasting with our late treatment) at the hands of Lieutenant Fitzgerald, of the 91st, then commanding at this post, and who had greatly distinguished himself by his gallantry during the war.

"Ere starting early on the 26th, (yesterday) our kind host supplied us with a cup of hot coffee, which thawed us sufficiently to enable us to get into the

saddle; and we reached Block Drift just in time for the mess breakfast of the 90th, after nearly a week's absence, during which time we have been enabled to form, from experience, a tolerably correct idea of the hardships undergone by our troops, during this unsatisfactory campaign: the more unsatisfactory, as little is to be hoped from its results, either in the shape of credit, or advantage.

"We indeed sadly want, in this desultory warfare, such a man as Sir Harry Smith, or Sir Charles Napier, of Scinde—a chief full of energy and activity, void of selfishness, and of all fear of responsibilty—a man who would inspire zeal and enthusiasm into all under his command, by being always himself in the front—by noticing, without favouritism, or distinction of rank, all such as trod closest in his footsteps; and ensuring rewards to their well-earned deserts, by manly representations of the same, to the authorities at home. Such is the stamp of leader particularly needed in this discouraging and harassing warfare—who, like Scott's hero—

> "Although with men of high degree
> The proudest of the proud would be,
> Yet, trained in camps, who knew the art
> To win the soldier's hardy heart.
> Such buxom chief might lead his host
> From India's fires to Zembla's frost."

With such a chief, the Kaffir war would probably have been brought to a close in six weeks:[1] now * * *

* * * *

[1] Sir Harry Smith, in the opinion he expressed on the subject, limited the period to "two or three weeks:" (p. 111 of

"After a good breakfast and a thorough cleansing, I went to the General, and respectfully representing that I considered myself hardly used, in having—without any notification to that effect—had my own people taken from me, and placed under the command of another officer; I next begged to be allowed to rejoin the second Division, and assume that charge; but, on meeting with a refusal, I instantly tendered my resignation of the superintendence of the Native Levies attached to this part of the force, which was however not accepted; and I retired, in—as you may well imagine—none of the best of humours, from an interview, during which his Excellency had not even the civility to ask me to be seated, nor to discontinue the occupation of writing, in which he was at the time engaged!"

* * * *

To compare great things to small—a similar interference with his duties had similarly caused Colonel Hare to tender his resignation of the government of the Eastern Province; "in consequence," as he said, "of there being nothing left for the office of Lieutenant-Governor." "A system," continues Colonel Hare, in his official despatch, "under which I could not consent to hold office; and I consequently at once forwarded my request for permission to relinquish it."[1]

Like Colonel Hare, I continued in the execution of my unsatisfactory and thankless duties: he, poor fellow,

"Blue Book" for 1848, relating to affairs of the Cape of Good Hope.)

[1] See Colonel Hare's Despatch, No. 21, to Sir Peregrine Maitland: p. 66 of "Blue Book," 1847.

died, it is said of a broken heart.[1] But, although the treatment I experienced did not affect me to quite such an extent—not a few additional grey hairs, at the age of forty—when this was written—together with an impaired eyesight, still bear witness to, and are all I have—as yet—to show for my services in Kaffirland, under his Excellency, Lieutenant-General Sir Peregrine Maitland.

[1] See "Five Years in Kaffirland," vol. ii., p. 212.

CHAPTER XV.

NONUBE, THE ANGLO-KAFFIR QUEEN; WITH EXTRACTS FROM VAN REENEN'S JOURNAL.

Nonube, the Widow of the Chief Dushani, said to be of European descent—Shipwrecked Mariners—Wreck of the Grosvenor East Indiaman—Assertion respecting the Daughters of General Campbell—Expedition of Van Reenen—Extracts from his Diary—His entry into Kaffirland—Vast Plain—Meeting with Kaffirs—Curious Birds—Bosjesmans' Land—Field Sports—The River Somoe—Tambookie Guides—Sea-Cow Shooting—The River Bosjie—A Wild Horse—The River Dombie—Hamboona Villages—Village of Baastard Christians—The Mogasæ Rivers—Meeting with an Englishman—Traffic with the Natives—Remains of the Wreck of the Grosvenor—Mixed Population—Peaceable Policy of Sutu and Nonube.

I made mention, in the former chapter, of Nonube, the great wife—or rather widow—of the late T'Slambie chief Dushani, as being a "Lady of European descent." However, since this may possibly prove an enigma to many of my readers, some explanation on the subject may perhaps be necessary.

In consequence of the great loss of shipping which has—ever since the passage round the Cape of Good Hope was first known—constantly occurred on the south-eastern coast of Africa, between Algoa Bay and Natal, many Europeans have, at different periods,

been cast upon these inhospitable shores. Their fate, in earlier times, was, generally speaking, to be plundered, and then murdered, by the inhabitants. In a few instances, however, some of these shipwrecked mariners managed to avert the wrath of the savages into whose power they had fallen; and, despairing of ever again beholding their native land, appear to have become completely nationalized amongst them—learned the language, adopted the manners and customs of the barbarians amidst whom they had been cast—and finally, taking unto themselves mates selected from the swarthy daughters of the soil, infused into the dark current of African blood a small portion of that of a European source.

So far back as under the immediate successors of Van Riebeck—a period when the Dutch were indefatigable in prosecuting their voyages of discovery, chiefly along the Eastern coast—constant notices were received at the Cape, of various white stragglers having been frequently discovered by such small coasting vessels, as the Dutch usually sent on these exploring expeditions; and mention is particularly made of a number of Englishmen who had been found in such a state, by a party despatched, towards the latter end of the seventeenth century, by the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, in quest of the survivors of the "Stavenisse," a Dutch vessel, which had, about that period, foundered somewhere off the Hambona coast, to the south-west of Port Natal.

But of all the accidents of such a nature which have so repeatedly occurred along these dangerous shores, the one which in this country long caused the greatest

sensation, was the wreck, in 1782, of the "Grosvenor," a large English vessel belonging to the East India Company.

Le Vaillant, who visited the borders of Kaffirland a very short time after the occurrence of this event, makes the following mention of it in his Travels:—

"I was told that, six weeks prior to that period, an English vessel had been shipwrecked on the coast; that, being driven on shore, a part of the crew had fallen into the hands of the Caffers, who had put them all to death, except the women, whom they had cruelly reserved; and that all those who had escaped led a wandering life on the coast, or in the forests, where they must soon perish, in misery. Among these unfortunate people there were said to be several French officers, prisoners of war, who had been put on board, in order to return to Europe."

Amongst the female passengers here alluded to, were two daughters of a General Campbell, who, it is said, became the wives of a Kaffir chief; and from one of the latter, her T' Slambie majesty, Queen Nonube—whose "capital" we so ungallantly destroyed—is said to be able to trace a lineal descent.

A few of the survivors of the Grosvenor succeeded, after encountering numberless dangers, hardships, and difficulties, in reaching the Cape; but the fate of their companions, whom they had left on this distant part of the coast, remained for many years a matter of uncertainty and speculation. They were however supposed to have been all murdered by the natives, starved to death, or devoured by wild beasts; and, although an unsuccessful endeavour was made, the

following year, (1783) to obtain positive information on the subject—this attempt having failed, nothing further appears to have been done until the year 1790, when it was rumoured that several Englishwomen—amongst others the daughters of General Campbell—were said to be still in existence, about the neighbourhood of the spot where the wreck had taken place; and that these unfortunate creatures had been spared for a fate worse than death, by being forcibly converted into "great wives" of some of the native chiefs.[1]

On hearing these reports, an enterprising and humane individual, of the name of Van Reenen, (a relative, probably, of the present worthy owner of the celebrated Constantia Estate, in the immediate vicinity of Cape Town) a Dutch Settler in the district of Swellendam, organized an expedition to go in quest of our unfortunate countrywomen, and lost no time in setting forth on this chivalrous undertaking.

Van Reenen kept a diary, in which were recorded all the perilous adventures encountered, together with the daily progress made by his party, during the whole period of their absence, which extended to nearly four months and a half; and our gallant and distinguished countryman, Captain Riou, of the Royal Navy, who happened at that time to hold a command in those seas, translated Van Reenen's account of his adventures, and published it in England in the year 1792.

[1] The Kaffirs show a great predilection for the fair-haired daughters of the North. An anecdote is related of a Kaffir Chief having offered, as he thought, a very fair price (in oxen) for the wife or daughter of an officer at Fort Peddie. However, as the lady herself did not approve of the match, the bargain was not struck.

As the book in question is now, I believe, quite out of print, perhaps a few extracts will here be deemed admissable from "A Journal kept by Jacob Van Reenen, on a journey to the place where the English ship, the Grosvenor, commanded by Captain John Coxon, was wrecked, on the 4th of August, in the year 1782, to discover if any of the unfortunate crew were still living."

After detailing, day by day, the progress of his party (which consisted of twelve persons besides himself) through the Western and Eastern Provinces of the Cape of Good Hope, he thus, on passing the Great Fish River, describes his entrance into Kaffirland, which—it may be observed by the way—was then considered within the Colonial boundary :—

"Saturday, September 25th, 1790, 3 hours. Four hours elapsed in getting the baggage, boat, and waggons, over the river; whence we proceeded in three hours to the Great Fish River.

"Sunday, 26th, 4 hours. It was with great danger we crossed this last-mentioned river; after which, we arrived, in four hours, at the spring called Kruyer's Kraal, the boundary of the Christians and Kaffirs.

"Monday, 27th, 5 hours. We this day got on five hours, to a little brook, to which we gave the name of Punch, as, the weather being exceedingly cold, our punch, for that reason, was made rather strong.

Tuesday, 28th, 8 hours. Saw a great quantity of game, and shot two male eelands. We travelled hence eight hours farther; and passing over a small brook called Caaga, came to a vast plain, extending as far as

a river called Caapna,[1] or fine meadows; which name it highly merits, from its delightful situation. The whole country is intersected with rivulets, capable of overflowing the adjacent meadows, and possesses every requisite for becoming a most convenient and charming Settlement. It is well adapted for cattle, as it is covered with an abundance of long, broken-down grass. We here met with a great quantity of different sorts of game. Shot two buffaloes.

"Wednesday, 29th, 6 hours. Proceeded six hours farther; but were under the necessity of halting, to unharness, as old Holtshausen was taken exceedingly ill, with the gravel.

"Thursday, 30th, 7 hours. This day we travelled seven hours, to the Kat River, or Kaffir's, or Hottentot's Hunca River, and arrived at the first Kaffir's kraal, where we were visited by several of those people. In the evening we posted a night-watch.

"Friday, 1st, 8 hours. Passed another brook, at the beginning of the Keiskamma, where several Kaffirs came to us from their chief, Captain Sambee. We sent two of our people (Kaffirs) to him, to ask permission to travel through his country, and that he would supply us with interpreters. Passed another small brook, and arrived at the Keiskamma, where we shot

[1] The Mancazana is probably here alluded to. The track of Van Reenen's party is laid down in the chart appended to Captain Riou's work much too near the coast; our adventurous travellers evidently crossed the Kat River considerably to the northward of the spot where Fort Beaufort now stands; their course would thus be a direct line, avoiding the windings of the coast, from the point of their departure to that of their destination.—AUTHOR.

two birds, unknown to us: the Kaffir's name for them was *heemoe*, which signifies 'I see something.' It is a bird about the size of a large blue heron, but perches in woods and trees; has a tuft of hair on its head, in the shape of a paint-brush, of a yellowish colour, with black stripes; the head, or crown, like black velvet; a blue neck, like a heron; black and white wings, and long feet. We had travelled this day eight hours.

"Saturday, 2nd, 7 hours. Proceeded, and this day travelled seven hours; during which we saw several Kaffirs. We came to the determination of leaving this country, and getting over the Kaffir mountains [the Amatola?] as soon as possible, dreading, otherwise, the encountering delays, or worse consequences, as these people were at war with each other, Captain Sambee [T'Slambie?] being opposed to Captain Jaccaa, who, with considerable loss, had been already twice beaten. The two Kaffirs that we had sent to Captain Sambee returned to us, with a message from the Captain, expressing his sorrow that he could not come himself, owing to his being unwell, and wishing us a good journey. Above all, recommended to us particular caution respecting the nation with which he was then at war; informing us likewise that the country to which we were destined was dangerous and difficult to pass. After having procured two Kaffirs as guides, we crossed the river Keysana.

"Sunday, 3rd, 5 hours. Ascended the mountain; and, after having got on five hours, were under the necessity of stopping and unharnessing, on account of the rain.

"Monday, 4th, 5 hours. We this day proceeded five hours; but, in order to effect a passage over the mountain, were obliged to cut our way through a large wood. Three Kaffirs came to us, with an intention to accompany us on our journey.

"Tuesday, 5th, 10 hours. Having got over the mountain, and passed through a branch of the Black Key River, called Hommonpoefoege, we arrived in the Bosjesmans land, at a small brook, where the Bosjesmans had painted, in the cavities of the rocks, very natural resemblances of several wild beasts; amongst them was that of a soldier, with a grenadier's cap.[1] We this day had travelled the distance of ten hours, and had seen Bonte-bucks, two lions, and other wild beasts.

"Wednesday, 6th, 8 hours. Travelling onward, we proceeded this day eight hours, to a great river, called the White Key. Van der Waldt descried three Bosjesmans that were hunting; and pursuing them, laid hold of one, to whom we gave a bunch of beads, and a piece of tobacco; and then, letting him depart, he promised to return to show us our way.

"Thursday, 7th. Here we rested; some of the party making excursions on horseback, with an intention to shoot sea-cows, but none were seen.

"Friday, 8th, 4 hours. Crossing the last mentioned river, and pursuing our journey four hours, we came into a plain country.

[1] Here appears another proof of recent Kaffir encroachment on the Hottentot race, none of whom are now to be seen in this part of the country: the Bushmen drawings and hieroglyphics have been adverted to in a former portion of this work.—AUHTOR.

"Saturday, 9th, 5 hours. Rode five hours over a fine plain, interspersed with thorny bushes, and passed a river, which keeps the same name as the one before-mentioned. We this day shot an eeland.

"Sunday, 10th, 5 hours. Proceeded five hours farther, and passed another river of the same name as that last-mentioned.

"Monday, 11th, 5 hours. Travelled again the distance of five hours, and passed another river. In the meanwhile, we shot two eelands and a male buffalo. Saw three tigers, and met with a great quantity of game.

"Tuesday, 12th, 5½ hours. In five hours and a half travelling, we came to the River Somoe. This is the last that discharges itself into the Key, which is the largest river running through the Kaffer land, and has always checked the progress of former travellers.[1]

"Wednesday, 13th, 5 hours. Passed the River Somoe, situated in a beautiful country, and in five hours came into the country of the Tamboekies.

"Thursday, 14th, 7 hours. Arrived at the Doe, or Mud River, in a journey of seven hours. [The upper part of the Umtata may possibly be here alluded to.] Pursued and shot three male elephants.

"Friday, 15th, 4 hours. Cut out the teeth of these animals, and proceeded the distance of four hours.

[1] Excepting the party who went in search of the crew of the Grosvenor, in the year 1783, in consequence of the account given of the wreck of that ship by the few seamen, who, by travelling along the sea-coast, were so fortunate as to arrive at the Cape, about four months after the accident happened.

"Saturday, 16th, 9 hours. We this day travelled nine hours; and in the meanwhile rode out in search of more elephants, but found none. However, we saw and came up with a lion and a lioness, which had killed a buffalo. Tjaart van der Waldt shot the lioness.

"Sunday, 17th, 3 hours. We had only proceeded three hours from our last resting-place, when we were obliged to halt and unharness, owing to heavy rain.

"Monday, 18th. During our stay at the spot, several of the Tamboekies visited us; amongst whom was the chief, Captain Joobie, and, subject to him, Captain Louve. We gave them presents, and procured from them three Tamboekies, as guides.

"Tuesday, 19th. We still remained here, in order to shoot sea-cows, of which we shot two, shown to us by the Tamboekies. We were this day astonished at the arrival of Jacob Joubert, who came to us with a waggon, attended only by eight Hottentots. Great as our joy was, in having another Christian of our party, our astonishment was not less at the boldness of the enterprise, in following us through such unfrequented deserts, merely because he had promised to join us.

"Wednesday, 20th, 5 hours. We now harnessed again, and proceeded five hours, passing a river called Nabagana. In the course of the journey, we saw a lion, which was the largest that the most experienced amongst us had ever seen. We pursued it; but it escaped into the bushes, and we saw no more of it.

"Thursday, 21st, 5 hours. Travelling onward five hours farther, and ascending a great height, we saw a

large river, called Bosjie,[1] about the distance of two hours from us, but to which we could not descend, owing to the steepness of the approach.

"Friday, 22nd. Here we halted; and, whilst some of us were employed in exploring the best route to take, others went in quest of sea-cows, and shot five.

"Saturday, 23rd, 5 hours. Harnessed, and proceeded five hours again, but were obliged to go a great way round about, to avoid precipices. It was by far the worst travelling we had as yet met with, owing to rocky hills and underwood.

"Sunday, 24th, 5 hours. Rode onward five hours to the river Bosjie, which comes from far inland. We this day shot twelve sea-cows.

"Monday, 25th, 3 hours. Forded the river, and proceeded three hours.

"Tuesday, 26th, 7 hours. We thence passed over a very steep mountain, and in seven hours came to a river called Nooga; having, in the course of that distance, shot four buffaloes and six elephants.

"Wednesday, 27th. Rested this day. In the meanwhile, some of the party shot a male elephant.

"Thursday, 28th, 6 hours. Forded the last mentioned river; when we saw the sea about the distance of two hours off.[2] Here we met with a horse, that had escaped from a party which had, seven years ago, gone on a similar expedition, in search of the unfortu-

[1] Probably one of the eastern branches of the Umtata.—AUTHOR.

[2] Within this last week, Van Reenen's party must therefore have considerably altered their course, bearing, since then, much more to the eastward.—AUTHOR.

nate Englishmen. It belonged to one Daniel Potgieter, was quite wild, and, on our approach, ran into a herd of eelands: but we pursued him, and at length caught him: he was the next day quite docile, and was mounted. We now passed the river Nodei; and had this day travelled the distance of six hours.

"Friday, 29th, 7 hours. Saw several elephants, of which we shot seven. After travelling seven hours, we arrived at the river Tathaa, where we shot a sea-cow; and were visited by two of the Tamboekies; which was something extraordinary, as, ever since the 18th instant, when we parted with Captain Joobie, we had seen no natives; this tract of country having been depopulated by the father of Captain Sambee, called Gagabee Camboesa, who drove them and all their cattle into his own territory. Such few as are at present remaining hide themselves in the woods and caves, and live solely on sea-weed, and whatever they can procure by hunting.

"Saturday, 30th, 6 hours. Having passed the last mentioned river, which is a very large one, we came, in a journey of six hours, to the Dombie, or Young Maiden River. It was from this part of the country that formerly, before Gagabee laid it waste, the Kaffirs and other nations got their women, in trading with the parents.

"Sunday, 31st, 4 hours. We travelled the distance of four hours, when we were under the necessity of stopping and unharnessing near the River Tasana, in order to explore a way. Several persons, seven years ago, got as far as this river, in search of the unfortunate crew of the Grosvenor, whence they returned back.

"November. Monday, 1st, 4 hours. Lodewyk Prins shot a sea-cow in the nose, which afterwards came to the shore, and was killed. Passed the river, and advanced only four hours; as we were obliged, in order to proceed, to cut through woods.

"Tuesday, 2nd, 2 hours. Thence we rode two hours, to a wood, where we shot an elephant, but were obliged to unharness, as I was taken excessively ill with violent pain in my limbs, and a lameness in my right arm, which prevented my being any longer able to endure the motion of the waggon. The weather was very unsettled, changing suddenly very often in the course of the day; and for two hours we had a very severe thunderstorm.

"Wednesday, 3rd. We left this spot, and arrived on a height, whence we saw several villages of the Hambonaas, a nation quite different from the Kaffirs; are of a yellowish complexion, and have long coarse hair, frizzed on their heads like a turban. We sent four of our men to the chief, whose name is Camboosa, with a present of beads and a sheet of copper. Five of them came to us, to whom we gave small presents of beads. They told us, that subject to them was a village of *Bastaard* Christians, who were descended from people shipwrecked on that coast, and of which three old women were still living, whom Oemtonoue, the Hambonaa captain, had taken as his wives.

"Thursday, 4th, 1 hour. Proceeded an hour; when we were stopped by heavy rain; but mounted our horses, and rode to the before-mentioned village, where we found that the people were descended from whites; some, too, from slaves of mixed colour, and

the natives of the East Indies. We also met with the three old women, who said they were sisters, and had, when children, been shipwrecked on this coast, but could not say of what nation they were, being too young to know, at the time the accident happened. We offered to take them and their children back with us, on our return; at which they seemed very much pleased.[1]

"Friday, 5th, 7 hours. We now travelled on seven hours; in which distance we passed the Little Mogasie River, on the banks of which is situated the *Bastaard* village, where they have very extensive, handsome gardens, planted with Kaffir corn, maize, sugar-canes, plantains, potatoes, black beans, and many other things: they had also some cattle. We crossed also the Great Mogasie River, where is the residence of the Hambonaa captain, Camboosa. During this day, we shot seven sea-cows.

Saturday, 6th, 7 hours. Proceeded seven hours, near to a very large river, called Sinwoewoe, or sea-cow river, [Umzimvooboo?] where we understood, from the natives, that there was still an Englishman remaining alive of the crew of the unfortunate ship the Grosvenor.

"Sunday, 7th, 2 hours. Arrived at the river, after two hours' travelling; but were obliged to unharness, as it was too deep to pass, on account of the flood. We therefore waited for the ebbing of the tide: and in the meanwhile saw, on the opposite bank, the

[1] In a subsequent part of the Journal, it is mentioned that the "whole race" of these people amounted to four hundred. —AUTHOR.

before-mentioned Englishman, to whom we immediately called. He spoke the Dutch language; but, from the width of the river, we could not make out what he said.

"Monday, 8th, 2 hours. We forded the river; when this so-called Englishman came to us, and told us that he was a free man, and had sailed in an English ship from Malacca. He promised to conduct us to the place where the Grosvenor had been wrecked; adding, that there was nothing to be seen, excepting some cannon, iron ballast, and lead: he likewise said, that all the unfortunate crew of that ship had perished; some by the hands of the natives, and the rest by hunger. The natives here brought to us some gold and silver, to exchange for red beads and copper articles, of which they seemed excessively fond. This day we had only proceeded two hours.

"Tuesday, 9th, 4 hours. We now rode on four hours to a river called Woewanpoevoe, where we shot a sea-cow.

"Wednesday, 10th, 5 hours. Passed this river, and proceeded five hours farther, to the river Tanwoeta. We now concluded, as this so-called Englishman, who was to conduct us to the spot where the wreck lay, did not make his appearance, that he was a runaway slave from the Cape: in which conjecture we were confirmed by one of our *Bastaard* Hottentots, called Moses, whom this man had asked who his master was; and being answered by the Hottentot that Jacob van Reenen was his master, he then asked if it was a son of old Jacob van Reenen, or Cootje, as my father was commonly called: the Hottentot answered, Yes. He then

told him he was well known at the Cape, and had a wife there and two children. The fear that we should lay hold of him and carry him with us most probably prevented his ever returning to us again.

"Thursday, 11th. We remained the whole of this day by the side of the river, it being too high to pass.

"Friday, 12th, 3 hours. Having passed the river, and travelled three hours, we arrived at a wood, through which we were to cut our way.

"Saturday, 13th, 2 hours. We got through this last mentioned wood, and were obliged soon after to cut through another, having proceeded only two hours.

"Sunday, 14th, 3 hours. We this day proceeded three hours, and crossed a river called Bogasie, at the mouth of which, in the sea, we shot two sea-cows. Here the natives brought us potatoes, sugar-canes, corn, and beans, likewise gold and silver; for which we exchanged with them beads.

"Monday, 15th, 4 hours. Travelling onward, we passed a little brook near the seaside. Here Jan Andries Holtshausen had the misfortune to fall into a pit of burnt stakes, (an elephant pit) by which he was terribly wounded in the palm of his left hand. We now came to a height that we could not pass without great danger and difficulty, and where we learnt that the wreck was not far off. We therefore determined to halt, and to go on horseback to the spot, to see what could be discovered. Jan Andries Holtshausen, Tjaart van der Waldt, Cornelis Mulder, Hilgert Mulder, and myself, with Ignatius Mulder, mounted our horses, and rode the distance of one hour and a half, when Jan Andries Holtshausen and

myself were obliged to return to our waggons, owing to the necessity there was of dismounting and leading our horses through a river, in order to proceed, the bed of which was full of holes and rocks; and, as I was exceedingly troubled with great pain all over my limbs, and old Holtshausen, who had regarded his wound as a trifle, not having even applied a bandage to it, found his hand very painful, we neither of us dared venture on such an undertaking. At our return to the waggons, we administered sweet oil to Holtshausen's wound, and made use of every other means in our power to assuage the pain; but it still continued, and did not in the least abate. At night our companions returned to us, and told us they had been at the spot where the ship was wrecked, but had then found nothing of it remaining, except some cannon, iron ballast, and lead. They brought with them two pieces of spermaceti candle, and some fragments of English china. The wreck lay four hours from this spot, in which distance there were seven rivers to pass, for which we had no name. We this day shot a sea-cow.

"Thursday, 16th. Some of our companions went again to the spot where the wreck lay, but saw nothing more than what has been already mentioned. Hilgert Mulder brought with him a piece of red sapanna wood. We this day shot two sea-cows.

"Wednesday, 17th. On this day, with some others of the party, I rode to the above-mentioned spot, but saw nothing but five cannons and a great quantity of iron ballast. It was plainly perceived, on a spot of ground between two woods, that people had made

fires and sheltered themselves; likewise, on a rising ground between the two woods, was a pit, where things had been buried and dug out again; this confirming to us what the runaway slave had told us, that every thing had been dug up and dispersed very far into the country. We also understood from the natives, that the greatest part of the goods had been conveyed to Rio de la Goa, to be there sold; which place, as well as we could learn, was from this spot a journey of four days, or of forty or fifty hours.

" Thursday, 18th. Tjaart van der Waldt, Hilgert Mulder, and Jacob Joubert rode along the seaside, about two hours farther to the northward than where the remains of the wreck lay, but could find nothing more than what has been already mentioned. It was now determined that we should return home; as, in the first place, several of our draught oxen had died, and many of those that remained were in a very sickly condition; besides, that old Holtshausen, from the excessive pain he suffered by the wound in his hand, became very impatient to get back. The natives hereabouts expressed very great astonishment at our taking such great pains to come in search of the unfortunate crew. And the chiefs, and indeed the whole of them in general, promised that if any similar disaster should ever happen in future, they would protect and take care of the crew that might come on shore, and conduct them to us, if they could only be assured of obtaining beads, copper, and iron, for so doing, which we promised. It is to be observed, that to this place we had travelled three hundred and seventy-seven hours, which was two hundred and twenty-six

hours beyond the limits of the Christian possessions, or rather so much beyond any Christian habitation. The distance from the Cape to the Great Fish River is two hundred and twenty-one hours; thus we computed that we were now distant from the Cape four hundred and forty-seven hours."

* * * *

Captain Riou, by calculations drawn from the above account, fixes the wreck of the Grosvenor as having occurred between the 27th and 28th degrees of south latitude, or about a hundred miles south of Delagoa Bay, whereas, in Wylde's last map of this part of the world, it is—apparently with more reason, if the time and distances marked in Van Reenen's Journal be attentively considered—placed about as far to the south of Port Natal.

This appears however to be, at the present date, a point of little moment—but, as far as regards Van Reenen's expedition, although it failed in the chief object for which it had been undertaken, it nevertheless established the fact of European women having on some previous occasion fallen into the power of, and been forced into alliances with the natives; the result of which was, so far back as sixty years ago, a mixed population to a considerable extent; and from one of the "old women" mentioned in the Journal, it is more than probable that Queen Nonube—the heroine of our tale—derived her claims to European descent; for I never could discover proofs of her having any legitimate pretensions to consanguinity with the noble house of Argyle, or of being, as has been asserted, "a female descendant of General Campbell, who with

his family was wrecked in the last century off the east coast of Africa, in the Grosvenor East Indiaman," nor that "Nonube's mother was the daughter of a Miss Campbell, one of the General's unhappy daughters, who had been seized and retained by a Kaffir Chief as his great wife."

Both Sutu, the "great" widow of Gaïka, and Nonube, who bears the same relation to Dushani, the late head of the T' Slambies, have ever exerted all their influence to maintain friendly relations with the Colony, and have always endeavoured—at great personal risk—to inculcate this mode of conduct on their respective sons, Sandilla and Siwana; but Macomo long succeeded in thwarting Sutu's peaceable endeavours—whilst the T' Slambie Chief Seyolo, justly described by Sir Henry Pottinger as "a violent and morose savage," enacted the same part, in opposing Nonube's endeavours with the T' Slambies. Nonube has always declared her peaceable intentions, but says that—"Seyolo's hand is on her shoulder, and keeps her down."

In endeavouring to carry out this amicable line of policy, Sutu and Nonube have both had narrow escapes of being roasted alive as witches by their dutiful sons, instigated to such an act, by the then predominant war faction of "Young Kaffirland."

I have described how, in the "razzia" made during the month of November, 1846, against the country of the T' Slambies, poor Nonube's abode had shared a common fate with the kraals of other chieftains far more blameable than herself. Would that, in this world, retribution fell alone upon the guilty!

CHAPTER XVI.

CATTLE-LIFTING IN KAFFIRLAND.

Suspension of hostilities—Designs of the enemy—A vertical sun—Determination of the English General—Operations at the Mess Tent—Variable climate—Orders to the troops—A large Cattle kraal—Skirmish with the enemy—Amusing incident—Cattle captured—Exciting scene—Fiery charger—An awkward dilemma—Pursuit of a Kaffir—Surprise and disappointment—More cattle taken from the enemy—Courage of the Kaffirs—Return to the Camp—Surrender of Botman, the Gaïka chief.

The first truce granted to Sandilla had long since terminated; a second suspension of hostilities was at his urgent request acceded to, and *this* had likewise nearly expired, without any signs of the promised conditions of peace having as yet been fulfilled. Day after day passed in anxious expectation of a forward movement; but naught save negociations, missionary consultations, conferences, and embassies followed each other in rapid succession. The object on the part of these wily savages was (as I have already shown) evidently to procrastinate and gain time, whilst they drove off and secured their ill-gotten booty; for the numerous flocks and herds of which they had feloniously plundered the Colony were most probably, during all this delay, rapidly progressing towards Kreili's country.

Meanwhile, the summer of these regions was fast ad-

vancing, and the heat becoming more and more intense, whilst the herbage—on which all in this country depends for the sustenance of horses and cattle, in other words, for the practicability of military movements—was withering, like our hopes, under the power of a vertical sun, whose scorching rays, darting on our frail canvass tenements, kept us, during the day, at the average comfortable temperature of about 120 degrees; whilst at night, or after rain, the glass would not unfrequently, in the course of a few hours, suddenly fall some 50 or 60 degrees!

Thus passed away the sultry month of November, bringing with it no other result save what has been alluded to in a former chapter, viz., the surrender of Macomo with his family, that of some bundles of assegaïs, a few useless firelocks, with a small number of poor cattle and raw-boned, sore-backed ponies.[1] At last, even the General's patience became fairly exhausted. He vowed—it is said, in spite of the missionaries—that he would stand no more humbug; whereupon Mr. Sandilla (who had hitherto remained very quietly bivouaced on a height overlooking our camp) took up his blanket, and limped[2] off into the Bush.

It was now determined on—when too late—to obtain from the Kaffirs, by force, what diplomacy had failed to effect. But the savages, meanwhile, had not been asleep, and the greater part of the stolen Colonial herds were then, no doubt, "ruminating" on their captive lot amidst the far distant pastures beyond the Kye.

[1] In consequence of being ridden without a saddle, the Kaffir horses have mostly sore backs.

[2] Sandilla has from his birth been a cripple, one of his legs being withered up. See "Past and Future Emigration," p. 25.

In consequence of the above resolution, instead of a simultaneous advance of three or four strong columns, the usual system of petty frontier warfare was again commenced, in a partial skirmishing, carried on by patroles or commandos, sent to scour the enemy's country, in quest of cattle more than Kaffirs.

* * * *

The last of November elapsed in the usual routine of camp occupation and amusement. To a burning day of more than usual tropical heat had succeeded the mild influence of a temperate zone; and whilst the bright sun sank below the horizon, gilding with his departing rays the snowy whiteness of the camp, the distant lowing of numerous herds, returning for the night from their several pastures to the precincts of the kraal, added to the rural peacefulness of the scene.

As the shades of evening slowly gathered around, the shrill sound of bugles, to the tune of "The Roast Beef of Old England," announced that important operations were now contemplated at the capacious mess-tent, which formed such a conspicuous object in the camp, where a hungry party were soon assembled, and doing ample justice to all the "delicacies of the season." The cloth had been removed, and the bottle was circling briskly around, when, with port erect and cane in hand, the serjeant on duty entered with the "division orders" of the day, which now, for the first time, announced the resumption of hostilities, and directed three strong columns to parade the following morning, at two a.m.

This welcome intelligence allowing but little time

for sleep, the party speedily broke up, to obtain what repose they could, leaving strict injunctions with the mess-waiter to have coffee in readiness at half-past one in the morning; at which early hour we were again assembled, though in far different costumes from those of the preceding evening.

The most sudden transition from heat to cold, and *vice versâ*, is a marked peculiarity of this changeful, though, strange to say, most salubrious climate, in which one may, generally speaking, and with equal impunity, sleep under the Bush at the mercy of dew and rain, or expose one's-self during all hours of the day to the fiery heat of a vertical sun.

On the present occasion, a grilling hot day, or, as we termed it, "a regular frizzler," was succeeded by a night as bitterly cold; and pea-jackets, cloaks, and woollen comforters, were now in general request, whilst we assiduously comforted the inward man with good hot coffee, backed by substantial slices of cold beef and ham.

The appointed hour had arrived; a bright moon shone on the dense columns so silently assembled, and remaining in such noiseless expectation, that

> "From camp to camp, through the foul womb of Night,
> The hum of either army stilly sounds,
> That the fixed sentinels almost receive
> The secret whispers of each other's watch."

The expedition was divided into three distinct parties, destined simultaneously to sweep the whole country between the Chumie and the Amatola Hills, co-operating for this purpose with the 91st regiment, stationed at Fort Cox, in the vicinity of Burns' Hill, on the lower slope of those mountains.

For an account of our proceedings on this occasion, and which may likewise serve as a general specimen of other commandos and patroles, I beg to refer to the following letter, written immediately after the occurrence of what it attempts to describe.[1]

"Camp, Block Drift, December 1st, 1846.

"At two o'clock in the morning, by the light of an unclouded moon, our patrole moved off in the most perfect silence. One body of troops under Colonel Johnstone, of the 27th, was to sweep eight or ten miles to the right of the camp, in a south-easterly direction; Colonel Erskine, with the 45th, went easterly towards Fort Cox, from which place a party under Colonel Campbell, of the 91st, was also to move out; whilst our column, commanded by Colonel Slade in person, proceeded to the north, along the right bank of the Chumie.

"As our object was to levy 'black mail' rather than to destroy 'black men,' you can easily understand the reason of our extending thus; and the General, no doubt actuated by humanity, and wishing to spare the enemy as much as possible, gave out the order that the latter were only to be shot if actually resisting, or making off with arms and cattle.

[1] The account of an expedition of this description, by one personally engaged in it, must of course be very imperfect; the narrator, generally speaking, being able merely to witness what takes place within the narrow orb of which he necessarily becomes the centre, and (as in the relation of all personal adventures) he thereby unavoidably lays himself open to the serious charge of egotism. The author trusts therefore to the above extenuating circumstances, for the reader's indulgence, during the ensuing narrative.

"We followed the banks of the Chumie for about six miles, and when arrived near the spot where we were to cross, halted to give breath to the troops, and to await the first dawn of day. We could from hence distinctly see the fires of the enemy's kraals in the dark kloofs, and on the wooded heights crowning the opposite side of the stream, and, as you may imagine, longed to be stirring them up; meanwhile, advantage was taken of this short delay to make some preliminary arrangements for the approaching onset.

"The cavalry, divided into five squads, was directed, on crossing the river, to spread out right and left like a fan; the irregulars of foot, Totties and Fingoes, I told off likewise into five separate companies, each to follow, as closely as possible, a party of the cavalry, from whom they were to receive the captured herds, to be again by them handed back to the 90th regiment, who were to take post on a high ridge, marked as the general rendezvous, whither the cattle was to be driven when taken from the enemy, and on which point the skirmishers might fall back, if overmatched by the Kaffirs.

"All these preliminaries being duly settled, and, as day began to dawn apace, the columns again advanced, but had not gone two hundred yards, when, on this side of the Chumie, contrary to our expectations, we suddenly came on a large kraal, teeming with cattle.

"Every attempt at further concealment was now useless. Like hounds striking on a fresh scent, the Irregulars were soon amongst the herd, and blazing away with all their might; for the Kaffirs, as usual,

showed fight in defence of their property. A few lives were consequently lost; and, strange to say, the very first discharge knocked over two rather eminent Kaffirs: one named Yokah, the chief councillor of Sandilla, and his brother; the former being shot by my lately appointed commandant of irregular horse.

"During this first *mêlée*, a ridiculous incident occurred, which at the time caused much merriment. A Kaffir, rushing out of his hut half asleep, with a bundle of assegaïs under his arm, ran violently against Colonel Slade, when the latter, forgetting the savage could not understand him, with a polite expletive, asked him what he meant, and ordered him to drop his arms, which Mr. Kaffir instantly did, and as quickly vanished into the Bush.

"A large batch of cattle was thus easily secured; but we expected to find much greater numbers on the other side of the river, in following up which, no time was to be lost, as the firing must have already alarmed the whole neighbourhood; and unless we were now very quick in our movements, every bullock would most assuredly be driven to the hills, or into the Bush, where it were a vain attempt to follow them. Wherefore, hastily collecting the Cape Corps and Irregular Horse, I led them on at a gallop to a neighbouring ford; we dashed into the river, and, floundering over large rocks and stones, which threw several of the horses, succeeded at last in reaching the opposite bank, where we found, as I had anticipated, plenty to do. We were, luckily, yet in time to arrive at several kraals before the cattle had been driven out. These were speedily captured, amidst a great deal of noise

and smoke, the whizzing of a few assegaïs, and whistling of bullets. The Hottentots and Fingoes, however, being close at our heels, took possession of the prizes, and we pushed on as hard as we could gallop after such as had already escaped, to the lively tune of pop-popping all around us; for Hottentots will on such occasions expend powder and ball, whether they see an enemy or not.

"The scene became now most exciting—in fact, a regular 'Kaffir,' as well as 'cattle,' hunt. According to previous arrangement, the horsemen spread out in small parties, and, at the head of a dozen Cape Mounted Rifles, I tally-ho'd a flying herd. The little Totty riflemen rode like steeple-chasers, each striving to be foremost, but not one of the party could keep pace with my raw-boned old charger, Nagpoor, who carried me splendidly, clearing water-courses, and scrambling up and down ravines in such first-rate style, that I soon parted company with my escort, and came up, unattended, with a large flock of cattle just entering the Bush, and driven by three mounted Kaffirs.

"My confounded horse had become so excited during the chase, that he no longer obeyed the bit; and it was impossible either to stop or to turn him. The Kaffirs seemed half disposed to show a front, and, though in a horrid funk, I was, like Johnny Gilpin, *nolens volens*, borne along by my fiery steed; I was now within fifty yards of these ugly-looking customers; and there was nothing left for it but to make a charge. Therefore, putting the best face on the matter, and getting my hog-spear in rest, with a

'view halloa' I rode, in spite of myself, slap at them; they, however, at this juncture, to my inexpressible satisfaction, turned tail, and skulked away into the Bush.

"After at last succeeding in pulling up my horse, I managed to head the drove of cattle, which was then taken charge of by some of the Cape Corps, who had just come up. It was now broad daylight, and a precisely similar scene to what I had a few days before witnessed, when on patrole with Colonel Somerset's division, here again recurred. Far as the eye could reach, when uninterrupted by hill or Bush, might be seen herds of cattle flying before the shrill whistle of the Kaffirs, and hotly pursued by our widely-scattered horsemen; whilst the Hottentots and Fingoes, on foot, were hurrying in their wake, blazing away at every thing as they advanced, firing Kaffir huts, and slaying the owners when they stood to offer resistance. Meanwhile, the 90th, as if disdaining to participate in such an ignoble fight, had quietly marched to the brow of a commanding eminence, from whence, as passive spectators, they looked down on all this inglorious 'cattle-stealing' warfare.

"I was now joined by my young commandant of Irregulars, who, after having settled Mr. Yokah's account, and spread his sable horsemen o'er the plain, being better mounted than the rest of his troop, pushed on to see more of the fun, and to have the chance of another shot with the rifle which had lately rendered such good service. With a few of the Cape Corps, we now dashed down a deep ravine and up the opposite bank, having marked a second flock of

oxen, which had already entered the Bush. It was however, luckily, not very thick; and we succeeded in bringing out this fresh lot, which was in like manner handed back to the rear.

"Collecting as many stragglers as possible, we next galloped towards the smoke issuing from some kraals a couple of miles off, across an open country, but found we were too late; capturing however on our way a few straggling Kaffir horses. Returning from this unsuccessful 'cast,' we struck on the 'spoor' of a large flock, whose track was distinctly marked on the dewy grass, and which appeared to have been driven towards the Chumie Hills. This spoor we rapidly followed up for several miles, till entering an entangled, broken, and hilly country; we were here joined by a couple of officers and some of the 7th Dragoons, who reported that forty or fifty Kaffirs were in a wooded valley close by, and had defied them to come into the Bush and fight, which invitation the small party, of course, politely declined.

"Whilst we were consulting what was now best to be done, I saw a fine ox close to the edge of the covert about two hundred yards off, with a Kaffir on horseback driving it slowly along. This was evidently intended as a decoy; the Kaffirs, being close at hand in the thicket, meant no doubt to have given us a taste of their assegaïs, had we pounced directly on the bait. Determined, however, to out-manœuvre them, we extended our line; a little firing took place at such of the enemy as showed themselves on the outskirts of the Bush; one Kaffir was shot through the body; another was knocked over by my commandant

of Irregular horse, but managed to scramble away into the jungle.

"Meanwhile, I kept a steady look-out on the gentleman with the ox. He had now ventured some distance from the covert; when, screened by a swell in the ground, I gradually approached unseen; and, seizing a favourable opportunity, suddenly put my horse at speed, cut off his retreat, and then 'yehoik'd' him across a fine open piece of grass land, in full sight of each party. We both rattled along at a pace which could not possibly last, but in which the training and hard condition of my charger soon told; for after a sharp run 'in view,' the Kaffir's horse began to show symptoms of distress, whilst my steed was still fresh and well in hand. There was, however, no time to be lost in jockeyship, as a thick belt of Bush rose immediately in our front, on the brink of a rapid descent. I therefore gave 'Nagpoor' his head, with a slight taste of the spur, to which he gallantly responded. Bounding under the metallic pressure, he closed in a second on the flying foe, and brought the glittering point of my hog-spear in close contact with his bended form.

"Not apparently relishing such 'pointed' attention, the Kaffir, glancing over his left shoulder, silently but fiercely brandished an assegaï.

"Had he thrown himself off and hurled his weapon as I shot past, far different might have been the result. However, there was not, with either party, much time for reflection or thought; but to divert his intended aim—whilst making a horrible face at the rascal—I bellowed with all my might; and, urging my horse

to his utmost speed, drove the spear-head through the leathern folds of the kaross, right between the shoulder blades, into his brawny back. The savage, without uttering a sound, but still grasping his assegaï, pitched forward off his horse, bestowing on me, as he fell, a vengeful look of mingled hatred and pain, which I shall not readily forget.

"At this critical moment, whilst endeavouring to pull up (for the bushes precluded the possibility, in true 'Deccanee style,' of turning off after delivering the spear), the curb-chain snapped, and my fiery brute of a horse now became completely unmanageable. Maddened by the excitement of the chase, he still wildly followed the riderless Kaffir steed—dashed down the face of the steep, thickly-wooded declivity in our front, carrying me through dense prickly mimosa shrubs, and nearly unhorsing me half-a-dozen times amidst their thorny branches. Considering there were at the time numbers of Kaffirs in the Bush, my position in this Mazeppa-like course was not the most enviable in the world; nor did I succeed in pulling up, until reaching the bottom of the hill, when I vowed never again to trust myself during a patrole on the back of such a runaway beast!

"By the time I had retraced my steps to the spot where the Kaffir had fallen, the bird had flown—had vanished into the Bush; and no one who has not actually witnessed it would credit the quantity of 'killing' these savages take, or the almost miraculous manner in which, after being even mortally wounded, they contrive to evade their pursuers and effect their escape.

"The stoical fortitude with which they endure pain is likewise most remarkable, and, as an instance in point, I may mention, that during the course of this day we came upon a wounded Kaffir rolled up in his kaross, and seated under a *mimosa* bush: he had been shot through the body, evidently in a mortal part, and thus silently awaited his fate, having first endeavoured to staunch the flowing blood, by cramming a handful of grass into the wound!

"After this little scrimmage, we again followed up the cattle spoor above alluded to; but, on crowning a height, with our glasses we could distinctly see an immense herd, fully three or four miles ahead, and in the act of ascending the Chumie Hills. As it was therefore useless to pursue them further, we turned with the intention of going back to the general rendezvous. However, on our way thither, the Cape Corps Hottentots—who have the eyes of a hawk—espied, about three miles off, a number of oxen, and extending one-half of my troop to the left, to cut off their retreat, I immediately galloped on with the rest; but you may imagine our surprise and disappointment, on coming up with the herd, to find that they were cattle already secured by Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, of the 91st, who had come out from Fort Cox to co-operate with our patrole. We however reached him in the very nick of time, for he and his officers were just breaking their fast on some biscuit and cold meat, of which I opportunely came in for a share, whilst we washed down this most seasonable meal with the contents of our brandy-flasks.

"After a hearty 'pic-nic' breakfast, shifting the

saddles from our more jaded horses to the backs of those captured from the Kaffirs, I took leave of my hospitable entertainers; and with the original party, consisting of an English serjeant and a few Hottentots of the Cape Corps Rifles, now started for the Camp, to which our last sweep had brought us within ten or twelve miles.

"On the way thither we sighted a large kraal on the opposite side of a wide ravine, near which was grazing a fine herd of cattle, with a number of armed Kaffirs, evidently on the *qui vive*.

"'Tis a pity, sir, to go back empty-handed to camp,' observed the serjeant, 'with those fine oxen so close at hand.'

"'Can we manage to get another gallop out of our horses?' said I.

"The serjeant seemed to think this within the bounds of possibility; 'Let's try, then,' was the word; and, in an instant, the little Hottentots and their horses were roused to their mettle, and we were rattling down the side of the ravine and up the opposite ascent, with as much speed as if our nags had not already carried us over some forty or fifty good miles of hill and dale.

"The Kaffirs did not await our approach; and, although they attempted to drive off the herd into the Bush, we were too quick for them; the cattle were headed back, and captured without discharging a shot. We next ransacked the huts of the kraal, in quest of muskets and assegaïs.

"The Hottentots wished to fire the whole 'boutique,' but this, out of compassion to the women, I would not

allow. These poor creatures, on such occasions, always display the very fortitude of Spartan matrons; whilst witnessing the loss of all their worldly goods, and the death of husbands and brothers, they never utter a cry or shed a tear, but usually sit in passive silence at the doors of their huts, until, in some instances, actually driven away by the flames. The Kaffirs themselves are certainly 'game to the backbone,' never, as I have before observed, crying out, however badly wounded, or even demanding quarter, but merely pronouncing the name of their chief ere they give up the ghost. Thus much must in justice be said in their favour; but I suspect this to be their only redeeming quality, for a more 'irreclaimable' set of savages—as Sir Benjamin d'Urban most justly designated them—cannot possibly exist.

"On reaching the Camp about mid-day, I found a large party assembled in the mess-tent of the 90th, when Col. Slade was so kind as to compliment me on my exertions during the day;[1] and we all discussed a hearty breakfast, or rather tiffin, together with the morning's 'sport,' which amounted to about one thousand five hundred head of captured cattle, and a few Kaffirs 'expended,' without any loss on our part; for

[1] The author may perhaps be pardoned the statement, that although His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, thought proper also publicly to thank him for his share in the successful result of this expedition; and, notwithstanding the circumstance of the officer commanding the Division having strongly urged that his name should be mentioned in general orders, no notice whatever was taken of such recommendation: true, he was probably "under a cloud" from having, some time previously, tendered his resignation, but that resignation had not been accepted.

they now — save in the immediate defence of their herds—generally make but little resistance.

"'Why should we any longer fight?' say they at present; 'we have got all we want; we have eaten the Colonial sheep, we have driven away the Colonial cattle—we wish now to cultivate our fields; we wish for peace, and we will fight no more.'

"This is most acute reasoning on the part of the Kaffirs, and there is no doubt, if they obtain their wish, that they will then leave the Colony at peace—until another opportunity of plundering shall present itself. Such, at least, for the last half century, has been their universal mode of proceeding: to rob, murder, devastate, tire out our troops, and then sue for a cessation of hostilities."

* * * * *

This last "stirring up" was however attended with the result of causing the surrender of Botman, a gigantic Chief of the Gaïkas—great only in person, for his tribe was insignificant and small; but, spite of a continuation of the above petty warfare, Sandilla and Pato, with many other minor chiefs, continued to set our power and just claims at open defiance, till at last, a grand forward movement beyond the Kye was resolved upon, for the purpose of fairly "eating them up."[1]

The following Chapter, containing a memorandum, hastily written at the time, by an officer of rank, engaged in that expedition, may serve as a specimen of the hardships and privations our troops had usually to undergo during this very arduous and trying campaign.

[1] A Kaffir expression, signifying to ruin or destroy, but chiefly applicable to the seizure of cattle.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNAL OF A PATROLE BEYOND THE KYE, IN JANUARY, 1847. BY AN OFFICER ENGAGED IN THAT EXPEDITION.

Expedition under Sir Peregrine Maitland — Scenery of the Kye—Missionary Station of Butterworth—Fingoe kraals—Skirmish with the Kaffirs, and capture of cattle—Privations of the soldiers—Three British officers killed by the enemy—Bivouac with cattle—A fusillade—Scarcity of provisions—Dangerous passage of the river—Bivouac in the Bush—Hardships incident to a Kaffir Campaign—Recall of Sir Peregrine Maitland.

"On the last day of the year 1846, after a patrole of about five days, we arrived in Camp; and, on the 2nd of January, a strong detachment of about two thousand men, under the immediate superintendence of the Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, again started on the same service. It is customary for each patrole (it being fatiguing work) to be relieved by another party; but, as I take a ticket in every lottery, I started again in command of about one thousand five hundred infantry. Our object is to make a combined movement with Colonel Somerset, who, with some cavalry, is already across the Kye River. We marched at eleven, stopped for an hour at a place called Warden's Fort, a burnt down post, established by Sir Benjamin d'Urban, and halted in a hailstorm; pieces of ice falling, as large as a table-spoon.

"3rd. Marched at half-past four, A.M.; scenery very beautiful; on either bank of the Kye, perpendicular rocks overhang the road, and one hundred Kaffirs, properly posted, might easily prevent our crossing at all. I never saw a more defensible ford. The water was not above two feet deep, but ran rapidly, and the stones at the bottom were very large. The consequence was, that vast numbers of men rolled over; some lost their arms, and some, when down, had difficulty in sustaining themselves against the current. We have only a few commissariat waggons with us, and many of these upset at the wrong side of the river. As we found that the waggons would be hours crossing the Kye, we mounted a tremendous ascent of about three miles and a half; here we halted, as the waggons could not get up.

"4th. Marched at six; halted at top of the hill to breakfast; marched from twelve to five. A level country, perfectly open for about twelve miles. We halted at Butterworth, a missionary station, destroyed by the Kaffirs. The country in its neighbourhood highly cultivated, and a very large population of Fingoes surrounding it. I rode round many of the Fingoe kraals in search of cheese and milk, but could get neither for money, nor for what is here much more esteemed—tobacco. This is surprising, considering that each village has about one hundred and fifty cattle. The fields of Indian corn were mixed with coarse kidney-beans, and a few unripe pumpkins. The commissariat was, as usual, so injudiciously managed, that this patrole was sent off with only two days' flour and rice, and only five days' biscuit. I look

upon our conduct throughout this war, in a military point of view, as more primitive even than that of the Kaffirs. Since leaving Graham's Town, I have not seen fowl, duck, pig, game, or vegetables of any kind, until to-day.

"5th. We halted, to enable the waggons and Colonel Somerset's patrole to come up; on one side might be seen B—— and F——, with little bits of tobacco, bargaining with Fingoe girls for wood; on the other, a group seated on the grass, with towels round their heads as turbans, were shaving and mending their breeches.

"6th. Rain all day, grass a foot high, officers already in want of provisions, men with no clothes but those on, no tents, and not above a dozen little sloping sheds, made of boughs, under which they crept for shelter; some of the officers had already lost every thing but what was on their backs by Kaffir pillage. My little tent, which is about four feet high, holds F——, self, raw meat, cooking utensils, &c., coffee, sugar, swords, and guns, all in a general heap, and we are more comfortable than our neighbours. It rains perpetually; nothing can exceed our filthy state; strange however to relate, the doctor's list is nearly blank.

* * * *

"7th. The Governor left us this morning.

* * * *

"8th. This morning we marched at six, and having had a long 'out spann,' halted after about ten miles' march. The Kye had risen, and our supplies could not cross. We consequently sent back Captain F—— and one hundred and fifty men to hold the Kye 'drift,' and cover the advance of all supplies.

"9th. Having heard that the Kaffirs were in great force at a drift twelve miles off, we marched at five, cavalry at four. Came up with them at eleven, took two thousand cattle, and killed a good many Kaffirs. There were thousands of cattle escaping, but the infantry were not up. The infantry halted for breakfast at about ten miles. Two miles further we met Somerset; the Kaffirs were not above six miles ahead. I wanted to pass on, but it was deemed more prudent to halt, as the cavalry had gone astray.

"10th. As we had nothing to eat but tough beef, we were forced to halt for supplies. The rain came down in torrents. The Kye of course much swollen.

"11th. This morning marched towards the Kye. Feeding so long on beef without bread, salt, or any thing else, had begun to tell on us, and the men were getting very weak. We had a very severe march of eighteen miles, every soldier up excepting the * * *

"12th. Rain, everlasting. We marched this morning to the top of the Kye ridge, the cavalry and artillery descending to the bed of the river. The river is too high to cross, and the infantry are to stay at the top of the ridge. The Fingoes, our allies, are daily stealing our cattle, and we must get to some more open spot. The Kaffirs are all around us. The sad news has just reached us, that the Kaffirs have killed three of our officers, who had been sent out on a patrole to get some cattle; as famine was staring them in the face. It appears that the party saw a Kaffir driving a few oxen away, and three officers with some burghers, leaving their party, galloped on ahead. These were suddenly attacked by Kaffirs;

when Captain Gibson and Doctor Howell, with the Honourable Mr. Chetwynd, of the 73rd, fell victims to their rashness, as also two burghers. Serjeant Beech, of the 6th, heard several shots fired, and his party proceeded with all speed. On approaching the scene of action, they saw seven Kaffirs killed. Two mounted burghers escaping, reported that they were attacked by a very large body of Kaffirs, that the assegaïs were thrown in great quantities, and that the Kaffirs were also well armed with muskets—the last they saw of the officers, was two who were fighting dismounted. We sent out a party of one hundred men to search for the bodies. I fear there is no hope of their being alive. The party returned this evening with the three bodies. It appears that these officers were inveigled into a defile by the sight of cattle, placed there as a decoy. They were pierced by a multitude of wounds, inflicted by assegaïs and musket-shots; and their bodies were mutilated by beasts and birds of prey.[1] Strange to say, the dead Kaffirs were untouched; and it is, I understand, an invariable rule that no animal of prey will touch a Kaffir until his body becomes putrid. The pass where this tragedy occurred is described as being singularly dangerous, and would even, with a strong body, require the greatest caution in advancing through.

"13th. The weather has cleared up. A party of seven hundred Fingoes, who wish to emigrate into our

[1] From the circumstance of the bodies of the Kaffirs being untouched, it is more than probable that those of our poor countrymen had been mutilated by these barbarians, as it is their universal practice on such occasions.—AUTHOR.

Colony, and whom I sent a party to meet last night, have arrived. They are a sort of slaves to the Kaffirs, but (if possible) a more degraded race. They belong to the Butterworth district, and were afraid of being intercepted by the Kaffirs. The river is falling, but no supplies can cross. Every soul is living on beef (nauseous to a degree without salt), and tea made of any thing that we can find in the grass; the men are growing weaker and weaker. To show the state of affairs, I received an official this morning commencing:—'Sir, I am directed by Colonel Somerset,' &c.; and, it continues, 'I send you a biscuit, and one for Captain Hogg.' This had been got across on a negro's head, by way of compliment to me as commanding 1500 men. I keep this official for a future laugh. To-day, I have sent out 200 men in search of pumpkins and Indian corn, all of which is yet unripe. We this morning buried our unfortunate brother officers in a sort of arbour, which we afterwards burnt down, to prevent the Kaffirs digging them up, which they generally do for the sake of the articles interred with them.

"14th. This morning, the river having fallen, we marched, but were intercepted when we had proceeded two-thirds of the way down the hill, by information that the water had again risen. The cavalry had crossed, losing a serjeant-major of Dragoons, and two of the Cape Corps. We counter-marched, to the utter disgust of the men, to a spot half way up the hill, too much surrounded with wood to be a good position against Kaffir attack, but we could get no further; some of the men who had been sent to the

bottom of the hill were utterly done up; one slept in the Bush, and, strange to say, was not found by the Kaffirs. Numbers of our people seated themselves on the ascent, and were all day getting up, so great had been their exhaustion. We now slept in a circle, round 6000 cattle, with a strong line of sentries outside, against Kaffirs, and inside against bullocks.

"15th. The river has risen three feet. The body of a 73rd man brought in, who, having straggled into the Bush, had been killed by the Kaffirs. Yesterday evening at dark, saw Kaffirs carrying off some * * *[1], a few cavalry pursued, and on their return were attacked, one man wounded. At dark, B——, myself, and two or three other officers, were seated laughing at our misfortunes, admiring the picturesque appearance of our bivouac. We were close to the men's fires which illumined a thick bush, near which we were stretched at length, or sitting tailor-fashion, a soldier lying asleep against the root of a tree, his face lit up by the sun's rays, arms and accoutrements hanging in the branches, intermingled with sundry tempting morsels of beef; we looked more like savages than British soldiers, with long beards and unwashed faces; for here even water had grown very scarce, owing to the men being too exhausted to fetch it. Well, we were lying thus, enjoying the spectacle, a leg of veal hanging near the fire, under the idea that it would be a dainty treat, such as we had seldom known, when pop, pop, pop! and then bullets began to whistle through the tree. An answer was soon made by the Fingoes, and a regular fusillade commenced.

[1] The MS. is here quite illegible.

Some officer ordered the men to stand to their arms, and I ordered them to lie close down and kick out the fires. In one minute, all was confusion. Our picturesque group was broken up, my leg of veal was knocked over, and all was darkness. The firing slackened a little, and in five minutes B—— again returned. His story was carried on from the same point where he had left off, and we again attempted to enact the picturesque. Now and then, a shot told us that our friends were still amusing themselves, but we heeded them not. It is easy to know the Kaffir from the Fingoe shot—the former is heavy, dull, and loud; the Fingoe's is lighter, and ours is the smart crack; the following morning, two Kaffirs were found to have suffered.

"16th. This morning we endeavoured to get a rope across the river; this was a vain attempt—the water rushed down as through a sluice. A punt was constructed of the bottom of a waggon. Each day the beef, tougher than leather, nauseates more and more, and the men grow weaker every day.

"17th. From five o'clock this morning until the evening, I worked with the Hottentots and Fingoes to pass a rope over, but all was vain. I crawled, with a guard and two or three officers, along the edge of the cliff, over ground interspersed with huge rocks, crowned with tangled bush. We at length reached a more tranquil spot of the river, and here they contrived to pass over two bags of biscuit to the men. These were got up an almost inaccessible hill on bullocks. At this time, a piece of biscuit as big as your thumb would have sold for five shillings, as would also a spoonful of

sugar, tea, or coffee, or one cheroot; such was our state of destitution.

"18th. This morning the cattle went down to the river, and commenced crossing at six; such a scene I never witnessed! Five hundred head of cattle at the same time in the river, with one hundred drivers, lowing, kicking, and struggling. By dint of shouting and thumping, they rush into the water; all goes well until they get to the rapid current, or out of their depth; then commences the worst part of the affair; they now will not keep on straight; round comes the head of the foremost bullock, and every succeeding one follows his example;—sometimes they had got close to the opposite shore, when they thus wheeled suddenly round; only four thousand were passed over by seven o'clock; I however succeeded in getting across one of the guns, which was for half an hour stuck in the middle of the river; had the water risen, I was done for.

"19th. Last night there was a great deal of firing, whether it was from our rascally Fingoes, or Kaffirs firing into camp, I cannot say; I suppose a little of both. We are so accustomed now to this style of fusillade, that all we do is to lie close, and continue our little coteries. This morning some waggons were got, by great exertion, into the stream, and ropes were tied from the shore to the waggons, and from waggon to waggon. The stream still runs most rapidly. At nine, we commenced our passage across; but so powerful was the current, that, notwithstanding the aid of the rope, every hundred English soldiers took at least an hour in crossing over. The cattle at the same

time were making their way about twenty yards lower down. Once they came up against the stream, over the rope, and drowned one Rifleman. With the exception of this casualty, we sustained no loss, which I consider a most fortunate circumstance. It was altogether a scene worth seeing, once in a way; the noise, the confusion—the rushing of the water—the crowds perpetually in the stream—blacks washed away by dozens, but saving themselves by their admirable swimming. From 5 a.m. till 7 p.m. I was on the bank, hallooing, abusing, ordering, and firing. I was for a time seated on a waggon, in the middle of the stream, with a rifle, firing close by the noses of the Fingoes, who, with calves on their shoulders, were laying hold of the ropes, and endangering its safety and the lives of our soldiers. I fired at least a hundred shots in this manner. Then I had to prevent the Fingoe cattle from entering the water above the rope; as in such case, most undoubtedly, a number of men would have been drowned. To effect this, I was obliged to stand ready prepared to shoot any bullock which got in. At five, the majority of the cattle were over, and now commenced the crossing of the Fingoes, women and children, with their baggage on their heads.

"The Irish may boast of their potatoes, but the Kaffir pumpkin appears quite as useful in the production of the animal creation. I never saw a larger population of children in any country. The Fingoes at this time worked so inefficiently, that I was obliged to employ some Riflemen to drive cattle, goats, and men, by dint of force and blows, all into the stream together: at dark I found that still there was six

hours work. The infantry had crossed; a rear-guard was on the other side, under a perpendicular rock. I was therefore forced to send back some cavalry, to protect these rascally Butterworth Fingoes, who had been breaking my heart and spoiling my temper all day. I now crossed; but I had previously sent on the infantry to the top of the hill; and with these, my little all, I consequently threw myself on the mercy of the rear-guard. We bivouacked in the bushes, under the rocks, all in a heap; but who can tell the joy of eating, after twelve days' starvation! A large box of things had arrived for the Rifles; and never shall I forget our ecstasy at the taste of a large mouldy plum-pudding, which had been waiting for us a fortnight at this side. We sat comfortably by our fires, when suddenly a cry was raised that 'The Kaffirs are upon us!' * * * * of the Rifles called to arms, and I desired the men to lie down. The women were shrieking, the fires were extinguished, and all was dark as pitch. The Fingoes and Kaffirs amused themselves firing for about ten minutes, and all again became tranquil. The fact was, that the Kaffirs had stolen up, and killed a Fingoe sitting at our watch-fires, about five yards from our sentries, and fifteen yards from where Captain M—— and I were sitting. I slept in a waggon, with a waggon-conductor, who, having eaten too much hard beef, thumped me all night with his fists, thinking (I suppose) he was pitching into his 'nightmare.'

"20th. Last night we had failed with our waggons, and four or five were left in the stream. This morning, by dint of long ropes, &c., waggons, Fingoes, and every soul, were over by twelve o'clock. As we moved

along, a man exclaimed, 'Do you see the old brute?' We turned round, and the men looked back to the other side of the Kye.

"'Who do you mean?' said an officer.

"'Why, Hunger Hill, if you please, sir!'

* * * *

"I have learned this much from patrolling, that animal food weakens the human frame, if taken alone, without other eatables. We had an unlimited supply of beef; and few men ate less than three pounds per diem. Men and officers, generally speaking, have now been twenty days without cover, raining more than half the time; no change of clothing for the men, and even the officers seldom being able to effect this. The generality never had their clothes off at all, during twelve days, living on bullocks' flesh, without salt, many nauseating, (as I did) and eating nothing at all. The officers and men are shoeless, and demi-breechless, with beards like savages. It has been a severe war against 'les entrailles.' Few however were sick under the excitement; but, when that had ceased, sickness immediately made its appearance."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE EMIGRANT BOER.

The Winterberg Mountains—Fingoe Posts—Stolen Cattle—The Author surrounds a Fingoe encampment, and sends its inmates, under escort, to Block Drift—Meeting with an Emigrant Boer—Conflicting accounts respecting the Dutch Settlers—A communicative companion—Wild sports in Southern Africa—The old Hunter's Adventures—Idea of a true Sportsman—Hunting the Lion—Anecdotes relative to the "King of the Forest"—Hamlet of Blinkwater—Attack of the Kaffirs on that place—Gallantry of Sergeant Snodgrass.

"Close beside the sedgy brim
Couchant lurks the lion grim,
Waiting till the close of day
Brings again the destined prey."

PRINGLE.

The great Winterberg range of mountains—itself a distant ramification of the lofty Stormberg—branches off, above Post Retief, into the Little Winterberg and the Chumie Hills; which latter—circling round the sources of the stream bearing that name, and of the Mancazana River—form a continuous and elevated range, bounding northward, the road leading from Fort Beaufort to Block Drift.

On this ridge—near the source of a rivulet called the Gaga, which here marks the boundary of the Colony—was established, during the last Kaffir war,

a post of about a hundred and fifty Fingoes, whilst another detachment of the same people occupied a spot in the valley of the Kat River, a little to the north of Fort Beaufort. Although these two positions were separated by a mountainous tract of some sixteen or eighteen miles in extent, there was nevertheless every reason to suspect, that availing themselves of the rugged nature of the country, our African auxiliaries carried on an extensive illicit traffic in stolen horses and cattle; several animals of both descriptions having of late been most unaccountably absent, without leave, from the camp "kraal" at Block Drift. As they could scarcely have been carried away by the Kaffirs, it was supposed they had been appropriated by the aforesaid Fingoes, at the neighbouring post on the Gaga, and thence handed on to their brethren at the "New School" station, on the Kat River; for these, our faithful "allies," never, during the whole course of the war, let slip an opportunity of plundering cattle, whether from friend or foe.

To unravel, if possible, this mystery, I started from Block Drift one fine morning, long before daylight—roused up my friend, Colonel Nicolls, the Commandant at Fort Beaufort—and producing an order for an escort of the 7th Dragoon Guards, soon surrounded the aforesaid Fingoe encampment; and ere well aroused from their slumbers, our swarthy allies, with all the horses and cattle I could lay hands on, found themselves—under escort of the dragoons—on the line of march to Block Drift, there to render an account of their apparently ill-gotten property.

Having thus far executed my mission, I next day

proceeded to visit a remote post situated amidst the little Winterberg Mountains, and happened to have, during the first part of my trip, the company of a venerable old Colonial Dutchman of the name of B——, one of the numerous emigrant Boers, who some years before—abandoning the British territories—had, to the number of eight or ten thousand, crossed the Colonial boundary to seek comfort, competence, and independence; and—as has since turned out—in the vain hope of being allowed to enjoy unmolested these blessings in the heart of the South African wilderness.

Business had brought my new acquaintance from far beyond the Stormberg Mountains to Graham's Town, and he was now returning to the "tents of his tribe," in the remote regions between the Modder and Caledon rivers.

Since my arrival in the Colony, I had had few opportunities of intercourse with the Dutch inhabitants, of whom I had read the most contradictory accounts; some describing them as a coarse and brutal set of men, devoid of every virtue, and mercilessly tyrannizing over the whole of the coloured population; whilst others gave quite another colouring to the picture, and held forth the Boers as an injured and oppressed race—a large portion of whom—though taxed by the British Government under whose sway they had been *involuntarily* placed—never received from us adequate protection against the depredations of the Native Tribes beyond our boundary, whilst exposed at the same time, to be with impunity despoiled from within, by the vagrant Hottentots, emancipated slaves, and vagabonds of every sort and description.

They were moreover, in the latter statements, represented as having been not only robbed by the premature and unprepared measure of emancipating the slaves, but as victims of detraction and injustice in every shape—an oppressed people, who had been forced at length to abandon in despair the thresholds of their forefathers, and bury themselves in exile amidst the far wildernesses, and deserted wastes of the interior.

Both these accounts may perchance be overdrawn; but, at any rate, I was not sorry to have an opportunity of questioning on the subject a man, who, from his advanced time of life, and apparently sound sense, appeared competent to afford good information on many points with which I wished to become acquainted relative to the emigrant Boers.

I was also particularly anxious—from having recently perused several sporting works relating to that portion of the South African Continent now occupied by them—to ascertain from an eye-witness, if the almost incredible relations as to the immense quantities of game stated still to be found in those remote regions were or were not over-drawn; and as Mynheer B—— was himself —even at his then very great age—a staunch sportsman, and spoke moreover very intelligible English, I deemed myself fortunate in having so opportunely hit upon such a companion.

As we jogged along the picturesque Kat River valley, during the freshness of a South African summer's morn—the gurgling stream still flowing under the shadow of the neighbouring Chumie hills, and moreover darkly embowered amidst groves of weeping willow and feathery acacias—numbers of the small

black-faced monkey might be seen playfully gambolling amidst the branches overhanging the water—whilst an unearthly yell, proceeding from the beetling rocks on our left, sometimes caused us to look up, when a string of hideous ursine baboons would then meet our gaze, as they chased each other with ungainly antics along some bare ledge of the grey wooded "krantz" above. Then, ever and anon, my aged companion interrupted the thread of his discourse, to direct my attention to the various localities which we passed by, at the same time reverting to events thus brought to his recollection, which in some instances appeared to extend beyond the usual span of life.

He pointed out where lay the notorious Missionary Settlement of the "Kat River Hottentots"—gave an account of the intrigues and machinations of which it is said to have been the focus, previously to the war of 1834—showed the direction whence flowed the Mancazana—related what are *now* the traditions of the Achter Bruntjes Hooghte, the modern Glen Lynden, at present no longer the abode of his countrymen, but tenanted some years ago by a no less hardy race.[1]

With all the garrulous loquacity of age, did the old man thus wander from subject to subject; but one-tenth part of his gossip would tire out the most patient fireside reader; and I shall therefore only record, in an abbreviated form, such of his "sayings" as I can re-

[1] The Achter Bruntjes Hooghte is the locality of some of the fabulous inventions of Le Vaillant: it became a few years ago, under the appellation of Glen Lynden, the location of a party of Scotch Settlers, and the residence of the well-known poet Pringle, whose prose partakes often of poetic fiction.

collect, which may, from their tendency, be deemed suitable to the pages now before us.

"Mynheer," remarked I, "you — who appear to talk of, and to recollect events of half a century's date, as if they were of yesterday's occurrence—can, I dare say, give me some account of one or two subjects about which I am very anxious to obtain information. In the first place, I should like to have an outline of the movements of your countrymen who have emigrated beyond the Orange River, with the reasons for their having taken such a desperate step—and secondly, as a sportsman, I am much interested on another subject, namely, the history of the many wild animals of this part of the world; whether they were formerly really as numerous as stated, within the bounds of the Colony, and if or not the accounts be exaggerated, of the countless flocks still to be met with beyond the Orange River?"

"As to your first question," answered B——, "I would rather be silent on the subject, for I do not think that all I might say could possibly be gratifying to an Englishman's ears.[1] With regard to the wild animals, however, I shall be glad to give you whatever information I possess on the matter."

"We hear—nor do I see any reason to doubt the truth of the assertion—that when the Dutch first came to the Cape under old Van Riebeck, all sorts of wild animals were then as numerous there, as they are at this day on the banks of the Moriqua and Limpopo, on

[1] See Nicholson's "Cape and its Colonists;" also an article which appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine" for January, 1849, entitled the "Rebel Boers."

the verge of the tropic—or as they *were* along the Vaal and Modder Rivers, when, some ten or twelve years since, my countrymen, the self-exiled Boers, 'treked' towards Natal.

"We read accounts of elands and buffaloes being pursued into Table Bay—of the rhinoceros and sea-cow[1] frequenting the marshes on the Cape Town Plaats—of elephants wandering about the margin of Hout Bay—of cattle—nay, even men, being occasionally carried away by lions from under the very walls of the Fort, in Cape Town itself; and, at a rather later period, we hear of powerful escorts being still required for protection against wild beasts, during so short an overland excursion as that between Saldanha and Table Bay. Such precautionary measures even failed sometimes to ensure the parties so engaged from serious loss by attacks from ferocious animals, whose very strongholds appear to have been invaded when the Dutch first settled at the Cape.

"All this would scarcely be believed by the present occupiers of the gardens and villas of Constantia, Wynberg, and Rondebosch, as they drive out in their carriages over a hard, smooth road, to those delightful retreats, were the facts not attested by well authenticated documents.

"Why, sir, my own memory, which can easily retrace the events of the last fifty years, (for I am now nearly seventy) recalls the time when the elephant and buffalo, the eland and the koudou, still abounded in George and the eastern part of Swellendam; when the rhee-bock, the steen-bock, and the bosch-bock were to be had for shooting, and were much easier obtained

[1] The hippopotamus is so called by the Colonists.

than powder and shot; when the lion (though rather scarce) still inhabited the western districts, and the sea-cow fearlessly wallowed in the waters of the Camtoos!

"But all the animals of the chase, great and small, and especially the former, gradually retreated before the footsteps of man. My old 'Roer' was getting rusty for want of use, and, as I found existence irksome in the absence of the comrades of my youth (for I mostly lived in the Bush, amidst its sylvan denizens)—added to certain other reasons, which shall be nameless—I e'en followed, step by step, in their wake, to the Sunday, the Bushman's River, the Kowie, and the Fish River Bush. The Kaffirs had already made a tolerable clearing in the thickets of the latter, when the swarms of your countrymen who landed at Algoa Bay, some twenty-five years back, put a finishing-stroke to the work. The smaller game was, between them and the Kaffirs, nearly extirpated, whilst elephants were slain by hundreds for the sake of their ivory; and the survivors, in common with every other larger sort of wild animals, gradually fell back beyond the Orange River. Thither also I followed, with a numerous body of my countrymen, and for years past have endured all the vicissitudes of a wandering, though to me, happy state of existence; for," said he—pointing to a long gun, carefully encased in sheepskin, which hung at the bow of his saddle, and protruded nearly the length of the horse's neck—"the rust was kept off my friend there, whom in all my wanderings, with Providence for my guide, I have ever found my best ally and safest companion—though I must also include this my trusty little horse," added he, patting the

scraggy neck of the rough, wiry-looking galloway he bestrode.

"But," next inquired I, "in those remote regions you allude to, are the wild animals described by some recent travellers still found in such immense numbers as they state? For instance, ——, in his amusing book, talks of riding amongst flocks of quaggas, ostriches, gnus, cameleopards, and all manner of antelopes, as if he had been blazing away right and left into so many flocks of sheep—is all this to be taken in the literal sense, or is it only figurative language on the part of the author?"

"I understand you," replied the blunt old Dutchman; "you wish to know if —— told the truth, or if he lied. I have never read his book, but I met him when in that part of the country which he describes as *then* abounding so much in game; and, having shot over it before he did, I can safely say that he tells the truth. Were the same stories told at the present day, I should say they were lies, for the large game continues yet to retire; though in seasons of drought the spring-bock still passes in as great numbers as ever even the northern boundaries of the colony, committing nearly equal havoc in their progress, with our old enemies the locusts, whose visits are likewise occasional. Elephants and giraffes are now to be found only near the tropic; whilst even the eland, the gemsbok, and quagga, are becoming daily more scarce on the other side of the Orange.

"I have thus for half a century followed step by step, in their retreat, the wild animals of the chase; but if they fall back on the equator itself, I will, if I live,

follow them even there," said the old sportsman, in a determined tone, "for I must not in my old age allow the roer to get either rusty or dim."

Once on his favourite hobby, the chase, I found that old B— required but little urging to proceed.

"I have heard much," observed I, "of the lion hunts in this part of the world, and of the different methods pursued by your countrymen and mine, in his pursuit—you have, no doubt, witnessed both, and what may be your opinion of their respective merits?"

"Ach, mynheer," said B—, "I see what you are driving at; your countrymen, when we first became acquainted with them, were generally called by us 'domme Engländer' (stupid English), but I allow—in all things save as sportsmen—they have long since proved themselves undeserving of that name; however, in spite of their criticisms on *our* mode of hunting, in that respect, at least, I do not think we have given them a misnomer."

"As how?" asked I, not a little anxious to hear the old Nimrod's reasons.

"Answer me first one or two questions," rejoined he. "Do you consider it a proof of wisdom for any man wantonly to waste what he pays dearly for, and what is, moreover, often in this part of the world, not to be procured even for its weight in gold?"

"Perhaps not—what then?"

"Do you think it wise for a man to expose, without any palpable reason or adequate advantage, both his property and life? Is it not rather 'domme' if a man neglects in any situation to guard against danger, when he can do so without dishonour?"

"Granted—but what then?"

"Well," said old B—, chuckling most heartily at having, as he thought, completely "wired me"—"well, then, do not your jagers (hünters) constantly waste more powder and lead on wretched little birds, such as quails and pheasants,[1] than would bring down a whole herd of elephants, did they only take the trouble to go in quest of them? Rely upon it, the single bullet and the long barrel is the true sportsman's legitimate weapon; with these, a steady hand and quick eye, either on foot or horseback, he does not require the new fangled invention of small shot—for what is too small to be hit with a bullet is not worth hitting at all.

"Then, when I see people going to the expense of keeping forty or fifty dogs, and running the risk of breaking their own necks and their horses' legs—for what? why," exultingly cried the old man, with a hearty laugh, "for the sake of catching a stinking jackall, or carrion wolf, which might be trapped, or shot with a spring gun—I then cannot help calling it a 'domme' thing.

"Thirdly," continued he, "when your countrymen throw aside their shot-belts, and hunt the lion instead of quails, I again consider them little better than madmen; for, instead of making a shield of their horses' bodies, they recklessly, like 'yonkers,' unnecessarily expose their own persons to his teeth and claws.

[1] What is here called, or rather miscalled, the pheasant, is a large species of partridge resembling the Indian "spur fowl." Quails—here birds of passage, as on the northern coast of Africa—are at certain seasons very plentiful, and afford excellent sport.

"If you will not condescend to take a lesson from the Dutch, who have been so much longer in this part of the world, you might see how your friends the Kaffirs manage these matters. Do you know how?" I shook my head. "Well, then, when lions were a few years ago plentiful enough in the Amakosa country, and the Kaffirs had no other weapons but their assegaïs—they would, armed with these and large shields, surround the Bush to which they might have tracked the lion; their dogs were then sent in to worry him out of his lair. Wherever he showed himself, he was assailed by showers of assegaïs—if he singled out a Kaffir, the latter threw himself on the ground, crept under his large shield, and lay there, like a tortoise in its shell. Meanwhile, the other hunters lost no time in rushing on with their assegaïs to the rescue; the lion in his fury would turn on another foe, and again encounter nought save a tough buffalo, or sea cow-hide, on which to vent his rage; till at last, bristling with assegaïs, and exhausted from loss of blood, he fell—and generally with few casualties on their part—an easy prey to his pursuers. Now, the shields *we* make use of in hunting these animals, are—as I suppose you are aware—the hind-quarters of our horses, which I should think make as good a sheath for the lion's teeth and claws, as an Englishman's shoulder."

I saw it would be useless to oppose what *I* considered the prejudices of the old South African hunter. Admitting therefore the justice of his argument, I begged he would detail to me the manner in which his countrymen generally hunt and destroy the lion.

For this purpose, it appears that a number of mounted Boers assemble at a given "rendezvous," accompanied by their Hottentot attendants, and with dogs for the purpose of tracking the game. The usual resort of the lion is amongst the long grass, or sedges, growing on the brink of a spring, or along some marshy hollow. This shallow covert he is soon made to quit, on the approach of the "jagers," and he may next be seen lobbing up some open grassy ascent, to the nearest clump of mimosas, or other bushes, into which the dogs are made to follow him. Meanwhile the main body of mounted sportsmen—after having detached scouts to the right and left, to observe the enemy's motions should he break covert in those directions—ride along the open ground on their well trained little shooting galloways, halting about a hundred yards from the spot where the lion is now baited by the dogs. Here they dismount; and the horses being kept in a compact body, with their heads turned to the rear, are given in charge of the Hottentots.

Maddened at length by the continued attacks of his yelping foes, the lion bounds forth with a roar from his bushy shelter into the open space—whilst lashing at the same time his tawny flanks, he rushes towards the assembled group of hunters and horses; then—halting for a second—he crouches to the ground, with ears drawn back and eyes glaring with revenge, and gathers himself up to bound amongst his foes. This is the critical moment generally chosen by the hunters to open their fire—a volley is poured into the still crouching animal, which, in most cases, disables him from making the intended spring. If not, the Boers seek immediate

refuge behind the living rampart of horseflesh, which is instantly stormed by their mighty foe, who, fixing himself on one of the horses, generally sacrifices him to his rage, but, in so doing, is again exposed to the shots of such of the party who have kept their fire in reserve—and, as the Boers are all excellent marksmen, the lion seldom escapes.

My informant next commented on the mode of attack pursued by the English, and strongly animadverted on the fool-hardiness of engaging single-handed, —and without a reserve to fall back upon—an animal possessing such amazing strength as to be able to drag along the largest ox, to throw the carcase of a horse over his shoulder, and walk away with ease under his burden; or, seizing a half grown calf in his mouth—as a cat would do a mouse—can, thus encumbered, clear at a single bound the highest enclosure of a cattle kraal.

But though resistless in his fury, there are moments —according to old B——, that the king of the forest can be approached with impunity, and in perfect safety; when being fully gorged with food, he lies basking in sleep, after indulging in some bloody feast. At such times, he is not easily aroused, but if then suddenly disturbed, instantly takes to flight.

When discovered in this state by the Bushmen, they unhesitatingly shoot their tiny poisoned arrows into his hide. He starts up, flies like a stricken deer, but carries death with him in his flight, and soon sinks under the venom infused and now rapidly circulating in his veins; falling thus a helpless victim to a wretched diminutive creature, bearing more resemblance to the ape

species than to mankind. The pigmy savage next tracks him up to the death, and, spite of the poison by which it has been caused, greedily devours the flesh, which is said to resemble in taste and appearance coarse, light-coloured beef.[1]

As with the royal tiger in India, the lion having once tasted human flesh, prefers it to that of all other animals, and will not touch the flock if he can seize upon the shepherd—preferring likewise a coloured to a white man. My informant assured me that instances had occurred of a Hottentot having been singled out, and carried off during sleep by a lion, whilst wrapped up in his sheep-skin kaross, and surrounded by a party of Boers in the same state of insensibility. To account for this, he gave as a reason that the lion was probably guided in his choice by the smell; but if this be the case, he cannot most assuredly be gifted with very refined olfactory nerves; for, generally speaking, the "Totties" are redolent of any thing save the perfumes of "Araby the blest."

With such like discourse, interlarded with many an anecdote too long to repeat, did the old hunter while away the tedium of the road; till, crossing the romantic streamlet of the Intoka, we pulled up at the small hamlet of Blinkwater; off-saddled, and following my guide into the nearest cottage, were instantly invited to partake of whatever humble fare it could afford.

Blinkwater is noted, in the annals of the last Kaffir war, as one of the first places attacked by the savages, after the disastrous affair at Burns' Hill. It happened

[1] Kolben says it is like venison.

to be at the time occupied by a small party of the 91st, under the command of a serjeant. The Kaffirs rushed on, as usual, in overwhelming numbers, to the attack, but were steadily repulsed; and, finding all their efforts useless against the gallant little band, who so resolutely held their own, were at last fain to retreat, with a considerable loss in killed and wounded, most of whom they however carried off.

The brave man who headed this gallant defence was Sergeant Snodgrass, of the 91st. Gladly do I record his name; for, with truth has it been said,[1] "that the English soldier fights unnoticed under the cold shade of the aristocracy;" and, spite of a few vivifying rays, cast by the high-minded conqueror of Scinde,[2] through the gloomy shadow, on his noble deeds, that freezing shade is as yet far from being entirely dispelled. Even now, the humble name seldom figures in a despatch; and the bright flash of the bayonet is—generally speaking — only noticed by such as are driven before its glittering point!

[1] Somewhere in General Sir William Napier's History of the Peninsula War.

[2] "For the first time, in English despatches, the names of private soldiers who had distinguished themselves were made known to their countrymen."—*From General William Napier's "Conquest of Scinde,"* p. 323.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TARKA RANGERS.

Dutch hospitality—Substantial fare—Wrongs of the Dutch Settler—Picturesque Scenery of the Winterberg Mountains—Beautiful Table-Land—Location of Friendly Kaffirs—Mr. Russell—Tremendous hail-storm—Description of the Tarka Rangers—The Kaffir Chiefs, Hermanus and Kama—Vocabulary of Kaffir words—Avocations of a Kaffir Wife—Interior of a Kaffir Hut—Captain Ward, of the 91st—He describes the privations of the troops—Mr. Calderwood, the Missionary—Field Commandants—Dismissal of the Commander of the Tarka Rangers—Description of a Boer's House—Good qualities of the Dutch Settlers.

> "Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm—
> A sylvan scene!—and as the ranks ascend,
> Shade above shade, a woody theatre
> Of stateliest view."
>
> MILTON.

The friend of Mynheer B—— was, or rather had been, a substantial farmer in the Hantam; but obliged, like many others, to abandon his possessions during the late troubles, he had, for the sake of protection, taken up a temporary residence at Blinkwater.

It was still early in the forenoon when we were so kindly invited to "off-saddle," and welcomed to his present humble abode; but, contrary to the usual Dutch custom in this country, our host, in the warmth of his hospitality, anticipated considerably the hour of

the principal repast, and we soon beheld most substantial fare, spread out before us on the roughly boarded trestle doing duty for "mahogany."

Although myself able occasionally to play a tolerably good knife and fork game, I was not a little surprised on witnessing the gastronomic powers of my new Dutch acquaintances, at this early hour of the day. A hearty meal, followed by a few "soupjies," or drams —which usually terminate their repasts — had however so far removed the old hunter's cautious reserve, that, on again pressing him to give me some account of those reasons which had caused the emigration of so large a portion of his fellow-countrymen beyond the limits of the Colonial border, he entered into details of injustice and ill-treatment, such as, I confess, I thought, at the time, were greatly exaggerated, but which subsequent inquiries on the subject showed to be founded in fact. Having however elsewhere adverted to the wrongs of those descendants of the original Dutch Settlers in this part of the world, I shall not at present try the reader's patience, by recapitulating what Mynheer B—— related on the subject.

As the old Dutchman proposed spending the remainder of the day with his friend, I wished him good-bye; we shook hands, when, mounting my horse, I departed with a small escort of dragoons, and, in the windings of the narrow and thickly-wooded valley, soon lost sight of Blinkwater, together with my kind, though recently formed acquaintances.

"After"—says the journal which I always, when opportunity offered, sent home in an epistolary form, and from which I make the following extract—"after

passing the village of Blinkwater, the valley through which runs the Kat River gradually becomes more narrow and wooded for about four miles, when the pass ascending the 'Little Winterberg' Mountains commences, whose beauty is only excelled by that, during the first part of the ascent on the Italian side of the Simplon; which—though on a much smaller scale — it greatly resembles.

"The road, as in the Simplon, runs along the right of a densely-wooded ravine; the usual impenetrable Bush of this country being in this locality replaced with noble forest-trees, mostly connected together by various lianes and creepers — here called 'monkey ropes' — some of whose pendent branches reach the ground, in much the same manner as the young shoots of a mangoe tree; whilst masses of lichen, and a blueish gray species of moss, hung down from their time-worn and decayed trunks and limbs, like the hoary matted locks of an old fakeer. The road, which, although very steep, is practicable for waggons, was planned and formed, some years ago, by a civil engineer, of the name of Blain; and continues for about four miles, with a precipitous ascent, to wind along through mountain scenery of the most picturesque description. On the right, were towering heights, crowned by lofty forest trees; while to our left, lay a deep, dark chasm, overlooked by beetling cliffs, with an angry torrent raging at its base. In some places, fifty men could easily have stopped a whole army; and, as we dismounted, to ascend the steepest parts, we were, as you may imagine, sufficiently on the *qui vive;* though, in the event of a surprise, we should have been completely

in the power of our assailants. We, however, reached the summit, without any interruption, and here quite a new scene disclosed itself, not unlike parts of the upper regions of the Alps, excepting always the snow.

"We now stood on an open, undulating table-land, covered with the richest pasture; and, as I looked down some of the green valleys, and saw herds of oxen securely grazing—with an eye to the speedy conclusion of the truce—I took out my telescope, and counted about five or six hundred head of cattle, looking little larger than beetles creeping along far below where we stood. I could also distinguish Kaffir huts, and people tilling the ground, all of which was a complete mystery only to be cleared up on reaching the post I was about to visit; the force of which, I found to consist of a few Hottentots, and the rest of friendly Kaffirs belonging to the Tribes of Kama and Hermanus, whose families had been allowed to locate themselves here.

This fully explained what I had just seen, which—as we were within the bounds of the Colony — would otherwise have been unaccountable. The Field-Commandant in command of the Post was reported to be absent on duty, and the camp (placed near some muddy springs and the remains of a ruined house, which, before the Kaffir irruption, had been an inn) was now in charge of a Mr. C——, formerly of the Cape Corps Rifles, and a young Irishman, of the name of Russell, who had come out to see a little of the world, and had just stumbled on the present Kaffir war, in which he was enacting the part of a volunteer. Whilst a messenger was sent to the kraal I had seen in the valley, in order to summon some of

the friendly Kaffirs attached to the levy, I lay down in a small tent to have a little sleep, but was soon awoke by peals of thunder, which appeared to burst right over head, and were followed by the most tremendous hail-storm I ever witnessed. It seemed as if the tent were pelted with snow-balls; and in five minutes the ground was white with hail-stones of the size of pigeons' eggs. Shortly after the storm ceased, my troops had assembled. I had by this time been pretty well initiated into imitations of Falstaff's ragged regiment on the part of my gallant army — but the appearance of this portion of the troops beat every thing I could have imagined. Picture to yourself one hundred and fifty large athletic fellows, stark naked, and as black as your shoe, or with only a ragged blanket, or ox-hide around them, some armed with assegaïs, and others with rusty firelocks of every shape and make, and you will have but a faint idea of the ruffianly appearance of these "Tarka Rangers," for by this name they have been dignified by their Commander! I wished to examine their arms, but, finding them all loaded, I ordered the charges to be drawn; as the shortest way of doing which they began to squib them off, and kept up a fire which lasted some minutes, the balls whistling about, along the sides of the hills, much to the risk of the peaceful cattle thereon enjoying their mid-day meal!

"After the parade, I was introduced to one of the Kaffir chiefs, rejoicing in the Dutch name of Hermanus — a thick-set, sturdy fellow, rigged out in a jacket and trowsers. On account of some previous dispute with Macomo, he had put himself under English protection;

and, like Kama, had joined our party during the war. He spoke Dutch, and a little English, in which language he very urgently expressed a hope that I would order trowsers for his men; but, as I thought they would only be in the way, I limited my promise of clothing, to red nightcaps, check shirts, and jackets; intending to make Highlanders of them. Kama, the other chief, who was absent, is a converted Kaffir; and the reason of his separating from his brothers, Pato and Congo, was—it is said—a point of conscience—he, as a Christian, refusing to have more than one wife; and thereby quarrelling with some chief who wished him to marry his daughter.

"Mr. Hermanus and I soon became very great friends. He supplied me with a long vocabulary of Kaffir words, which I wrote down, and his remarks were most amusing. Amongst other things, I asked him what the other Kaffirs would do to him if they caught him during the war? His reply was, by taking up a piece of paper, tearing it into small shreds, and casting them on the ground! I next asked him what was the belief of the Kaffirs? He said they believed in nothing—supposed every existing thing came from nothing, and would go to nothing. Hermanus has four wives, for each of whom he gave from ten to thirty oxen. On telling him that in England we were allowed only one, and had sometimes trouble enough to keep that *one* in order, he said he always heard English women 'were d—d rogue, never work in the fields, and always spend money,' but that they knew better how to manage them in Kaffirland; where the 'fair' sex plough, sow, and reap, whilst their lords and masters

do nothing but bask in the sun, and smoke their pipes.

"In the evening, I went with Mr. Russell down the valley where I had seen the cattle and Kaffir huts in the morning; and, by the help of my lately acquired learning, purchased a bowl of fresh milk for a piece of tobacco. Hermanus' people were here very busy building their new abodes, which consist of huts about six feet in diameter, and nearly the same height, composed of bent twigs, covered either with straw and cow-dung, or with raw ox-hides, having only one opening for the admission of the inmates, of light, air, and the emission of smoke.

"I looked into one of these huts, and saw about a dozen human beings, congregated round a fire burning in the centre, on which was simmering a pot with their evening meal, but was by no means tempted to claim their hospitality! It was now getting dark; and, as we were a couple of miles from camp, the greatest part of which was up a steep ascent, we had to put our best foot foremost; and by the time we reached the summit, Mr. R., myself, and a Kaffir who had accompanied us, were all pretty well blown.

"This fatiguing walk however nowise deprived us of our appetite for supper; and, having inflated my 'air mattress,' and rolled myself up in a blanket, I was shortly afterwards fast asleep, but awoke bitterly cold in the early part of the morning.

"Hearing that the Kaffirs had a fire in the ruined house below, I was glad to join their domestic circle. A Kaffir damsel, my next neighbour, as we all crowded round the glowing embers, was very busily engaged

in sewing with the sinews of the spring-buck, and ornamenting with beads a curious article of Kaffir dress. Desirous of possessing a specimen of the same, I promised her a roll of 'Couba,' if she would finish it for me before my departure. This was accordingly done—but she begged for sixpence, instead of the 'baccky;' an evident proof of the march of intellect, conversion, and civilization, amongst the Kaffirs!"

Not over-satisfied with the result of my inspection of the "Tarka Rangers," I early took my departure; and Hermanus accompanied us with some of his followers to the foot of the Blinkwater pass. From thence we pushed on at a canter to Beaufort, where I remained for a day's rest at the house of my friend Colonel Nicolls, the Commandant—my eyes being greatly inflamed from so much exposure to sun and wind; ere returning however, to Block Drift, I took advantage of my kind host's cool quarters, and managed, in a partially darkened room, to concoct a long letter, of which the following are extracts:—

"The news of to-day is that the 6th Regiment and the Rifles are on their way from Algoa Bay—that Sandilla has brought in arms, horses, and cattle, to the camp; and, as this is the last day of the truce, I suppose he thereby means to show his pacific intentions—in short, I fear the game is up!

"During my brief absence from camp, they have had another sham-fight, or rather cattle-stealing field-day, as likewise a steeple-chase, in which occurred several tumbles and one broken head. I have become acquainted here with Captain Ward, of the 91st

Regiment, the husband of the lady who has written 'the Scenes in Kaffirland' in the United Service Magazine; and he describes the three or four first days' fighting last April in the Amatola, when the war began, as very hard work. The Kaffirs had not then received the Gwanga lesson; considered themselves the better men, and were very 'cock-a-hoop.' Poor Baimbrick's death, the burning of the waggons, the plunder of their contents, and the retreat on Block Drift, nowise diminished this feeling, or the confidence they then felt in their own prowess. Captain Ward says, in detailing this last business, that from the Thursday morning at three o'clock, when he had a biscuit and a cup of coffee, he did not taste food till late on the Saturday night. His men caught some goats; but, as they had not time to cook them, he told me he could not eat the raw and quivering flesh, though he tried to season it, by covering it with wood ashes instead of salt! I met this morning—at the breakfast mess of the 7th Dragoons—a 'lion' from the interior of Africa in the shape of a Mr. Arkwright, who has just returned from a shooting excursion, on which he has been absent nine months. He *heard* of the Great Salt-water Lake, about which so much has been said, but did not reach it. A missionary, of the name of Calderwood, left this to-day for camp, to be present at the conference of Sandilla, and, I suspect, to regulate the limits of the boundary to be taken up, as —— appears completely in the hands of these gentry, and quite led in every thing by what they say. I start for Block Drift in an hour or two, and shall close this letter in a few days, ere which,

I trust, the mail, which is expected to have been brought out by the 'Devastation,' will also give me intelligence from home."

* * * *

I have alluded, in the above extracts, to my "Kaffir Vocabulary;" and, as it may prove a useful hint to many, especially to military men, I may observe, by the way, that in whatever part of the world I have travelled—and my wanderings have been far and wide—I invariably made it a rule, even when time did not admit of a grammatical study of the language, to enter in a small pocket-book—whenever an occasion occurred — the name of every object which presented itself—no matter from whom I could pick up such information. This list of words, gradually swelling into a catalogue of sentences and dialogues, I always carried with me; and, as I took every opportunity, even when walking or riding, of referring thereto, and of applying my thus acquired learning by talking, right or wrong, to such of the natives as I might happen to fall in with; the consequence was, that in a short time, I generally speaking — in a way — sufficiently mastered the lingo, to carry me through the country, without being annoyed by that usual incumbrance of the traveller—an ignorant and overreaching interpreter.

It may perhaps be a novelty if I give the following list of Kaffir words, which I find put down to the account of the "Friendly Kaffir Chief, Hermanus;" and on the same principle, I likewise annex a few specimens of the now extinct Hottentot language, extracted

from some of the old authors who have written on the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope :—

KAFFIR.		HOTTENTOT.
Lāngāh . .	The sun . .	Sourrie (also the title for a Chief.)
Niāngāh . .	The moon .	Gounjah
Moyah . .	The wind .	Toyah
Amānzee .	Water . .	Kamma {a common termination of the names of rivers.
Injah . . .	A dog . .	Lik'hanee
Hashi . .	A horse . .	Hacqua
Umfazi . .	A woman .	Quaishah
*Ama*fazi . .	Women	

From the above few specimens, it would appear that there never existed any relations betwixt the Hottentot and Kaffir languages; although, in the latter, the "palatial" sound of the "click" is now very generally used by the Kaffirs. Barrow—who was apparently not an Oriental scholar—endeavoured to prove the eastern derivation of the Kaffir language from the *sound* of "Eliang," (as he spells Lāngāh) the sun—I know not if the Arabic prefix *el* be generally used with the Kaffirs, but the only other word that I could discover as common to both, is—as I have remarked in a former portion of this work—the affirmation "Eywah" (yes.)

In both the Kaffir and Hottentot languages, many words were no doubt derived from an extraneous source: such in the latter is the term "Hacqua," extracted from Kolben, evidently from the Portuguese "Haca;" as the horse was, previously to European intercourse, unknown in that part of the world. In like manner, it is not unreasonable to suppose that a few Oriental words might have been casually intro-

duced amongst the negro nations of the eastern coast, bordering the Mozambique channel, by those Arab traders, who, some hundred years back, are ascertained to have frequented this part of Africa, and may possibly have extended their slaving, bartering, or piratical expeditions, much further to the southward than is now generally known.

The Kaffir Vocabulary given by Barrow varies greatly from the one which I formed during my residence in Kaffirland—particularly his list of numerals —though the names given by him of Hottentot numbers (which only extended to ten) corresponds nearly with Kolben's—from whose work Barrow may perhaps have extracted it—for, at the period of his visit to the Cape, the Quaiquæ language must have been nearly as much forgotten as it is at the present day.

Should the reader, however, wish to acquire a grammatical knowledge of the Kaffir language, I beg to refer him (or her) to a clever work written on the subject by the Reverend Doctor Boyce, a missionary who long resided amongst that people.

So much for the Kaffir language—a dissertation brought about by my acquaintance with Hermanus, whilst on my visit to the "Tarka Rangers," which corps was, by the bye, the worst commanded, most disorderly, and most ruffianly-looking of all that most ruffianly collection, composing my swarthy legions in Kaffirland!

Captain M——, its commandant—most worthy of such a corps, and probably the cause of its being in so disorganized a state—had, it is said, been steward to a vessel wrecked some years previously on the

coast; and, when such injudicious selections were made in the choice of "Field-Commandants," it will not be matter of surprise that I found some of the native levies in rather a disorderly condition. It was, however, in palliation, alleged that half-pay officers were not to be found, and that those belonging to the regular forces could not be spared from their regimental duties; yet, by a strange inconsistency, many of the latter were holding appointments on the staff. Meanwhile, of the several Field-officers sent out for the purpose of being *actively* engaged in this "special service," only two were employed, in a manner, at all analogous to the object of their mission, whilst the rest were long—much against their will—most unaccountably either left in a state of comparative inactivity at Graham's Town, Fort Beaufort, Waterloo Bay, and Bathurst; or else idly hanging about the army without any definite object or employment!

But I have digressed from the present hero of my tale: the brave Commander of the "Tarka Rangers." When I visited his force, I found him absent, as was stated, on *duty*; which duty I afterwards discovered was to be perpetually drunk at Fort Beaufort, and I consequently reported him totally unfit for his situation. But Captain M—— awaited not the intimation of his dismissal; for, having quietly walked off, without distributing the arrears of pay due to his gallant troops, he contrived to make his way to Port Elizabeth, where he was, however, apprehended; and the last time I had the honour of seeing this worthy commander, he was securely handcuffed in a bullock-

waggon, *en route* to Graham's Town, in order there to be tried for his various peccadilloes!

I have, in the foregoing chapter, casually alluded to the mode of life of the Dutch Boers; and having had few opportunities of intercourse with these brave and hospitable, though much abused and unjustly vilified, race of people—I, therefore, make no apology for inserting the following extracts from one or two authors, on the subject in question:—

"The Boers' houses," says Bunbury, "in that part of the Colony which I saw, are always low, consisting merely of a ground-floor, with a terrace of brickwork, called the stoep, in front, on which the principal apartments open. The sitting-room is generally in the middle, the bed-rooms on each side of it, and the kitchen behind. The apartments are substantially, though not handsomely, furnished; but what struck me most was, that almost all the windows have glass casements; whereas, in the interior of Brazil, glass is not seen, except in houses of the highest class. I should have supposed that the safe carriage of it would be as difficult on the roads of the one country as of the other. The floors are in general of clay; but, in the better sort of houses, they are partly covered with skins, especially of the springbok, which make very handsome carpeting. The beds are remarkably uncomfortable; they are feather beds, so soft and unsubstantial, that you sink down in them lower and lower, till you wonder whither you are going; and at last, when you can descend no farther, you find yourself almost buried in a huge mass of feathers, and yet very insufficiently protected from the

hard bedstead under you. There are no fireplaces in the Boers' houses, so that, however cold and wet the weather may be, your only chance of warming yourself is by going into the dirty kitchen. The men, under such circumstances, wrap themselves up in their cloaks; the women put under their feet little boxes containing hot charcoal, a practice which, I believe, still subsists in Holland also."

The same author likewise states, that the Dutch Boers entertain a strong dislike to the English—nor can this be matter of surprise—considering what great harshness and injustice they have—even up to the present day—ever experienced at our hands; and that our Government appears nowise disposed to relent in their favour, seems evident from the persecutions to which these unhappy people have so lately been subjected, and of which—for our credit—the less that is said the better.

If rebellion has been thrust upon them, it is no fault of theirs. The Boers possess many good qualities which, under judicious treatment, would render them valuable subjects, and along a widely extended frontier, our cheapest and most efficient defence. Amongst their numerous qualifications, bravery and hospitality stand eminently conspicuous. Of the former, they have often given unequivocal proofs—and that very recently, greatly to our cost; whilst Barrow, who was never in any way inclined to show them either partiality, favour, or affection, thus testifies their claim to the latter good quality:—

"Rude and uncultivated as are the minds of the Cape Dutch, there is one virtue in which they emi-

nently excel—hospitality to strangers. A countryman, a foreigner, a relation, a friend, are all equally welcome to whatsoever the house will afford. A Dutch farmer never passes a house on the road without alighting, except, indeed, his next neighbours', with whom it is ten to one he is at variance. It is not enough to inquire after the health of the family in passing; even on the road, if two peasants should meet, they instantly dismount to shake hands, whether strangers or friends.

"When a traveller arrives at a habitation, he alights from his horse, enters the house, shakes hands with the men, kisses the women, and sits down without further ceremony. When the table is served, he takes his place among the family without waiting for an invitation; this is never given, on the supposition that a traveller, in a country so thinly inhabited, must always have an appetite for something. Accordingly, 'What will you make use of?' is generally the first question. If there be a bed in the house, it is given to the stranger; if none, which is frequently the case among the graziers of the district of Graaf Reynet, he must take his chance for a form, or bench, or a heap of sheepskins, among the rest of the family. In the morning, after a solid breakfast, he takes his sopie, or glass of brandy; orders his slave, or Hottentot, to saddle the horses; again shakes hands with the men, and kisses the women: he wishes them health, and they wish him a good journey. In this manner, a traveller might pass through the whole country."

CHAPTER XX.

THE GREAT T' SOMTSEU.[1]

The Author meets with two officers just returned from the Interior — Prosecution of discovery into those interesting regions recommended—High road into Central Africa—Relations of the sporting officers—The celebrated Mr. Cumming—Marvellous anecdotes respecting him—His eccentric mode of life — Particulars recounted by Mr. Tomlinson — The Author's interview with Mr. Cumming—Sleeping in the lion's den — Adventures of Mr. Cumming — His sporting exploits.

"Would'st thou view the lion's den,
Search afar from the haunts of men,
Where the reed-encircled fountain
Oozes from the rocky mountain,
By its verdure far descried,
'Mid the desert brown and wide."

PRINGLE.

During one of my visits to Fort Beaufort, I met at the mess of the 7th Dragoon Guards (and a capital one it was, by the bye) two officers, of the names of A— and C—. They had just returned from a shooting expedition, of several months' duration, to the interior, in which they had penetrated nearly as far as the tropic, and had *heard* what they considered to be authentic accounts of the great inland sea which figures on every map of Africa—though I know not by what

[1] A Bechuana word, meaning a "mighty hunter."

authority—under the name of Lake Maravi, but which, like "Prester John," and the "Emperor of Monomotapa," has by some been considered an imaginary object. So many accounts have, nevertheless, of late been received, corroborating the existence of a vast sheet of water situated between the southern tropic and the equator, that scepticism on this subject appears to be gradually on the wane. It is, however, probable that so long as the prosecution of discovery, in these interesting regions, be left to the inadequate means of private enterprise, we shall remain in the dark as to many geographical points, which could only be elucidated by expeditions organized under the auspices of government. These would probably, in this respect, as well as in a commercial point of view, turn out more profitable than those expensive and perilous undertakings amidst the polar regions; whilst the objects of religion and humanity might be thus much more readily effected, and at a less cost of British life and British treasure, than by maintaining—apparently without any successful result—a considerable fleet on the pestilential coast of Guinea.

We have here, in south-eastern Africa, an easy access into the interior, through tribes nowise hostile to European intercourse, but on the contrary—as far as we can judge from the conduct of the remotest hordes with whom Harris, Methuen, and other travellers (and their accounts are corroborated by the gentlemen above alluded to) have made us acquainted—anxious for traffic, and ready to exchange whatever they possess for European commodities. The climate (by avoiding the vicinity of the sea-coast) is, as far as

travellers have hitherto penetrated, of the most salubrious nature; and we might, through this high road to Central Africa, introduce British manufactures to an unlimited extent, cut off slavery at its very fountain head, between the Portuguese settlements on the opposite coasts[1]—civilize and convert to the utmost degree of the "philanthropic" spirit of the day. Yet strange to say, with all these facilities, from the most unaccountable apathy on the part of Government, we at this moment know but very little more of the interior of Southern Africa than we knew fifty years ago, when the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope was given up to us by the Dutch; or than *they* knew a hundred and fifty years before that period!

The small portion of discovery actually made, has been effected entirely at the expense and risk of private individuals, with means and resources perfectly inadequate to an undertaking, which—if properly set a-foot—might be attended with the most incalculable benefits, not only to Britain, but to unnumbered hordes of hitherto unknown and savage barbarians; and although want of space precludes me at present from descanting further on this interesting subject, I propose on some future occasion to set forth the many advantages here merely hinted at, as likewise the feasibility of an hypothesis by which the Nile would

[1] It is now a well ascertained fact that, between the Portuguese settlements at Quilimaine, in the Mozambique, and the opposite western coast of Angola, a constant traffic of slaves and ivory takes place overland, and a great object connected with the abolition of slavery would no doubt be effected, were we able to occupy and intercept this line of communication.

be made to derive its long hidden source from the great Salt-water Lake above referred to.

To return, however, to the adventurous travellers, the mention of whom has led to this dissertation. The relation of their sporting expedition was most interesting, and appeared to emulate, in the same style of adventure, those of the authors already named. Like the latter, they returned with various specicimens of natural history, an unbounded admiration of the climate and resources of the regions they had traversed, but having withal encountered innumerable hardships and difficulties, and sustained such a loss in horses and cattle,[1] that they could only bring back in their waggons a portion of the spoils of the chase; though I believe that the ivory which they *did* manage to secure was sufficient to cover their losses and contingent expenses.

Of all the adventurous, sporting, exploring, or trading travellers (whether Dutch or English) who have penetrated into the interior of Southern Africa, none can compete with the now celebrated Mr. Cumming, whose name on the eastern frontier—coupled with others of sporting celebrity, such as Driver, Moultrie, Sutton, and Bovey—is now familiar as a "household term;" and whose exploits in the destruction of Afric's fellest monsters would appear to rival the reported performances of Hercules, of Theseus, and other worthies of the fabulous or heroic times of old.

[1] On approaching the tropic, a sort of fly is found in great numbers, whose sting is strangely fatal to oxen and horses. How efficient might not the hardy and enduring camel prove, in exploring these remote regions!

So much had I heard of the great "T' Somtseu" of the South, such marvellous relations of his skill, daring, and eccentricities, that I determined if possible to become acquainted with this remarkable character, who, it was then stated, had just returned from one of his distant expeditions. This design I was soon enabled to accomplish; for having, a short time subsequently, halted at Tomlinson's solitary though excellent little inn, near Post Koonap, I learned that the mighty hunter had lately been there, like myself, *en route* towards Graham's Town.

Mine host, Mr. Tomlinson—a privileged old Life-Guardsman, who in his day had fought at Waterloo, been pensioned, settled in this part of the world, and, since then, had slain many a Kaffir[1]—mine host, I say, whiled away the evening, by relating, in conjunction with one or two other guests, what they had heard or witnessed of the exploits, history, and adventures of this remarkable person; an account of which he is said to have himself, for many years past, kept in a daily journal.

My informants stated Mr. Cumming[2] to be the son of a Scotch baronet; that his love of "wood-craft," and deer-stalking propensities amongst the Highlands, had at an early age got him into serious scrapes, to avoid the consequences of which he went to sea, was for some

[1] In the war of 1835, old Tomlinson fortified his house and defended it most gallantly against a large body of Kaffirs, whom he repulsed with considerable loss.

[2] Mr. Cumming will not, the author feels assured, deem any apology necessary for giving at full length a name already so well known in Colonial sporting annals, but begs to do so, should the following *hearsay* information not be correct.

time in India, then returned home, when his friends obtained for him a commission in the Cape Mounted Rifles.

It appears, however, that the trammels of military restraint ill-accorded with the roving disposition of the sporting recruit, who, on being refused, shortly after joining his regiment, permission to absent himself on a shooting excursion into the interior, took "French leave," and, on his return, about a twelvemonth afterwards, found, as might have been expected, that his name had been erased from the Army List.

The course of life he had selected appeared however much more adapted to his tastes and habits than the dull routine of parade or drill; and for several years past he is said to have subsisted entirely on the produce of his rifle; returning generally to the Colony after an absence of ten or twelve months, his waggons laden with ivory, skins, and ostrich feathers, by the sale of which, it is believed, he generally realizes several hundred pounds at each trip.

According to some accounts, when on these expeditions, he occasionally adapts himself to the *costume* as well as the customs of the natives; travelling about, when so minded, quite in Kaffir fashion, without even the encumbrance of a kaross; but that, when in the Colony, he indulges in the strangest eccentricities of dress, not unfrequently astonishing the natives of Graham's Town with the picturesque habiliments of the middle ages, or of the times of Charles the First.

"He may sometimes do this at Graham's Town," said old Tomlinson, "but I can answer for his having been in the Colony with no other dress than what he was born in—and, by the same token, I was then

within an ace of shooting him with that old double-barrelled gun standing there in the corner."

"Send for another bottle of claret, and then, Tomlinson, let us know all about it," said the young ensign who commanded the detachment stationed at the Koonap Post.

The ruby beverage being accordingly provided, the old Guardsman's glass was filled, and he began his story somewhat as follows:—

"It was a short time before the outbreak of the present war, when the Kaffirs were beginning to enter the Colony, and to plunder right and left, that I was sitting, in the dusk of the evening, smoking my pipe in this very room; I had already—suspecting what would happen—bricked up and loopholed the windows as you now see them, which made the place still darker than it otherwise would have been; well, I was quietly sitting, as I said, smoking my pipe, when my little girl runs into the room, in a terrible fright, crying out that a stark naked, 'white' Kaffir, 'was coming into the house.' I instantly stepped into the next room, to get the old pop-gun there; and, on my return, the supposed Kaffir was in the act of crossing the threshold. My finger was in an instant on the trigger, and another second would have settled his hash, when, just as I was about to let fly, a hearty English laugh made me drop the muzzle, for the Kaffir was no other than Mr. Cumming.

"'I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Cumming,' says I, 'I should not like to have hurt you, but it would have been your own fault, making your appearance in such a fashion, and that too, when you know there are women-folk in the house.'

"However, he only laughed the more, and called for something to eat and drink, but, for decency's sake, I made him cover himself with a cloak."

Old Tomlinson, warming with the subject, and perhaps with his own good beverage, next spun out such a long yarn, of elephants, lions, and rhinoceroses slain in the most daring, not to say marvellous manner, by the hero of his tale, that, wearied with a hard day's ride under a scorching sun, I was fain at last to leave the party, and sneak away to a comfortable bed, (a luxury I had not for a long time enjoyed) but more fully than ever resolved to become, if possible, acquainted, on the first opportunity, with this mighty Nimrod, the great lion-king of Southern Africa.

A few days afterwards, whilst sauntering under the shade of the fine young oak trees, which line each side of the broad main street at Graham's Town, I beheld an athletic young man, whose extraordinary costume instantly attracted my attention. His dress consisted of a pair of rough "veld-schoenen," white trowsers and shirt, without waistcoat, or jacket; a leather girdle tightly encircled his waist, whilst, on his head, he wore a broad-brimmed hat, adorned with jackalls' tails, and surrounded by a magnificent plume of the finest ostrich feathers.

"That," thinks I to myself, "must be the very man I want to see;" I therefore stepped across the street, and asked him at once if his name were not Cumming?—and on his saying it was, after duly introducing myself, I told him I had heard so much of his exploits that I determined to form his acquaintance; and moreover, having brought out from England a rifle of great calibre, as I found such an article was

to me perfectly useless, he might perhaps like to take it off my hands, which reasons would, I trusted, be accepted as an apology for so very abrupt a mode of introduction.

The "lion-slayer" I had pictured to myself as a swarthy, hairy, sunburnt, Salvator Rosa brigand-looking fellow, with a voice of thunder, and with the manners of a savage—in short, in every respect a very Morok;[1] what was therefore my surprise on beholding quite the reverse of all that I had imagined. Before me stood a noble-looking young man of about six-and-twenty years of age, standing at least six feet high in his stockings, (had he worn such a superfluous article of dress) and, although built like a Hercules, his manly form was most elegantly moulded, surmounted by a finely-shaped head, luxuriantly adorned with silken locks of a flaxen hue, which negligently hung over a countenance of an almost feminine cast of beauty, beaming with good nature and the mildest light blue eyes; and when he spoke, his silvery and gentle tones emulated the softness of a woman's voice.

Such was the appearance of the "great T' Somtseu," who, after expressing himself flattered at what he was pleased to call the undeserved compliments I had paid to his well-earned reputation: "I dare say," continued he, in the same soft and attractive tone of voice, "you have heard that I have turned a regular 'smoutch,'[2] but I think I have a right, as long as I molest no one, to choose my own course of life; for

[1] The tamer of wild beasts, in Eugène Suc's story of the "Wandering Jew."

[2] The Colonial term for "trader."

whilst indulging in the roving and adventurous existence I ever delighted in, I earn what I consider a gentlemanly livelihood, which enables me to follow to the utmost the bent of my inclinations. My waggons are now laden with ivory, karosses, ostrich feathers, and other articles, which I hope will realize almost a thousand pounds. This is the produce of nearly a year's amusement; and, when turned into cash, I shall be able therewith to replace the many horses and oxen I have lost, and re-equip myself to start again in quest of fresh excitement, profit, and adventure. However," added he, "if you will come to my waggon just outside the town, I shall be very happy to show you its contents, and to give you any information which you may require, or first, if you prefer, we can go and look at your large 'elephant roer.'"

I remarked, as we walked along, I had heard so many marvellous stories put down to his account, that, unless confirmed by himself, they were certainly beyond my powers of belief. "For instance," said I, "only last night, in a circle of friends assembled at Fort England, I heard it positively stated, that you recently not only 'bearded a lion' in his very den, but slew him there, and were afterwards found asleep, with your head pillowed on his lifeless carcase."

"These sort of things," said he, "are always exaggerated, and the only credit I deserve is, that of being a tolerable shot, and having pretty good nerves, the sole qualifications required on such occasions. As for the story of sleeping in the lion's den, I have never, to my knowledge, proved such a Daniel—though, on more than one occasion, I certainly have

been asleep, whilst those gentlemen were prowling about so close to me, that I have been awakened by their angry growls."

"Pray tell me how you ever came to be placed in such a very unpleasant situation?"

"From experience," replied he, "I found that the easiest and perhaps safest way of destroying lions, was to do so from a hole deep enough to conceal a man's body; and, when I shot a large animal such as a rhinoceros, or buffalo, near a pool of water, or a brook—I often had recourse to the above device. The hole was dug very near the carcase, and, at night-fall, I would ensconce myself therein, to wait till the animals which had come to drink should have thoroughly gorged themselves; when they were, generally speaking, easily knocked over from my place of concealment. I have however sometimes been so thoroughly fagged on taking up my position, as to have fallen asleep, and been awakened by angry discussions occurring over the mangled remains of the slain. On one occasion, when thus disturbed from my slumbers, I found myself surrounded by five enormous lions, one of which took it into his head to look down over the ledge of the hole which concealed me—but a discharge right in his face caused him to pay with his life the penalty of such impertinent curiosity, and this perhaps may be the origin of the story about my nap in the lion's den."

Want of space, as well as lack of memory, prevents me from now repeating the many incidents and stirring events of a life passed during several years in the wilderness, and which he then so obligingly

related at my request. But, as he corroborated what I had before heard, of his having duly recorded, in an every-day journal, the most minute circumstances of his adventurous existence, this interesting document may at a future period perchance find its way before the public.

"What an interesting work your journal would make!" observed I; "why do you not publish it?"

"I may do so," replied he, "some of these days, when I get tired of my wandering mode of existence;" and no doubt, from the fluency of his conversational powers, Mr. Cumming could handle the pen with as great facility and effect, as he has hitherto wielded the rifle; whilst the following late extract from a daily periodical may give a slight idea of the ample materials he would, for such a purpose, have to work on:

"'The Cape Frontier Times' of February 22nd thus alludes to the sporting exploits of Mr. Ruallyn Cumming, second son of Sir William Gordon Cumming, of Altyre, who, a few years since, was reckoned the foremost sportsman. in the north of Scotland:—We have been favoured with some interesting intelligence relative to the late trip into the interior, of that well-known and intrepid sportsman and traveller, Mr. R. R. Cumming, formerly of the Cape Mounted Rifles, who is now on his way from Bloemfontein to Colesberg, after an extremely hazardous and fatiguing expedition of eleven months. In this journey, it is said, he has penetrated many hundred miles beyond the highest point reached by any white man. He shot forty-three elephants, three of which only were females, (many of the males carried tusks of enormous size,

measuring seven feet in length, and sometimes weighing one hundred pounds each) sixty hippopotami, the finest of the troops to which they belonged having been singled out for slaughter. Such is the abundance of this game, that with his rifle he might have killed two hundred of them. The rhinoceros, buffalo, cameleopard, eland, gemsbok,[1] roan, antelope, waterbuck,

[1] The gemsbok, as well as the rhinoceros, have long been considered as identical with the "unicorn" of old; however, the following paragraph, which lately appeared in the "Times," may possibly divert inquiries on this subject into a fresh channel:

"A NEW ANIMAL.—M. Antoine d' Abbadie, writing to us, (the 'Athenæum') from Cairo, gives the following account of an animal new to European science, which account he received from Baron Von Muller, who had recently returned to that city from Kordofan: 'At Melpes,' in Kordofan, said the Baron, 'where I stopped some time to make my collection, I met, on the 17th of April, 1848, a man who was in the habit of selling to me specimens of animals. One day he asked me if I wished also for an A'nasa, which he described thus: It is of the size of a small donkey, has a thick body and thin bones, coarse hair, and tail like a boar. It has a long horn on its forehead, and lets it hang when alone, but erects it immediately on seeing an enemy. It is a formidable weapon, but I do not know its exact length. The A'nasa is found not far from here (Melpes), towards the S.S.W. I have seen it often in the wild grounds, where the negroes kill it, and carry it home to make shields from its skin.—N.B. This man was well acquainted with the rhinoceros, which he distinguished under the name of Fertil from the A'nasa. On the 14th of June, I was at Kursi, also in Kordofan, and met there a slave merchant who was not acquainted with my first informer, who gave me spontaneously the same description of the A'nasa, adding that he had killed and eaten of one not long before, and that its flesh was well flavoured.' Herr Ruppell and M. Fresnel, adds M. d' Abbadie, have already spoken of a one-horned African quadruped, and I have also some notes which tend to establish the existence of perhaps two different kinds."

hartebeest, sassaby, black and blue wildebeest, koodoo, pallah, zebra, riebok, klipspringer, &c., were found by him in such abundance, that he rarely expended his ammunition upon them, except when in want of the flesh, or to get their heads as specimens to grace his collection of sporting trophies, which is described as being now so extensive as almost to require a small ship to send them home. He is said to have discovered an entirely new sort of antelope, unknown not only to science, but even to the Native Tribes living upon the tropics. It is a very beautiful species; and, with much time and difficulty, he procured twenty-two specimens, both male and female. His losses have unfortunately counterbalanced the excellence of his sport. He has lost all his horses (fifteen), all his oxen (thirty), and all his dogs (twenty), and his best waggon-driver. His horses were killed either by lions or horse sickness, and the fly called 'txetse.' All his oxen were killed by this insect. His dogs were killed, some by the lions, some by the panther, crocodile, and by different kinds of game. The waggon-driver was carried off on a dark and cloudy evening by a monster lion, which Mr. Cumming shot next day."

* * * * *

Mr. Cumming did not like my rifle, which he considered much too heavy. We shook hands ere we parted; he to return to the wilderness of the desert, whilst my course was shortly to be over that of the ocean. Such was—perhaps ne'er to be renewed—our transient acquaintance; but never can I forget the Great "T' Somtseu," the "mighty hunter" of Southern Africa.

CHAPTER XXI.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS AND JOURNAL.

Changes of climate—Arrival at Fort Beaufort—Kaffir horses—Severe storms—Want of saddles for the Irregulars—The Author goes to Graham's Town, to procure appointments—A sad accident—Country between Post Victoria and Koonap—Romantic scenery—Botha's Post—A subaltern's station—Mr. Tomlinson's hostelry—Return to Graham's Town—Further disappointment—Requisite qualifications of a commander—Colonel Somerset sent to square accounts with Kreili—The Author applies for permission to go to Fort Beaufort—Commencement of a new year—Thoughts of home—A rough night—Suspension of Sir Peregrine Maitland—His valedictory Proclamation—The command of the forces devolves on Colonel Somerset.

"Camp, Block Drift, Sunday evening, December 6th, 8 o'clock, P.M.

"People may talk of the uncertainty of the English climate, but nothing that I ever witnessed in any other part of the world approaches the changes we are subject to here. Yesterday I mounted my horse at 11 o'clock in the morning, to go to Fort Beaufort, for the purpose of looking after saddles for my *Irregular Horse*, (of which I made mention in my last) and never in India do I remember having had so hot a ride. You may fancy the state in which my horse arrived, when I tell you that I got over the distance of fifteen miles of hilly country in less than an hour

and a half! I stopped at a small stream half way, called the Baroukha, in which were luxuriating some naked Fingoes; and deeply did both my poor nag and myself drink of its waters; after which, steeping my handkerchief in them, I put it in my hat, and found it a great protection against the vertical rays of the sun.

"You will, no doubt, think that at this rate my horses will not last long. They would not, probably, in their present condition, fetch much at Tattersall's; still, they manage to hold on pretty well, and it is astonishing what Cape horses *can* do—often without shoes to their feet, and with nothing but grass in them; but I feed mine as well as I can; and, as I have two sets in use, it gives them a little chance. However, I am straying from my subject—the variations in our climate here. On arriving at Beaufort, I found the thermometer in Colonel Nicoll's house at 90°; but a thunder-storm was brewing, and the rain next came down in such torrents, that I was obliged to remain there. To-day, as it was again excessively hot, I deferred my departure till evening. Another storm came on shortly after my arrival in camp, and the rain is now pouring upon my tent, which, however, stands it capitally; and I am as comfortable as if in a house, breathing a cool atmosphere, with the thermometer down to 70°. Having made an early dinner at Fort Beaufort, I did not go to mess, and have taken this opportunity to scribble a few lines.

"To-day, whilst at Colonel Nicolls's, the mail arrived; he got a letter of the 2nd September, but,

to my inexpressible disappointment, there was not a single one for me!

"I have already got many Kaffir horses for my cavalry. The only things we now want are saddles; and, if these cannot be procured, a sheepskin or blanket must be the substitute. Being determined that my Corps shall not be mistaken for any other, and also to prevent the horses from being stolen, I have cut off all their tails and manes; and, as you may well fancy, made curious-looking animals of them; but they will go all the lighter for these curtailments.

"Every thing regarding our intended movements continues a profound mystery; however, here we still are, and no one knows how long we are to remain so! Some go so far as to hint * * *

* * * * * *

"Graham's Town, December 14th. Seeing where this is dated from, you will, I dare say, give me credit for perpetual motion; I must, however, refer to my 'log,' to account for my movements since I last took up the pen.

"I there find that the 7th, 8th, and 9th of December were passed in camp, amidst torrents of rain; weather cold, chilly, and uncomfortable, with the thermometer frequently down to 54°, and suffering a great deal from my eyes, which have been much affected by the glare, sun, and wind; however, blisters on the temples and behind the ears have relieved me very much.

"Camp, December 10th. Trying hard to get an order from the General for some cast-saddles of the Dragoons on which to mount my troop, but without

success; and, anxious as I am to render my cavalry efficient, I can ill afford to do this at my own expense. I made up my mind to go to Graham's Town, to see if I could not ferret out some old saddles from the stores there. Having obtained the concurrence of Colonel Slade, who does all he can to forward my views, I sent off, over-night, an orderly and my Hottentot boy with a spare horse, and directions to wait for me about seventeen miles on the road to Graham's Town, which, across country, is not more than fifty miles from the Camp at Block Drift."

* * * * *

A sad accident is also recorded in this part of the Journal, as having happened at the 45th Camp on that day. It appears they were blasting some rocks, during the process of building "Fort Hare," when a poor fellow was blown up, and so dreadfully injured, that he was not expected to live.

"Friday, 11th December. My servant, Wedin, roused me at half-past two in the morning, gave me a capital cup of coffee, and at three I was in the saddle, and accompanied by a couple of my Irregulars on the road to Graham's Town. As I begin to know the country pretty well, so soon as it was quite light, I dismissed my escort, and cantered on to Post Victoria, which has been re-occupied, and where some of my Native Levies are encamped. This is only a couple of hours' ride from Block Drift, through a fine open country, over a ridge of hills. To my great disgust, on arriving, I found my fellows rolled up in their blankets, fast asleep; instead of having gone, on the night before, to a place called Botha's Post, seven

or eight miles further. The only thing I had to do, after bestowing on them a few expletives, was to give my horse a feed of corn, and push on to the Koonap Post, sixteen miles distant, with directions for them to follow at a slow pace.

"Between Post Victoria and Koonap, most of the country is thickly clothed with underwood, forming one of the densest parts of the Fish River Bush; and, as the road winds through sundry passes, and crosses two or three 'drifts,' or fords, it is even now considered rather dangerous, on account of the cover afforded to any stray Kaffirs, who may still be roaming about in these parts. My good horse, 'Nagpore,' continued however quite fresh; so, unslinging the old double-barrelled gun, I cantered merrily along the wooded valley, through which runs a brook, named the Chishegah; but which, from the late rains, was now swollen into a turbid and angry mountain torrent. The scenery was most lovely; and, as the deep and narrow valley runs nearly north and south, I had, at this early hour, the additional pleasure of seeing the surrounding hills—covered with strange, fantastic plants and shrubs—gradually lit up by the sun, whilst I was riding along in the shade of a thousand (to me) rare exotics, inhaling the perfume of dew-laden flowers, to the pleasant music of murmuring waters. Though my days of romance have long since passed away, I could not, on several occasions, help pulling up to admire some spot more lovely than the rest, and to wish that you were present to enjoy the scene. The valley along which I was proceeding struck at last into the broader one of the Kat River; after fording the stream with

some difficulty, I soon came in sight of a stone-built, loop-holed barrack, placed in the midst of a basin surrounded by high wooded hills, and known as 'Botha's Post.'

"Having introduced myself to the officer commanding the detachment stationed here, he—whilst my horse was eating a few handsful of corn—very civilly invited me into his quarters, and gave me a cup of coffee. Mr. —— had been banished to this remote place for the last six months; and I think, if anything could justify a man in committing suicide, it would be that of being so situated—though even this is comparative luxury to being on an outpost under canvass, as in the case of the Post Victoria people; all the buildings there having been (God knows for what reason!) destroyed by us several months since. I found at Botha's Post a lady and her two daughters, who had come here to escape the excessive heat and dust of Beaufort. One of the latter was grown up, and rather a pretty girl—so, thinks I to myself, if, in this solitude, the young Sub. escapes matrimony as well as suicide, he is indeed a wonderful man! Off again in a quarter of an hour from Botha's Post; the road (constructed some years ago by a civil engineer of the name of Blain) excellent, and winding up in zigzags to the summit of the high hills surrounding Botha's Post, like that on Mont Cenis. One remarkable feature of this part of the country is the total absence of game; in fact, of all animal life—the Kaffirs being determined poachers. A solitary vulture was the only living creature I saw, until I struck into the high road between Beaufort and Graham's Town, which soon brought me to Mr. Tom-

linson's capital little hostelry at Koonap, and of which I have already made honourable mention.

"Shortly after my arrival, a scorching hot wind set in, and caused me no little rejoicing at not being under canvass. The officer commanding here was a young Ensign of the name of ——, whose father, a general officer in the Company's service, I had met in Germany. I also fell in with a very nice young fellow of the name of M—, belonging to the Ordnance Department, brother to the author of the 'Old English Gentleman,' &c., and passed a very pleasant day—till Mr. M— and myself both started together for Graham's Town (twenty-five miles further) at two o'clock. Having sent on my horses, I kept a Kaffir pony to ride myself, and the sturdy little fellow carried me to my destination without pulling bridle, and scarcely turning a hair.

"On approaching the town, across what is called the race-course flats, after ascending the beautiful Eccha pass, we went over the ground where Colonel Willshire had to run the gauntlet before about 10,000 Kaffirs, when he went out to reconnoitre, previously to their grand attack, and defeat by him, at Graham's Town, in 1819. We reached this place at six o'clock. I put up at my old quarters, and went immediately on my errand about the saddles; when, to my great disappointment, I found that none were in store, either here or at Port Elizabeth—Colonel Somerset having laid an embargo on the whole of them for the purpose of mounting some Irregulars of his own division.

"December 14th. As my eyes continued very weak, I determined to remain here until they were better;

and I shut myself up all yesterday and the day before, in a darkened room, by which means I find them much improved.

"December 15th. The post has arrived from Cape Town, and no letters! This is most annoying, nor can I in any way account for it!

"PS. There is no further news of any intended advance. * * * * However, in my opinion, the business is all over; a peace will probably be now patched up—and a pretty bungling business it has—to all appearance—proved from beginning to end!"

"Graham's Town, December 26, 1846.

"Many and many happy returns of the season to all at home! What would I not give to be with you at this moment! Absence alone is bad enough, but absence and no intelligence from those dear to us are torments scarcely to be endured. The sole intelligence I have had of you, is by your and E—'s letter of the 22nd of August. However, the only communication since then has been received by the round-about way of Boston, up to the 18th of September, when it was stated that the Bull-dog steamer was daily expected at Portsmouth on her way to the Cape; and, as this day's mail from Cape Town has arrived, and no news of her, serious apprehensions are beginning to be entertained on her account.

* * * * *

"A company of the Rifles is about to be mounted and equipped at the public expense. This circumstance has quite cooled my Quixotic ardour, and made me give up all thoughts of being at the cost of fitting out the 'Irregular Horse'—for which I should in all probability get no thanks. I have now been here nearly

a fortnight, and though still suffering from ophthalmia, my sight is certainly much better, and I shall start on Monday (the day after to-morrow) as, although my zeal has been completely damped, (in common I believe with that of every one else) still I am determined if possible to be at my post. But no thanks, credit, or advantage of any kind are to be obtained by exerting one's self here, and consequently every one takes it very easy. In fact, there could not be a more practical illustration of the energy, or inertness, which the possession of either of these qualities by a commander can instil into those under him. The war ought to have been over six months ago—whereas, it continues dragging on tediously its torpid length amidst missionaries and palavers, and no doubt much to the amusement of our crafty foes! The 1st Division is still at Block Drift. It has, however, sent a detachment to Colonel Somerset, who is going to try and get back the plundered cattle from the country beyond the Kye, which should have been done two months since. All the chiefs on this side of Kaffirland have submitted, *after* driving away the cattle they had stolen, into their neighbour Kreili's country; and Colonel Somerset is gone to square accounts with this gentleman, who, like the rest of the Kaffirs, in imitation of O'Connell, has probably registered a vow in heaven that he won't fight any more! However, as he is the paramount chief, it is possible that when he has been taken by the collar, the business will be at an end.

"The General has, I understand, kindly intimated that he will give us leave to go home—if *we apply to be sent*. This is rather a novel way of transferring

responsibility to the shoulders of subordinates — in which light we may indeed truly be considered.[1]

* * * * *

"The heat of the weather has been of late much tempered by several tremendous thunderstorms, with torrents of rain, in one of which, I hear, that my tent, with several others in camp, was blown down, and nearly swept away. Since I have been here, my friend Colonel M—'s tent came down upon him, and he was fairly caught like a fish in a net."

"Fort Beaufort, January 7th, 1847.

"What on earth can be the reason of your protracted silence? Since my arrival in this barbarous land, I have only had *one* short letter from home, and *that* dated ten days after my departure.[2] When I last wrote from Graham's Town, I was able to call philosophy to my aid, to bear me up in my disappointment, as no mail had arrived from England. But we have since then heard of the Bulldog steamer having been obliged to put back, and of the mails she was to have brought out coming by (I think) the 'Packet,' yet not a single line for the poor exile! It is most unaccountable, and I am lost in conjecture as to the cause, which I can only attribute to your having foolishly entrusted your letters to some private hand,

[1] The reader is referred to pp. 71 and 72 of Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Napier's work on the Ionian Islands, for the ably-drawn portrait of a chief thus "dreadfully fearful of responsibility."

[2] The irregularity in receiving intelligence from England was with every one a constant subject of complaint—another of the many screws loose in the administration of this much neglected Colony.

instead of doing what I requested, namely—writing every fortnight, sending the letters to the post, paying the postage out, and directing them (to be forwarded by the *first* opportunity) to me, '*on the Staff of the Army—Eastern Frontier—Cape of Good Hope.*' It must be from some such mistake that I am deprived of so great a comfort whilst thus far away; as I cannot, and *will* not, think you have either neglected or forgotten me. In my present mood, you cannot expect a long letter; I shall therefore only briefly say that I am more disgusted than ever with the treatment I have been subjected to, and only live in hope that some change may be brought about by the expected arrival of Sir Henry Pottinger.

* * * *

"My own movements I shall now briefly recapitulate. I returned to the Camp at Block Drift from Graham's Town on the 30th of December; and, finding nothing was to be done there, I applied for leave to make Fort Beaufort my head-quarters, for the eyes continued to suffer much from the strong light, whilst under canvass; I am at present very comfortably located in a small cottage, which is a Paradise compared to the, now to me, intolerable glare of a tent, with its alternate furnace heat and chilly dampness—the hot winds, torrents of rain, and whirlwinds of dust—those characteristics of this climate, which in camp are enjoyed to such perfection!

"You will laugh at the manner in which I ushered in the new year. I had pitched my tent as a sleeping quarter, close to the cottage in which I used to take refuge during the grilling heat and glare of the day—

a lovely moon shone as I was going to rest—and the beauty of the night had even attracted out of the neighbouring huts groups of Fingoes—who, in common with the other natives of this part of the world, being extremely partial to the 'gentle planet'—were now singing and dancing in the moonlight. Like Abraham, I sate at 'the door of my tent,' enjoying the scene, looking at the blue Chumie hills; the dense, wooded masses at their base; and at the winding Kat River, which, like a silver thread, glistened through the dark foliage. I need not say where my thoughts reverted, as old Father Time stood with his hour-glass ready to extinguish 1846. How different must have been the scene at home, where I flattered myself some stray thoughts might perhaps, at that moment, be wandering in search of the 'wanderer;' most likely from the hearth-side of a sparkling fire, whilst the snow and sleet were probably doing their worst out of doors. What a contrast to such a scene was presented by my little South African encampment—my own tall marquee, and the servants' baggage tent—all glittering in the moonbeams, with several horses picketed around, and the little dark patrole tent occupied by a lean and hungry-looking dog, the only sentinel now on guard!

"Such is a faint picture of the surrounding scene, when I retired to sleep, 'perchance to dream;' but my dreams were not to last long, for I was shortly awakened by the most rattling peals of thunder overhead, as if all heaven's artillery had been brought into the field, followed by rain, such as one may remember in a Madras monsoon, and nowhere else.

Presently one tent-peg gave way, from the ropes and canvass becoming tightened—then another. I began to roar out to my people to slacken the ropes, but the warfare of the elements was so noisy, that they either could not, or *would* not hear; so that fearing the approaching catastrophe of having the tent about my ears, I manfully stripped to the skin, sallied out, and loosened them myself, having, whilst in this state of nature, the fullest benefit of a regular shower-bath, on the most approved principle. Such was my first introduction to the year 1847!"

* * * *

"Fort Beaufort, January 14th.

"Another mail, and no letters! All around me are hearing from their friends, whilst I am ever doomed to disappointment. The General has received intimation that he is superseded, and what is more strange, 'on dit' that he is surprised at the intelligence. He has started for the Cape, leaving everything in confusion; apparently thrusting—with greatly diminished means—the whole responsibility on Colonel Somerset; and bequeathing, as a legacy to the army, the accompanying valedictory proclamation; by which it appears, he—at the moment of his recall—*just* discovered that he had beaten the Kaffirs, that the war was at an end, that the Native Levies could consequently be dismissed, and the force immediately reduced—that he was, in short, going off with flying colours!"

* * * *

Sir Peregrine Maitland's Proclamation.

" General Orders, " Head-Quarters, Bivouac,
" No. 94. " Butterworth, 6th Jan., 1847.

" 1. The Commander-in-Chief having been recalled by her Majesty's Government, the command of the Forces serving on the Frontier will devolve on Colonel Somerset, H.K., who is hereby appointed Colonel on the Staff.

" 2. Lieutenant-Colonel Mackinnon is appointed to act as Assistant-Quartermaster-General, and Adjutant-General to the Forces on the Frontier.

" 3. All reports intended for Colonel Somerset's information will be made through this officer.

" 4. The Army having driven the hostile chief, Pato, with defeat and loss beyond the Kye—the Gaïka and other Chiefs west of that river being reduced to subjection, and the safety of the Colony having been secured—the Commander-in-Chief, on taking leave of the Army, may venture to congratulate them on the prospect of the almost immediate termination of their labours.[1]

" 5. His Excellency, having endeavoured to render his personal services useful to the Forces employed in the field during the course of eight months, is enabled to enjoy the pleasing task of recording with confidence his testimonial of their excellent conduct, and takes this opportunity of returning the troops, of every rank and description, his thanks for their exertions during that period, often under circumstances unusually difficult and discouraging.

" 6. It would be beyond the limits assigned to a General Order, were his Excellency to enumerate the many instances in which both officers and men have distinguished themselves, or were he to mention every individual to whom praise is due. His Excellency cannot however omit his honour, Colonel Hare, commanding the first Division, nor to express how much indebted he has been to the local knowledge, advice, and active service of Colonel Somerset on many occasions. The zeal of Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone, 27th Regiment, he has been frequently called upon to commend. To Lieutenant-Colonel

[1] Subsequent events proved how very premature were these rather ill-timed " congratulations."

Lindsay, commanding first Battalion, 91st Regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, commanding R. B. 91st Regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson, commanding 7th Dragoon Guards; Major Armstrong, Cape Mounted Rifles, commanding Bathurst district; Captain Napier, commanding Cape Mounted Rifles; Captain Burnaby, commanding Royal Artillery; Captain Walpole, commanding Royal Engineers, his Excellency's thanks are equally due.

"7. To the Burgher Contingents and Native Levies, and particularly to those who have continued at a considerable sacrifice to yield their service to the present period, his Excellency's thanks are respectively conveyed; also to Captain Hogg, the officers and men of his corps; to Field-Captains Levinge and Melville, and the officers and men of the Utinage Levy; and Lieutenant Bouchier and his Levy, all of which have rendered important and gallant service.

"8. To the energy and zeal of Sir Andries Stockenstrom, and the confidence with which he inspired the Burghers serving under his command, many happy results are attributable.

"9. To the Officers of the Staff his Excellency offers his best thanks for their unwearied assistance: particularly to Lieutenant-Colonel Cloete, Deputy Quartermaster-General; Captain C. L. Maitland, Assistant Military Secretary; Lieutenants Owen and Stokes, Royal Engineers, acting occasionally as his Aides-de-Camp; Major O'Reilly, Brigade-Major, commanding the Graham's Town district; Major Smith and Lieutenant Bisset, Deputy Assistant-Quartermasters-General.

"10. The very important duties performed by Major-General Cuyler call for his Excellency's warmest thanks.

"11. To Deputy Commissary-General Palmer, and Assistant Commissary-General Watt; to the medical officers who have served with the troops, his Excellency's thanks are equally due.

"12. Nor can the Commander-in-Chief deny himself the gratification of thanking Lieutenant-Colonel Slade, commanding the first Division; Lieutenant-Colonel Vander Meulen; Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell; Lieutenant-Colonel Erskine, and Major Egerton, commanding their respective battalions recently arrived, for their ready zeal, and of expressing his approbation of their several Corps. To Lieutenant-Colonel Mackinnon; Lieutenant-Colonel Nicolls; Lieutenant-Colonel Napier; Lieutenant-Colonel Montresor; Major Storks; Major

Wetenhall, and Major O'Grady, His Excellency also tenders his acknowledgments for their alacrity in rendering any service required of them.

"13. And the Commander-in-Chief cannot close this order without thanking the guides, especially Messrs. Hoole, Conway, and Lucas, for their intelligence, and the useful service they have rendered."

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How far Sir Peregrine Maitland proved himself correct, in thus announcing the subjugation of Kaffirland, may be judged of by those events, immediately following the above Proclamation;—such, however, was the drop-scene of his Excellency's memorable Campaign—the finale of his administration of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope!

CHAPTER XXII.

RETURN FROM THE EASTERN FRONTIER.

Intimation to the Staff-Officers — The Author's services dispensed with — Repeated attacks of Ophthalmia—He takes farewell of Graham's Town — French caricatures—Route to Port Elizabeth—Halts at Sidbury—Intelligence respecting a camp of Burghers—The Kaffirs supplied with firearms—Bushman's River—Lone house near the Addo bush — Stoppage of the soldier's pay—The Aborigines Protection Society —Algoa Bay—Sunday's river — A miserable hovel — An English Shepherd—The Zwartkop's River—Arrival at Port Elizabeth—Loss of the Thunderbolt steamer—And disappointment of the gallant 90th—Anecdote of Kaffir treachery —Novel kind of camp—A soldier's hardships—British officers murdered—A heartless transaction—Medical board—Extracts from a letter addressed by the Author to Lieutenant-General Sir George Berkeley — Kaffir incursions — Vacillating policy—Mistake of employing missionaries—Decisive measures recommended, in order to insure the future tranquillity of the Colony—Kaffirland bows to the sway of Sir Harry Smith.

"Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action?
Do I not bate?
Do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown;
I am withered like an old apple-John."

King Henry IV.

The foregoing chapter has brought me to the period of Sir Peregrine Maitland's recall from the Government

of the Cape of Good Hope, in January, 1847. His parting address, announcing the defeat of the enemy, and congratulating the troops "on the prospect of the almost immediate termination of their labours," with the subsequent abolition of martial law, the reduction of the force, and disbanding of the Burgher Levies, caused, it must be confessed, some little surprise amongst the "natives;" a feeling which was not diminished, when, a few days after Colonel Somerset had been left in command of the Army, *he* proclaimed "that an erroneous opinion being in circulation that the war was at an end, he begged leave to intimate that hostilities had not ceased, and required all officers commanding corps and heads of departments to exercise the utmost vigilance on their posts."

This was rather a puzzler; for, between such very contradictory documents, it was difficult to know who or what to believe; but the intelligence of the death of three British officers slain[1] by the Kaffirs, arriving about the time that the latter dictum had been promulgated, seemed to stamp it with the seal of authenticity—to prove that the reduction of the force had been certainly premature, and that Colonel Somerset might thereby possibly be placed in rather an awkward predicament.

As a detailed account of the last Kaffir war has already been given, I have in these pages said but little of the operations of the campaign. But, on referring to the work alluded to, it will easily be imagined that most of those who had been engaged in

[1] Captain Gibson and Doctor Howell, of the Rifles, and the Honourable Mr. Chetwynd, of the 73rd Regiment.

these unsatisfactory operations would gladly have left a scene, which apparently held out no prospect of any thing to be gained either in honour or advantage. The generality of the Staff Officers sent out on this "especial service" were, I believe, of a similar opinion; and, as there appeared to be some difficulty in cutting out suitable occupations for them all, it had lately been intimated, that such of our number as wished to return to England would be allowed that indulgence, on making an official application for the same.

This—most of us thought—was throwing a rather unfair degree of responsibility on our shoulders—a responsibility which I, for one, begged to decline; and, though worn out by constant exposure and fatigue, suffering from repeated attacks of ophthalmia—causing the most intense suffering, and which had nearly deprived me of the use of my sight—I determined to hold out to the last, rather than accept of emancipation on terms, which might possibly, at some future period, have acted greatly to my detriment.

Colonel Somerset, on assuming the command of the troops, took, however, quite a different view of our case from what his predecessor had entertained; by the disbandment of the Native Levies, *my* occupation was at an end; nor did the gallant old soldier hesitate one instant to take on himself the responsibility of informing me officially, that in consequence of this reduction of the Force, my services might now be dispensed with; and that I was therefore at liberty to leave the frontier—a permission of which I lost not a minute in availing myself.

During the many repeated attacks of the disease above alluded to (the foundation of which had been laid amidst the sands of Egypt), I had had my head shaved, been repeatedly cupped, blistered, and subjected to a variety of other tortures; and in this pleasant plight, on the 4th of February, 1847, shaking the dust off my shoes as I turned my back on Graham's Town, I mounted my horse, and bade farewell —as I sincerely hoped for ever—to the Eastern Frontier — to Kaffirs — to "cattle-lifting"—and to campaigning in Kaffirland!

Should the reader's patience ere this not be wholly exhausted, he may, by perusing the following journal, letter—or whatever he choose to call it—put together at the time, for the information of my friends in England, have the benefit of another chapter, when, having safely conducted him to the shores of Algoa Bay, I propose taking my leave, and bidding, at the same time, adieu to this part of the world.

(Letter No. 19.) "Bushman's River,
"37 miles from Graham's Town, Feb. 5th, 1847.

"I left Graham's Town yesterday afternoon, and am at last, I am glad to say, fairly on my way to Port Elizabeth. However, as Sir Peregrine Maitland's successor, Sir George Berkeley, has, it is said, already landed there, and is probably ere this on his way to the Frontier, I shall not positively know my fate until we meet, which will perhaps be to-morrow. At all events, I do not start till then, lest I should miss him on the road.

"Being in very light marching order, I have not

even brought my Journal book—therefore, this must do duty for the same; and, as I mean always to be on the move long before daylight, in order to avoid the glare of the sun (which, spite of green spectacles and a blue veil, still plays the deuce with my eyes), I shall have plenty of time at each halting-place to try your patience by scribbling; and I can generally manage to do this, after having been for some time in a darkened room.

"Yesterday, after taking leave of my friends at Fort England, from whom I had always experienced such kindness and hospitality, I left Graham's Town during one of the hottest days I ever felt; and my exit strongly reminded me of a couple of French caricatures I have somewhere seen. In the first, a well appointed soldier is, with head erect, boldly stepping out to the front: 'Où vas tu?' is the question of a comrade; 'Je vais à la guerre,' replies he, proudly. The next plate represents an unfortunate-looking fellow, painfully limping along with a crutch, with one arm in a sling. 'D'où viens tu?'—'Je viens de la guerre!' whines out the cripple, in a plaintive tone, as he hobbles on towards his native village. Now, it strikes me that mine is quite a parallel case to the above. A few months ago, I passed through Graham's Town, in capital health and spirits—in all the 'pomp and circumstance' of war, buoyed up by hope, and mounted on a fiery steed; since then, how great is the change that has come o'er the 'spirit of my dream!' for I am literally in the plight of the second hero alluded to—my horses are all done up—I have parted with them for a mere song, and only kept a couple of half-starved

sumpter ponies to carry myself and my Hottentot lad, Jacob, with our saddle-bags, to the coast. One of these proud animals, in consequence of having, a short time before, had an eye kicked out, was now paraded with his head bandaged up in a dirty towel, covered with stains of blood. Mr. Jacob looked, both in person and apparel, rather the worse for the roughing of the late campaign: whilst I flatter myself that with my green spectacles, blue veil, and grizzly beard; my shaven head bound up in a red silk handkerchief; a tolerably brown phiz, surmounted by the old broad-brimmed castor, still rejoicing in the remains of a few ragged feathers—a well-worn shooting-jacket, now out at elbows; the antigropolos boots, and everlasting corduroy breeches—I formed not the least remarkable object of this interesting group!

"In such guise, I yesterday took my departure from Graham's Town, followed by my dingy esquire, on whom several parting cups had evidently produced a most exhilarating effect. By dint of whip and spur, we managed at last to lift our Rosinantes into a canter; but had not proceeded a mile, ere Jacob's charger came down, and badly cut both knees — shooting the rider, with my double-barrelled gun in hand, over his head. In fact, the poor animal, which I had bought on first landing at Algoa Bay, is so completely knocked up, that if ever he reaches Port Elizabeth, I shall consider myself most fortunate.

* * * * *

"On arriving at a little stream about seven miles from Graham's Town, we found a few waggons outspanned, belonging to some half-dozen 'medicos,' who

had lately been ordered out in a body, much as the 'Seven Staff Officers' were. One of them had met with a sad misfortune the day before, by a gun accidentally going off, which so shattered his arm, that he was obliged to be left at Sidbury.

"When men meet in the wilderness, it is generally either as decided friends or foes; and the former being in this instance luckily the case, I was soon on the best of terms with these sons of Galen, who offered me the hospitality of their waggon. I learned, on taking leave of them, after half-an-hour's chat, that I was likely to fall in with Colonel B——, of the ——, who was only a few miles off, on his way to the Frontier; however, as there are two tracks between Sidbury and Graham's Town, I managed to miss him. This road to Port Elizabeth is execrable, and a disgrace to a British Colony; more especially since, (from the infatuation of not using the Buffaloe Mouth for landing supplies,) it may be considered the only means of communication between the coast and the scene of operations.

"The country I passed through yesterday was a succession of rather abrupt undulations, perfectly open, with the exception of a patch of bush, creeping occasionally up some kloof. Large flocks of sheep were here and there again to be seen browsing on the now seared and parched-up herbage; for, within the last fortnight or three weeks of dry weather, the face of the country has assumed quite a different appearance, being now changed from a bright—and, in some places, bluish green—to a sober nankeen garb; and this, I believe, as the dry weather of the winter season con-

tinues, is gradually replaced by the deep brown colour of the bare soil.

"After getting over about twenty miles of ground, we pulled up to feed the horses in a deep valley, where we found a stagnant pool in a dry watercourse. It is here the custom, on coming to a halt, always to off-'saddle,' and let your horse have a roll—no matter how hot he may be—the consequence is, no end of sore backs. I, however, adhere, when practicable, to the Arab plan of leaving on the saddle whilst the horse is warm, only loosening the girths. By following this system, and perhaps—thanks also to one of the patent 'sudarios,'—I have not, with all my hard riding, had a single sore back since I have been in the Colony. The horse-hair nose-bags (I brought out with me) now came, as they had often before done, into play; a feed of corn having been carried in each, and suspended over Mr. Jacob's saddle-bags. When the nags had discussed this, we again mounted; but it was long after dark ere we reached the small inn of Mr. Pollard, at Sidbury.

"My sable esquire had been in service here, before he commenced 'sogering;' and, as I suspected he would — Hottentot-like — take the opportunity of having a jollification—after giving him a hint not to meet his friends until he had fed the horses, I took some tea and went to bed, desiring him to 'saddle-up' at five in the morning. It was broad daylight when I awoke, and no signs of Mr. Jacob. But, on going out, what was my dismay to see him at that unfashionable hour, reeling about dead drunk. With great difficulty, I succeeded in getting him into the saddle; but, as for guiding his horse, that was out of the question;

so taking the 'reim,' or long leather halter-string in my hand, I towed him out, and in this manner made my exit from Sidbury.

"The country between Sidbury and this is far prettier than that of yesterday's journey, and for the last two or three miles, the road runs through a dense bush, in which I understand a few Kaffirs have been lately seen, and a small number of cattle consequently stolen. But, if Pato keeps his threat, and makes an incursion into the country of Oliphant's Hoek—about twelve or fifteen miles off, in the direction of the sea—farm-houses will be again deserted and burned, flocks again swept off, and the whole business have to commence 'de novo.'

"Intelligence has just arrived here, that Sir George Berkeley has landed at Algoa Bay, or rather has stranded on it, as it is said, that in consequence of springing a leak, they have been obliged to run H.M. steamer Thunderbolt on shore; how far this may be true, I know not, as it is here a rule never to believe any thing you hear, and only half what you see!

"I have just been told by mine host, that a 'laager,' or Camp of Burghers in this neighbourhood, is—in consequence of the intelligence of reducing the Force, and disbanding the Native Levies—preparing to emigrate, *en masse*, across the northern boundary: and how can these poor people be blamed, or with any justice be prevented from taking such a step? For the general feeling here is, that if the Kaffirs be not effectually curbed, and proper protection be afforded to the Colonists, this part of the country will be entirely deserted by the Settlers. Were I in their position, I would

certainly do the same; as what can be more dreadful than to be in constant fear of one's life, and to run the risk every moment of losing the fruits of years of labour, on the mere whim of these barbarians?

"This morning, on leading my horse to the stable, I saw an enormous gin—which is used for entrapping the wolf, as the hyæna is called here—and mine host gave me several anecdotes of the tenacity of life of these animals. He says he has seen one of them worried for an hour by sixty dogs, without their teeth being able to have any effect on its tough hide! But, remember, I do not answer for this being gospel.

"The heat has all day been most oppressive; the thermometer is up to 95 degrees in the house, and I may deem myself lucky in having a roof over my head; however, the clouds appear to be rapidly collecting, and it will probably very shortly end in one of those fearful thunder-storms which I have before attempted to describe.

"Saturday, February 6th. Understanding that both Sir Henry Pottinger and Sir George Berkeley have given out, that they willingly receive any suggestions which may be made as to the present state of affairs, I have been busy all the morning concocting a letter to this effect, for the perusal of the latter, of which I will send you a copy.

"A traveller from Algoa Bay has just brought the intelligence that the General had not yet arrived; but that the Thunderbolt steamer, which was sent round for the 90th Light Infantry, had struck on Cape Receif, and that they had been obliged to run her ashore in the Bay. How provoking is this sad mishap

for the 90th! as it may be the cause of their being again ordered back to the frontier. It was the casual circumstance of their putting into Table Bay, on their return from Ceylon, which occasioned them to be let in for the Kaffir war.

"An officer of the Customs at Port Elizabeth, who stopped here to-day, informed me that within the last ten years, to his knowledge, 30,000 Birmingham muskets and 150 tons of gunpowder had been landed with the cognizance of government at Algoa Bay. Under these circumstances, it cannot be wondered at if private traders afterwards smuggle them into Kaffirland, or that the Kaffirs should be well supplied with firearms. I entrusted a letter for Colonel Nicolls to a man who was to-day passing through this for Graham's Town, and who gave me a long account of Natal, where he had been for two years, and of the terrible Dingan, the Zoolah chief. The Zoolahs, he says, as soon as they are supplied with firearms, will follow the example of the Kaffirs, and attack the settlement of Natal. Mr. C—— related a curious fact of the ticks, being there so numerous as frequently to cause the death of cattle; their bites becoming fly-blown, maggots are generated, and the animal, thus afflicted, finishes at length his miserable existence by being literally eaten alive. This has been a delightfully cool, cloudy day, with a little rain—a great relief after the grilling of yesterday.

"Commando Kraal, February 7th. As Sir George Berkeley has not come by the Thunderbolt, I have pushed on to this place; and it appears fated that Colonel Somerset's instructions are to carry me to

Cape Town; but *nous verrons*. I left Bushman's River this morning at six o'clock · mine host, Mr. Adcock, accompanied me part of the way. After passing the 'Quagga Flats,' celebrated as the former haunt of herds of zebras and flocks of ostriches, I pulled up at a solitary house on the verge of the Addo Bush, belonging to a Mr. Pullen, who before the war had been an extensive sheep-grazier and horse-breeder. He gave me a feed of corn for my ponies; and I heard, to my great satisfaction, that no Kaffirs had of late been seen in the Addo Bush, which I was now about to enter. The road runs through this thicket (in some parts almost a forest) for ten miles; and, as there was not a breath of air stirring, the heat was most intense. My hardy little animals, however, stood it well, and brought me safely to Mr. Taylor's very comfortable inn at this place—'Commando Kraal'—by ten o'clock. I had, on arriving, a refreshing bath; ate a hearty breakfast, seasoned with deliciously cool water-melon; and the master of the house, who is an artist, has been showing me a number of his sketches, done in first-rate style.

"It has turned out a most grilling day, with a blazing hot wind and lots of dust, and I have been keeping myself cool by eating water-melon, of which I have already demolished one nearly as large as my head.

"PS. Whilst loading my gun this morning, and using for wadding a Colonial paper, I saved from destruction the enclosed lines on the Kaffir war. The passage I have underlined is most appropriate; as no 'plunder for soldiers,' nor 'prize-money for seamen,' is ever to be had in this thankless war; and out of the often poor half-famished soldier's pay is stopped the

amount for rations, which he has himself taken in the shape of oxen from the Kaffirs, at the risk of his life, and with the sweat of his brow! It is indeed a bad job for the sons of Mars, when the current coin of the country (for cattle is in Kaffirland the circulating medium) can be put into his camp-kettle instead of going into his pocket. Luckily for the heroes of China, of Scinde, and the Sutledge, that Syce silver, rupees, pearls, and diamonds, cannot now be made into soup, although we do hear of epicures of old stewing up pearls for a feast!

"I have just seen, in the Graham's Town Journal of Saturday, that the 'Aborigines Protection Society' have been trying in England to bias Sir Henry Pottinger against the Colonists, and in favour of the Kaffirs. It is most strange that such a delusion should be suffered to exist, as that of showing favour or affection of any kind, to a set of blood-thirsty robbers. If these mischievous meddlers be listened to any longer, it is feared 'extermination' will at last have to be the word; for, unless some very effectual means of protection be afforded to the Eastern Frontier, it will most certainly be entirely deserted by the British Settlers, (as it formerly was by the Boers) and become a dead weight on our Government. The Colonists have long threatened to take such a step; and to-day I heard that a farmer of this neighbourhood, named ——, was packing up his goods and chattels with the intention of emigrating, as soon as the Native Levy encamped in his vicinity strike their tents."

"Algoa Bay, February 10th. I arrived here the day before yesterday, but was not able to continue the

Journal, owing to the weak state of my eyes, as I suffered much on the way down, particularly during the last day's march from 'Commando Kraal,' which I left at daylight on the 8th. On arriving at Sunday's River — when I before crossed it, a mere shallow brook—I found it, as they say here, 'up;' that is, full from bank to bank; and considerable time was lost in getting our saddles, bags, &c., into a boat, and afterwards swimming the horses across; in doing which, one of them had a narrow escape of being drowned.

"Is it not extraordinary, that, on this only communication between the Cape, Port Elizabeth, and Graham's Town, not a single bridge should be yet constructed? Although supplies are constantly detained for days, nay, for weeks, by waggons not being able to get across the torrents which intercept the road (if the villanous succession of ravines, rocks, and huge stones, deserve such a name); and, will it be believed, that these impediments occur in a Province which has been for nearly half a century appended to the British empire, and which, during that time, has required constant military movements for its protection?

"Such is however the case; and, owing to this delay, I found myself at last on the right side of the Sunday River, with a bright sun staring me in the face, and the prospect of a grilling ride of thirty-three miles. About a mile further on, there is a little inn, which, had I been aware of, I would have reached the day before, and have thus more equally divided the distance. I now pushed on to a most miserable hovel, a couple of leagues on this side of the river,

where we halted the waggons on our way up; and was lucky in getting a bundle of oat-hay for the horses, and a cup of coffee, and meal and eggs beat up into a cake, for myself, for they had no bread. About eight miles from this place, at the now dry bed of a stream called the Kougagh—as Mr. Jacob's horse had shown unequivocal symptoms of distress, by tumbling once or twice on his nose—I pulled up for half-an-hour, and was fortunate enough to find a pool, the water of which was only slightly brackish. Here, as we rested under the shade of a bush, we were joined by an English shepherd, who was taking back (as I told him, rather prematurely) a flock of sixteen hundred sheep, to the pasture-ground near Sidbury. When the nags had breathed a little, we again tightened our girths, and managed to raise a canter across the table-land called 'Grass Ridge;' passed the spot of our second night's 'out-span,' on the way up, and descended the wooded side of the hill overlooking the Zwartkops River, and commanding a view of Algoa Bay. As we went through the bush here, the heat was most oppressive; and, on arriving at the Zwartkops, we found the water so salt from the influence of the tide, that we had to ride a considerable distance further on, in order to give our nearly-exhausted horses a drink. But the one ridden by my Hottentot lad was so completely done up, that I was obliged to leave him behind, and with difficulty managed to keep my own horse on his legs, for the last twelve miles of dreary road, between the last named river and the Bay. However, when I got a glimpse

of the shipping, I pushed bravely along, and presently met a solitary horseman, whom I recognised as Dr. H——, now deputy-inspector of hospitals, and who had been quartered with me many years before at Gibraltar.

" After leaving the doctor, who was on his way to Graham's Town, I was joined by a farmer; and we jogged on together until we reached Port Elizabeth at about one o'clock, when, as you may fancy, I was not sorry to get under the cover of a roof.

" The first thing I did on arriving was to send for my friend Dr. M——, of the 90th, who had before attended me at Block Drift, and now most kindly hastened to afford my eyes all the relief in his power. He described the sad disappointment experienced by the 90th, at being detained in consequence of the loss of the Thunderbolt, which had been sent to take them round to the Cape.

" The regiment (which is encamped on the heights above the town) saw her coming round Cape Receif, about four in the afternoon, and were so elated at the sight that they commenced cheering. Presently, she fired minute guns, which they thought was to attract attention; it being supposed that the Governor and Commander-in-Chief were on board. However, on seeing the ensign reversed, they began to think something was wrong; but when she was run bow-foremost on the beach, they were quite at a loss what to conjecture. The truth however soon came out, that she had struck on a rock in doubling the point, and was filling so quick, that this was the only alternative left.

There she now lies hard and fast in the sand; and, in a few days, will probably be a complete wreck—for, although parties of the 90th, and of Captain Hogg's Levy, (also here on their way home) have given every assistance to pump her out, all efforts have hitherto proved ineffectual. Fortunately, the crew, stores, and effects are saved, and the officers and men are now encamped within a dozen yards of where I am writing.

"Yesterday (the 9th) I was all day in a dark room, still suffering from ophthalmia. My solitude was however enlivened by many old friends of the 90th, who came to see me, and with whom I condoled most sincerely on this, their third disappointment, in not returning home. They were first stopped at the Cape, on their way back from Ceylon—next, a ship was ordered to take them from Waterloo Bay, but was prevented by bad weather, and the insecurity of the anchorage—and this third *contretemps* may perhaps keep them here another twelvemonth,[1] as things are beginning to look again threatening on the Frontier, and the General will probably not be able to spare them.

"Wednesday, 10th. I feel to-day so much better, that I have taken advantage of it to make up the 'lee-way' in my Journal.

* * * *

"To illustrate the treacherous character of the Kaffirs, old Captain Evatt (the commandant here) who has just called, related an anecdote of Gaïka, the

[1] The 90th only reached England in May, 1848.

father of Macomo, attempting to murder him when he was sent some thirty-five years ago into Kaffirland on a friendly mission, and after he (Captain Evatt) had made him a present of a couple of horses and saddles, with a full suit of Dragoon uniform. They were riding together 'cheek by jowl'—as the old gentleman expressed it—when his interpreter warned him to beware, as about one thousand Kaffirs were pouring in from all sides; on which he immediately seized the reim of Gaïka's horse, and holding it fast, threatened to blow out his brains if he did not at once dismiss all these Kaffirs, which was accordingly done. Old Evatt next mentioned a curious circumstance I never heard of before: that Pato (the chief who is now giving the most trouble) advanced on one occasion as far as the Zwartkops River, about twelve miles from this—that Captain Evatt was sent with some dragoons to desire him to retire within his own boundary—when Pato's reply was, that he had purchased the country for four thousand head of cattle from certain functionaries under Government, and, as long as he had eighteen thousand Kaffirs at his command, he would retain it.

"This was, of course, duly reported; and it is said that, shortly afterwards, two of these gentlemen committed suicide at Cape Town. As for Mr. Pato, a force was sent against him, and he was compelled again to cross the Fish River. I give you this story as I had it—a quarter of an hour after it was told to me. Pato, it is rumoured, says that he will not be content until he takes possession of Port Elizabeth—whilst

from Cape Town, we hear that the war is at an end. I should say nothing has yet been done, and that nothing will, or can be done, until the grass again springs up next September.

"February 12th. Yesterday, I had the unexpected pleasure of receiving the large budget of letters which came out by the Lady Flora, dated the end of September.

* * * *

"We are now hourly expecting the arrival of the 'President' with the General; and probably Admiral Dacres is on board; in the mean time, all efforts to get the poor Thunderbolt afloat having failed, no further endeavour will be made until the arrival of the frigate. Fatigue parties of the 90th Regiment, and of Captain Hogg's Levy, were for two or three days hard at work, trying to pump her out, but without success.

"Captain Hogg is here, accompanying his men back to their native district of Swellendam, about a hundred miles from the Cape; but, until he has seen the General, does not like to take them any further. In the mean time, the poor fellows are lying out in the market-place without other covering save their blankets. It rained yesterday very heavily, when they adopted the expedient of creeping into a number of empty commissariat casks; and it was ludicrous in the extreme, to see each black woolly head peeping, like Diogenes, out of his kennel. Unlike the cynic, however, they appeared highly satisfied with their new abodes—and to my cost (as my bed-room window overlooked

this novel kind of camp,) they kept up the most boisterous mirth during a great part of the night.

HOTTENTOT BIVOUAC, NEAR PORT ELIZABETH.
From the Original Sketch, by H. Boddington.

"The Totty (as long as you can keep him sober) makes a capital soldier; humour him a little—perform your promises to him—he will follow you anywhere; and, after a toilsome day's march, when other troops would be lying down, wearied and exhausted, these jolly fellows may often be seen dancing round their watch-fires, or whiling away the night amid laughter and song!

"I strolled yesterday evening up to the 90th Camp,

pitched on the heights above the town; for it is one of the characteristic features of Colonial neglect, that since we have been in possession of the Colony—from which period this has been the only point of embarkation and disembarkation on the eastern coast—there is not even a barrack, or hospital, for the accommodation of the troops; and, after having been six months in the field, these poor fellows continue in their miserable—and now ragged—little bell-tents, exposed to all the vicissitudes of this variable climate. Still the change from Ceylon has been (with all the hardships they have undergone) in their favour; and they are now as fine a looking set of fellows as ever wore red jackets; their mahogany-coloured faces, and grizzly beards and moustaches, presenting the very *beau ideal* of the *vieux soldat*. It is a pity to see such a fine Corps wasting its energies in this laurelless war. I should like to see them face to face, and within bayonet thrust, of an equal number of more worthy foes than these skulking Kaffir brigands!

"The rain came down heavily whilst in Captain Bringhurst's tent, where a small party had assembled—he gave me some account of the last expedition beyond the Kye, on which he was employed with his company, (the only part of the 90th present, I believe, on that occasion) and the hardships they endured are almost incredible; incessant rain for a fortnight together, without tents or provisions—living entirely on tough, and often half raw beef, without bread, meal, or even salt! He was sent to recover the bodies of the three officers who were lately murdered by the Kaffirs. They were found stripped, and much torn

by the vultures and jackalls, whilst the numerous corpses of their enemies (for the poor fellows made a most gallant defence) were, strange to say, untouched. It will however be a melancholy satisfaction to their friends, to know that they died bravely, with arms in their hands, surrounded by fallen foes, and were afterwards buried with military honours in a soldier's grave! After all, how very preferable is such an exit, to the lingering suffering of protracted illness, and all the nauseous accompaniments of a sick bed.

"One would have supposed, when a regiment had been detained in defence of a Colony on its way home, after lengthened foreign service, and had subsequently undergone an infinity of hardships and privations, in behalf of the Colonists and their property, and without any prospect of advantage to themselves, that they would be received with open arms. But I regret to say, for the sake of our Africander fellow-countrymen, that this has been far from the case; apparently forgetful of what they have already done and suffered, their departure seems to be looked upon as a sort of desertion. They have been treated with anything but civility since they entered the Colonial boundary; and, to wind up the whole, a man who, from his position, ought to have been endowed with better feelings—a man of property and influence in the Colony—a literary man—a magistrate, a Justice of the peace—actually prosecuted the officer in command of the 90th, for damage and trespass, because he encamped his weary men, after a long day's march, on a piece of barren heath, forming part of this person's property, five or six miles from Port Elizabeth!

"No fence, hedge, nor boundary of any sort intervened to distinguish this spot from the surrounding waste—perfectly unaware that it was private property—the oxen were unyoked, the tents pitched, and camp-fires lighted, when a message from the aforesaid individual came to warn off all intruders. The commanding officer said that it was impossible to move at that time of the night; and he, in consequence, on arriving at Port Elizabeth, received a summons to appear before the Civil Court, to answer a charge of trespass and damages—the latter laid at £10. Mind you, there is not now so much as a blade of green grass within a hundred miles; and the most upright judge gave a verdict of £1. damages, and 14*s*. costs!

"There appears to be but one opinion on the subject of this heartless transaction. Major E——, when the verdict was delivered, gave the prosecutor, in his quiet, gentlemanly way, the following well-deserved reproof. 'Had Mr. ——'s property been a little nearer to the Kaffirs, or the Kaffirs a little nearer to Mr. ——'s property, he perhaps would not have had so great an objection to the vicinity of her Majesty's 90th Light Infantry.'[1]

"Now, although the above-mentioned business certainly admits of no palliation, yet—with regard to the frontier Colonists in general—allowance must be made for the feelings of people who have already been so often abandoned to their fate, and who, on the present occasion, seeing the Native Levies disbanded, and the regular troops withdrawn, when there is no appearance of the

[1] As an illustration of this anecdote, see Chase's Cape of Good Hope, p. 231.

Kaffirs having been really humbled, naturally suppose that another flimsy peace is about to be patched up, which will again, in a few years, expose them to all the renewed horrors of Kaffir invasion, attended with its usual results."

* * * *

"Saturday, February 20th. The President and Eurydice have arrived, with the Governor, the Commander-in-Chief, and all their suite. I lost no time in seeing the General (whom I had formerly known in the Mediterranean). I found him particularly affable; and he has advised me to proceed at once to the Cape, and there to submit my case to the decision of a Medical Board. My old schoolfellow, Anson, is in command of the Eurydice, and has kindly promised me a lift round to Simon's Bay. They are to make a last attempt to get the Thunderbolt afloat, which will probably take a week to effect. I may therefore reckon on being at Cape Town about the commencement of March; and this—allowing a month for the assembly of the Medical Board, and their decision (which I have not the least doubt will be in favour of my return) being confirmed—will bring me to the commencement of April; so that about the middle of June I hope to be once more with you. Anson brought out a letter, of the 25th October: however, having previously received yours of the 5th December, it contained no news.

* * * *

"I have drawn out, as I before told you, for Sir George Berkeley's perusal, a paper with my remarks on the state of things here, together with a few sug-

gestions; of which epistle I enclose a copy, and trust shortly to follow in person this formidable budget."

Extracts from a Letter addressed to Lieutenant-General Sir George Berkeley, K.C.B., &c.[1]

"Bushman's River, Frontier of the Cape of Good Hope,
"6th February, 1847.

"Sir—Anticipating, this morning, the arrival of your Excellency, I have hastily put together a few facts and suggestions, induced by the present state of affairs on the frontier; which opinions, however crude and undigested, may perhaps, nevertheless, furnish one or two available hints.

"Since the period when the Hottentots were dispossessed by the Kaffirs of that tract of country between the Keiskamma and Great Fish River, the experience of more than half a century goes to prove, that these restless barbarians are not to be restrained within the limits of the latter boundary. The dense, and in many places almost impenetrable, belt of Bush which extends along the sides of that river, and of its tributary, the 'Kat,' as far north as the Winterberg Mountains, serving only to afford them a secure cover, from whence, at pleasure, they can emerge to plunder and devastate the Colony; whilst, at the same time, it secures them against pursuit, or discovery; hence, their depredations can at all times be committed at ease, and, generally speaking, with perfect impunity.

"This has invariably occurred, both during the Dutch occupation and our subsequent possession of the Eastern Province, whose inhabitants have been con-

[1] See "Book of the Cape," p. 154.

stantly kept in a state of alarm, and repeatedly ruined, by the incursions of these savages — as a precaution against whose aggressions, patroles, commandos, and every measure suggested by foresight and prudence, have hitherto been of no avail; whilst their more serious invasions of 1819 and 1834-35 have well nigh deprived us of this fine province.

"Sir Benjamin d'Urban was so perfectly convinced of the utter insecurity of this line of frontier, that, after the latter daring attempt of the Kaffirs, he resolved on driving the whole of the Amakosæ tribes across the Kye, the open nature of whose banks was so much better adapted for defence, and observation of the movements of the Kaffirs, than those of the Great Fish River. Such was his original intention;[1] in pursuance of which he, at an enormous expense to Government, erected several strong posts, which — together with the line of policy he had adopted — would, it was then generally supposed, have secured the permanent tranquillity of the Colony.

"Lord Glenelg, however, guided by the representations of * * * * * * and influenced by the mistaken and mawkish philanthropy of the day—an affectation of humanity exercised at the expense of the lives, property, and happiness, of our fellow-countrymen—upset all these arrangements, and adopted that vacillating line of policy, and those childish half-measures, which have entailed all the miseries of the late war, to say nothing of the immense outlay to which it has put the British Government.

[1] Which was subsequently modified, by allowing some of the Gaïka Tribes to occupy the country as British subjects.

"Under such circumstances, the question naturally suggests itself—'How are all these evils to be remedied? And ought recourse again to be had to Sir Benjamin d'Urban's original plans?'—'Yes,' we would answer; 'but on a still more extended and more stringent system.'

"A great power, when it has once thrown back the limits of its boundary, more especially—as in this case—when dealing with savages, should, right or wrong, never again retrench those limits.

"Any concession—even common kindness—is, with the barbarian, put down to the account of fear. The first symptom of a retreat is construed into weakness, or inability to retain possession of the abandoned territory; and the *moral* influence of the power of civilization once destroyed, the consequent fatal results are incalculable.

"Above all, no threat should be made, unless there be full power to carry it into effect; and, when it *is* executed, it should be done in such a manner as not to be readily forgotten.

"Were I called upon for an opinion on the subject, it would be:—'That all the Kaffir Tribes be driven beyond the Kye,[1] the latter to be then considered as

[1] It is well known, that between Port Natal and the Umzimvoobou River there are large tracts of fertile country perfectly uninhabited, and which could be occupied by the Kaffirs, if expelled from this side of the Kye; where, moreover, they are only intruders of a very recent date; whilst the most advantageous appropriation of the territory thus vacated by them might be a matter of after-consideration—whether to be sold, distributed as grants to Settlers; to be occupied by Fingoes and Hottentots; or else by that race of half-castes, known under the denomination of "Griquas," or "Bastaards."

the boundary of the Eastern Province; that, after the expiration of a reasonable period, every male Kaffir above the age of sixteen, caught within this limit (whether armed or unarmed), be put to death like a beast of prey; or, if taken alive, be removed to the vicinity of Cape Town, there to work as a felon on the public roads; and, as a further encouragement to their capture or extirpation, that, dead or alive (at the termination of the above-fixed period), a price be put on their heads. The Boers, Fingoes, and Hottentots, would then, I have no doubt, save Government all further trouble on this account.[1]

"That Kreili, the paramount Chief of all the Kaffir tribes, should, by the delivery of suitable hostages, be made responsible for the due fulfilment of so indispensable a preliminary to peace (the evacuation of the territory on this side of the Kye), for the further maintenance of which, that lines of posts be established along the new boundary—communicating with each other—with the seat of Government of the Eastern Province (which, by the by, ought to be local, and without reference to the authorities at Cape Town), and with the *nearest seaport*, by good military roads, with bridges over the numerous torrents. This communication to extend to Port Elizabeth—the locality at which the work of road-making should commence—(instead of the neighbourhood of Cape Town,) where it is of much more immediate importance.

"That, before any treaty be definitively concluded with Kreili, he, as the responsible agent, be made to

[1] See Sir Henry Pottinger's Letter of June 20th, 1847, Enclosure 6, Despatch 26. "Blue Book" for 1848.

give up the *full* amount of plundered cattle, as a slight compensation to the Colonists, for the losses and sufferings sustained by them during the war; the expenses of which must however unavoidably fall on the British Government.

"Should the above terms of a proposed peace not be deemed palatable by the Kaffirs, they ought to be enforced at the point of the bayonet; and, in order more probably to avoid a recurrence of that want of success which marked the events of the last campaign, it may be as well to review a few of the apparent errors committed during its progress.

"In the first place, the ball was opened at a season when there was no food for the cattle; without the establishment of a proper base of operations; without magazines, or adequate provision of any kind, and with a most faulty system of transport, for the conveyance of commissariat supplies and camp equipage.

"All these deficiencies would have been more than sufficient to upset the most fully matured and best arranged plan of a campaign. But, when the total want of combination—the weakness and vacillation of purpose—the mistake of permanently disbanding the Burghers—and the discontent excited amongst the native Levies by not attending to their legitimate demands—when all these combined causes are taken into consideration, it is only matter of surprise that the British force in Kaffirland did not share the fate of the unfortunate Cabul expedition, which most probably would have been the case, had we had a foe like the Affghan, or a less favourable climate to deal with.

"I think it would likewise be greatly conducive to

the tranquillity of the Colony at large, were European traders, missionaries, and other unauthorized persons, kept out of Kaffirland; at all events, unless provided with a pass, duly signed by competent authority.

"The sale of gunpowder and firearms, as likewise the propogation of doctrines of independence, and of a supposed equality to the white man, would thus, in a great measure, be put a stop to amongst these savages; whilst traffic might still be carried on at stated times and places, but subject to proper 'surveillance,' and under pain of the severest penalty—even *death*—to those infringing a strict prohibition to sell the above-named forbidden articles.

"If we must still try to convert the Kaffirs, let the establishments for that purpose be along the frontier line superintended by qualified ministers, and under the authority of Government; for at present, any broken-down mechanic, who fancies, or whose interest it is to have a 'call,' may be, and often is, the means of doing an infinity of mischief.

"As to the extent of success attending our attempts at conversion, they have hitherto proved an utter failure; and the Kaffirs, it is well known, have lately *converted*, to our cost, the Missionary Bibles into ball-cartridges, or wadding. The Hottentots are more drunken and dissolute than ever; and some reverend personages have not—to their shame be it said—set them the most rigorous examples of morality.

"The great mistake has been hitherto committed, of constantly employing missionaries in our political relations with the Kaffirs; principally, I believe, owing to their local influence and exclusive knowledge

of the language; but, if proper inducements were held out, many men brought up in the diplomatic line, as well as military officers, would no doubt soon qualify themselves to an equal extent, in the same manner.

"It may not be irrelevant to remark, that, whilst making hostile incursions into the enemy's country, it would much tend to ultimate success—by crippling his resources—were we to carry off the women (who play the part of spies, as well as that of commissaries), for without their assistance the Kaffirs are, in a great measure, helpless; and would often rather starve than be at the trouble of collecting, transporting, and cooking their own victuals. Their crops and gardens should also, on these occasions, be invariably destroyed, and their huts burnt to the ground.[1]

* * * *

"Should the war be continued, it appears to me that, by acting diametrically opposite to former measures, a very different result might fairly be anticipated.

"1st. Not to open the campaign until fully assured of abundant supplies, and at a season when there is a sufficiency of grass for the horses and commissariat cattle.

"2nd. To substitute, in the transport of supplies and

[1] Were the plan, moreover, adopted of destroying instead of capturing Kaffir cattle, whilst convincing the enemy that our object is not plunder, it would, besides, relieve our troops from that most harassing duty of guarding and driving back large droves of oxen to the frontier, through hordes of hostile barbarians, who allow no opportunity to escape, of endeavouring to recover, what by them is infinitely more valued than the richest treasure.

camp-equipage, pack oxen[1] for conveyance by wheeled carriages—that effectual drawback to anything like celerity of military movement, particularly in a country intersected, as this is, by dense bush, rapid torrents, and deep, rugged water-courses. Camels, which might easily be procured at the Cape de Verds, from whence they could be brought at little cost, by ships going out in ballast, would in this country be invaluable as beasts of burden. From their peculiar conformation and habits, being little affected by the frequent want of water and scarcity of grass; and as they willingly feed on the succulent plants and thorny shrubs with which the Bush abounds, they would thrive, and even grow fat, where oxen must inevitably perish.

"Why, also, the elephant[2] should not here be turned to account, as well as in Indian warfare, is a problem of difficult solution. This animal could easily force its way through the thick bush—impervious to all save a Kaffir; and, if properly trained, a few practised marksmen, with a good supply of firearms, would, from the commanding height of a howdah, be able to do great execution in this jungle warfare. However, the mere fact of its being an innovation on the good old Dutch customs would, in both the above cases, ensure opposition in this dull, plodding, waggon-

[1] Pack-mules were subsequently employed for this purpose.

[2] He is indigenous to Southern Africa, and, were the attempt made, could no doubt be domesticated as easily as his Asiatic brethren of Hindostan and Ceylon. The elephants which accompanied Hannibal's army across the Alps probably were of African origin, and most likely of the same species as those which are now found in the southern portion of that continent.

driving part of the world. But to return from this digression to my 'suggestions.'

"3rd. To cause a correct survey and report to be made of the mouth of every river or bay between the Great Fish River and Port Natal, and wherever secure anchorage were found, or a safe landing deemed practicable, there to establish a military post and magazines; in short, to establish the 'base of operations' along the eastern line of sea-coast, by which you would have your supplies in the very heart of the enemy's country, and be able to get at once at his front and left flank, with Port Natal on your own right, and ample resources in your rear.

"At present, owing to the insecurity of Waterloo Bay, the greater part of the supplies for the army are landed at Port Elizabeth, (itself by no means a safe roadstead) and then transported in waggons, over an execrable country, to Graham's Town, whence they are forwarded to the scene of operations in the same lumbering conveyances.

"H.M. Steamer Thunderbolt was some time since sent to examine the mouth of the Buffaloe River. I understand that a favourable report was the result, and coasting-vessels have been known to remain there safely at anchor, for weeks together; yet, from some unaccountable cause, its capabilities have never, during the whole course of the war, been made in the least available.[1]

"Again, as considerable delay and the greatest inconvenience have often of late resulted, in consequence

[1] Shortly after the above was written, a military post was established at this locality.

of a sudden rise in those numerous rivers flowing through the scene of operations, it strikes me that a pontoon train, with a few sailors, might with great advantage be attached to the forces in the field;[1] whilst scientific officers were appointed to take military surveys of the ground over which we may advance, of many parts of whose features we are still in total ignorance; as a good plan (on a large scale) would greatly facilitate military movements in this broken and entangled country.

"With reference to the passage of the numerous rivers in Kaffirland—during the former winter, (1846) when there was no chance of their being flooded, a large punt was dragged about with the force; but last December (the time when rain is always expected on the frontier) the army was stopped for ten or twelve days at the Kye, part of it cut off from its supplies, for want of means to pass them over; and during this time, the troops unprovided with tents, and exposed to incessant rain, without biscuit, flour, or even salt, were reduced to the necessity of living entirely on beef, and *that* often nearly raw.

* * * * *

"Lastly. If all these measures be deemed insufficient to ensure success, Faku, the chief of the Amaponda Kaffirs, only waits, it is said, a signal (or bribe) from us, to fall on the enemy's rear; let that signal

[1] Though not in consequence of the above suggestion, it is, nevertheless, satisfactory to the author to find its feasibility subsequently fully tested, in the successful passage of the Orange River on pontoons, by the forces under Sir Harry Smith, during the late expedition against the Boers.

be given, and these incorrigible robber tribes will then be left to their well-merited fate of mutual destruction!

"Such, Sir, is a rough outline of my—perhaps mistaken—ideas on the subject in question; it may, perchance, be deemed presumption in an officer of my standing, venturing to advance an opinion on such points — still, 'knowledge,' saith the proverb, 'may even be gathered from fools:'—but, without exactly subscribing myself as such, I have the honour to remain, most respectfully, your Excellency's

obedient, humble servant,

E. NAPIER.
Lieut-Colonel on Particular Service."

To Lieut-General Sir G. Berkeley,
K.C.B., &c., &c., &c.,
Commander-in-Chief
at the Cape of Good Hope.

* * * * *

If the above were ever perused by the officer to whom it was addressed—whether or not, he availed himself of the suggestions therein contained—is now a matter of little import; suffice it to say, that from the date of this letter, nearly another year had elapsed, and the Kaffir war still dragged on its weary length, until Sir Harry Smith at last appeared on the scene.

Sir Harry's well known energy and decision of character—his indomitable valour—the recollection of his gallant exploits during the war of 1835;—in short, his name alone, sufficed at once to awe the barbarians and

drive them to instant submission.[1] Their greatest chiefs humbly approaching, kissed the feet of the "Inkoso Eukulu" (the representative of the great Queen;) Kaffirland then bowed to the yoke, and, together with the whole Colony — if we do not "entirely neglect our Settlers, persecute the Boers, or enforce an odious Convict system" —will—with its present Ruler—probably continue to be governed in quietness and peace, under the same judicious system—so injudiciously discarded—which was established in 1835 by the "benefactor of the Cape of Good Hope:" the universally respected, and now, alas! deeply to be lamented Sir Benjamin d'Urban.

[1] See "Five Years in Kaffirland," vol. ii., p. 334.

APPENDIX.

FORT HARE.—Page 99.

It is difficult to divine what could have been the motive for naming the Fort—then erecting near Block Drift—after the late Major-General Hare; as, in consequence of his having been so severely censured for his proceedings at this very locality before the breaking out of the war, such an appellation would appear to have been bestowed more in contumely than compliment.

Of the *justice* of the censure which is said to have brought this veteran officer to an untimely end,[1] the impartial reader will be enabled to form an opinion by attentively perusing that correspondence on the subject contained in the "Blue Book" for 1847, relating to the affairs of the Cape of Good Hope, and more particularly the official letters having reference to the unauthorized and unjustifiable violation of territory, on our part, by the survey which was ordered to be made in Sandilla's territories, without the consent of that Chief, and when at peace with his Tribe. Should the papers above referred to not have already met the eye of the friends of the late Major-General Hare, they would be found well worth perusing.

OUTLINE OF THE SERVICES OF THE 91ST REGIMENT IN KAFFIRLAND IN 1846,

together with the Official Report of the engagement in the Amatola.—Page 199.

"The Kaffirs (after the affair of the Amatola, on the 16th, 17th, and 18th April, 1846) now poured into the Colony, and

[1] See Mrs. Ward's "Five Years in Kaffirland," vol. ii., ch. viii.

thinking to carry all before them, assailed the following outposts, which were held by detachments of the Reserve Battalion of the 91st Regiment; but they were in every instance repulsed with heavy loss; namely, at the Tyumie (Chumie) post on the 19th April, when one private, 91st Regiment, was wounded; at Leuwe Fontain, on the 19th, when two privates, 91st Regiment, were killed; at Blinkwater Post, 20th April; Double Drift, 26th April; Mancazana Post, on 1st and 3rd May; and Trumpeters' Drift, 2nd May.

"At the attack on the train of forty-one waggons passing from Trumpeters' Drift to Fort Peddie on 24th May, 60 men of the Reserve Battalion, 91st Regiment, were present, and the conduct of Lieutenant Dickson on that occasion was highly commended by his Excellency, Sir P. Maitland.

"This detachment, in conjunction with the 1st Battalion, was again engaged on the 28th and 29th May, in the attack made by the whole Tribes of Kaffirland on Fort Peddie, on which occasion the enemy had to retire with great slaughter. In the mean time, the head-quarters of the Battalion were directed to occupy and maintain the seminary and other buildings at Block Drift, when the remainder marched, on the 27th April, to the defence of Lower Albany.

"On the afternoon of the 12th of May, the Kaffirs attacked Block Drift; but, though repelled from the buildings, they succeeded in capturing about 100 head of cattle and a few sheep, and wounding one private of the 91st Regiment. On this occasion, the loss of the enemy was 40 killed.

"On the 5th of June, 100 men of the 91st Regiment assisted in re-capturing from a party of the enemy about 5,300 sheep and goats, and nine horses, and bringing them in safety to the Post. On the 6th of June, a strong patrole, of 250 of the 91st Regiment, a party of Royal Sappers and Miners, with one gun, 40 of the Cape Corps, 400 mounted Burghers, and 200 Fingoes, started from Block Drift, under the command of Major Campbell, and having scoured all the kloofs and valleys to the foot of the Amatola Mountains, and meeting with no opposition, returned to the Post. On the 15th of June, 200 men of the 91st Regiment, 200 of the 27th Regiment, a company of the Royal Sappers and Miners, and two guns, with 40 Cape Corps, and 600 of the Burghers, and Hottentot and Fingoe Levies, under the command of Colonel Hare, again patrolled to the Amatola

Mountains; but, meeting with no opposition—the enemy only appearing on the top of the hills—the force returned to Block Drift. On the 27th of July, the Reserve Battalion of the 91st Regiment, of the strength of 11 officers and 250 men, formed part of the first division, under the command of Colonel Hare, and having left 80 men to maintain Block Drift, proceeded to the Chumie flats.

"On the night of the 29th of July, the Kaffirs made an attack on the camp, but were soon silenced by the fire of the troops, which caused them quickly to retire; and, by daybreak next morning, the division, more than 2,000 strong, with two guns, ascended the summit of the Amatola range, the enemy every where fleeing before them. The following day, the Division proceeded to Fort Cox, with a view to intercept the retreating foe. On the 4th of August, the force again took up the pursuit, and for four days was employed in scouring the kloofs and hills towards the source of the Keiskamma River, and up to the Buffalo Mountains. Finding that the Kaffirs had eluded their search, and meeting with no enemy to contend against, the troops returned to Fort Cox on the 7th of August.

"On the 16th of August, a patrole of 150 of the 91st Regiment, with a party of the 27th Regiment, and 100 Fingoes, ascended the Amatola Mountains, and, passing into the valley below, returned to camp without seeing an enemy. On the same day, 81 men of the 91st Regiment, with a Hottentot corps 600 strong, under the command of Captain Hogg, 7th Dragoon Guards, started for Tambookieland, to punish the Chief Mapassa, who had now joined in the war against the British.

"This party was thus employed till the 19th of October, when it arrived at Fort Beaufort, having been engaged in the several affairs and skirmishes with the enemy, which took place during that time, and in one of which the spirited conduct of Ensign Fitzgerald, 91st Regiment, was particularly noticed.

"The detachment marched, on the 23rd of October, to Phoonah's Kloof, and thence to Post Victoria on the 9th of December.

"On the 23rd of August, a body of Hottentots and Fingoes that had been sent out on two days' patrole, were, on their return to Fort Cox, suddenly attacked, on the Amatola Mountains, by a superior force of Kaffirs, and on the eve of being

overpowered by them, when the opportune arrival of 100 men of the 91st Regiment, hastily despatched to their support, rescued them from their danger, and, throwing themselves in the face of the foe, directed such a volley into them as to compel them to make a precipitate retreat, and the party returned to camp without further molestation.

"On the 29th of August, the 91st Regiment furnished 116 men as part of a patrole under Captain Durnford, 27th Regiment, which again scoured the bushy kloofs of the surrounding country.

"On the 5th of September, the R. B. 91st regiment was directed to remain and occupy Fort Cox, with 200 of the Cape Town Burghers, all under the command of Major, now Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, 91st Regiment. The Division, having placed the Fort in a good state of repair, then moved towards the Debe River.

"While at Fort Cox, daily patroles of 100 men, under a Captain, were furnished by the 91st Regiment and Cape Burghers, for the purpose of keeping the surrounding bush clear of the enemy, and reconnoitering the neighbourhood.

"On the 17th of September, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell had an interview with the Kaffir Chief, Macomo, who said that he came in the name of all Kaffirland to sue for peace; and a report of this interview was forwarded to the officer commanding the 1st Division. On the 23rd of October, a party of 123 men, 91st Regiment, an equal number of Burghers, and six of the Cape Corps, acting in co-operation with 1st Division, patrolled under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, in the direction of Block Drift, and, sweeping along the face of the mountains, succeeded in capturing 92 head of cattle. On the 1st of December, 100 of the 91st Regiment, 100 Cape Town Burghers, and six of the Cape Corps, again sallied out of the Fort, and co-operating with the 1st Division, as on the previous occasion, captured 106 head of cattle and nine horses, having experienced very trifling opposition."

Fort Cox continued to be occupied by the Head-quarters of the 2nd Battalion of the 91st Regiment and the Cape Town Burgher Levy until the 23rd of December, at which period it was abandoned, and Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell joined the 1st Division at Block Drift.

The following is Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell's official ac-

count of his encounters with the Kaffirs on the 16th April and 12th May, 1846.

Block Drift, 19th April, 1846.

Sir—I have the honour to acquaint you that in compliance with your order on the morning of the 16th inst., I proceeded from the Camp at Burns' Hill, with two hundred rank and file of the 91st Regiment, and one hundred and eighty Burgher Hottentots across the Keiskamma, and up the Amatola Hoek. The principal part of the way was by a narrow path through a densely wooded valley. After proceeding without any molestation for about five or six miles, the country became more open. I here halted for a short time. During the time of our halt, I perceived numbers of Kaffirs collecting on the heights all round, but more especially at the only outlet which leads to the flats, where I expected to meet with your division. In forming a moderate estimate of what we could see of the enemy's numbers, I should compute them at two thousand, and all apparently armed with firearms. As their numbers were increasing every moment, and they seemed closing upon us, I determined on ascending the heights without delay, so as to gain the flats and get clear of the Bush. The outlet was up a steep rugged cattle path, about three-quarters of a mile in length, thickly wooded on either side, but more particularly on our left. As soon as we commenced the ascent, the Burgher Hottentots skirmishing in our front, the Kaffirs opened a heavy fire upon us, from front and both flanks. We continued advancing steadily, firing to both flanks. When about half way up, the Kaffirs closed on our rear, so that we were entirely surrounded.

I here ordered my men to fix bayonets, and fire a volley in the thick bush on our left, from which the hottest of the enemy's fire proceeded. This for a short time silenced their fire in that direction, when we again pushed on, keeping up a constant fire to our flanks, as before. On gaining the top, I formed the men in line to the rear, and commenced firing on the Kaffirs, who where now emerging from the Bush. My men were now much done up, owing to the steepness of the ascent; at this moment you arrived with your division to our support.

With the subsequent occurrences of the day you are acquainted. The casualties of my party on this occasion, were three privates 91st Regiment killed; one corporal and two privates wounded; one Hottentot Burgher wounded, who died

on the following morning, and my horse shot during the ascent.

I have much pleasure in being able to state, that the whole of the party under my command, including the Burgher Hottentots, behaved with the greatest coolness and determination.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. F. G. CAMPBELL, Major 91st Regt.

Commanding Reserve Battalion, 91st Regt.

To Col. Somerset, K.H., Commanding
the Troops in Kaffirland.

PS. On this occasion the Kaffirs acknowledge[1] to have lost two hundred. The conduct of my two hundred men was admirable; nothing but coolness and the most determined courage, under a merciful God, brought us through. One poor fellow, after being wounded, shot one, and bayonetted two. We were actually at times muzzle to muzzle.

Block Drift, May 13th, 1846.

Sir—I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of his Honour the Colonel commanding, that yesterday, about 2 P.M., a body of about one hundred and fifty mounted Kaffirs were seen approaching the slaughter cattle guard (twelve men of the 91st Regiment) which was about four hundred yards above Fort Thompson, on the slope of the hill, and immediately commenced firing on them. Conceiving this to be only a ruse on the part of the Kaffirs to draw the force out of the building, I merely sent a party consisting of one officer and twenty men to support the cattle guard, who were retiring on the Camp, and got the rest of the men and gun into position. I then opened a fire with the gun, and after a few discharges, which seem to have been effective, as several of the Kaffirs were seen to fall from their horses, and were afterwards picked up by the others, and carried off, the body of Kaffirs then retired up the hill, out of range, and immediately, as I had anticipated, a large force of Kaffirs on foot made a rush from the top, and from each side of the wooded hill, about eight hundred yards in rear of the building, and made directly for it. By this time I had the gun

[1] It is well known the Kaffirs always endeavour to conceal the numbers they lose in war; so the chances are, that whatever they acknowledge to is greatly under the mark.

brought to the other flank, so as to fire on the hill, and opened a fire of musketry, from the top windows and roof, on them as they advanced, which checked them, and made them change their direction to the thick bush on our right rear. The gun was then brought to bear on this point, when the Kaffirs retired in various directions behind the hill to our rear. It is impossible to say what may have been the loss of the enemy on this occasion, but on that part of the hill where the gun and musketry fire were directed, there were distinctly seen eight bodies carried away.[1] Our casualty was one man of the cattle guard, severely and dangerously wounded.

Whilst these operations were going on, another large body of Kaffirs, both mounted, and on foot, carried off the whole of the slaughtered cattle and sheep. This party kept along the ridge of the south-west, between this and Post Victoria, and shortly fell in with the trek oxen, which were grazing in that direction, under their leaders and drivers, and captured the whole of them, killing one of the drivers. Shortly afterwards, I saw the oxen and Kaffirs make a detour to the left, and go in the direction of the Amatola Mountains. Having one day's rations of meat only, for those on the post, I have caused it to be divided into two days' supply, and reduced the forage allowance. I beg to enclose returns, showing the quantity of ammunition and supplies now at the Post, and would suggest, for the consideration of his Honour, the Colonel commanding, that the quantity of gun ammunition specified in the enclosed requisition should be sent to this Post. Should it be at any time required, there is no ammunition at present for the Cape Corps.

I have to add that the water in the duct lately laid on, appears to have been cut off last night, but as I have reason to believe there are still Kaffirs in the vicinity, I have not thought it advisable to ascertain whether it is so, or accidental, by the water breaking the banks. The head of the duct is nearly two miles off, and through bushy ground.

I have, &c., &c., &c.,

J. F. G. CAMPBELL, Major, 91st Regt.,
Commanding Block Drift.

To Lieut. Molesworth, 27th Regt., Field and Fort
Adjutant, Fort Beaufort.

[1] On this occasion the loss acknowledged by the Kaffirs was forty.

Extract from a Second Report, dated likewise 13th May, 1846.

I may add, that the guard which was out yesterday, although nearly a mile distant, escaped in a most remarkable manner, as, by the time the relief which I sent out to their aid had reached, they were completely surrounded by Kaffirs, and this small party deserves the greatest credit for the manner in which they fought their way, through the body of attacking Kaffirs so many times more than their number, and to which I was an eye-witness.

I have, &c., &c., &c.,
J. F. G. CAMPBELL, Major, 91st Regt.,
Commanding Block Drift.

To Lieut. Molesworth, 27th Regt., Field and Fort Adjutant, Fort Beaufort.

THE END.

F. Shoberl, Jun., Printer to H.R.H. Prince Albert, 51, Rupert St., Haymarket.

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